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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



VOLUME XXXIII.

PART II., MAY, 1906, TO OCTOBER, 1906.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXIII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY 1906, TO OCTOBER, 1906.

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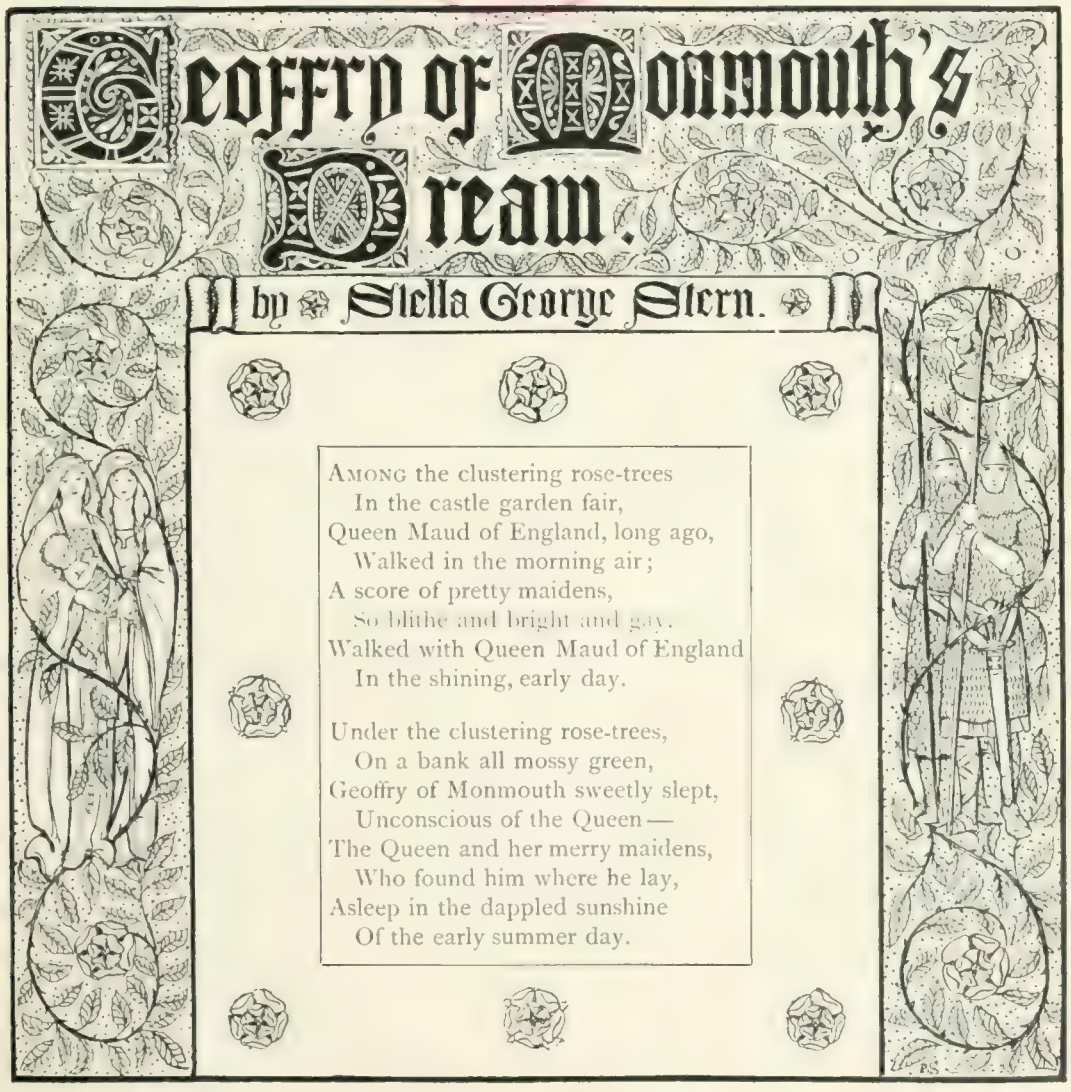
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Geoffry of Monmouth sweetly slept,
Unconscious of the Queen—

ST. NICHOLAS.

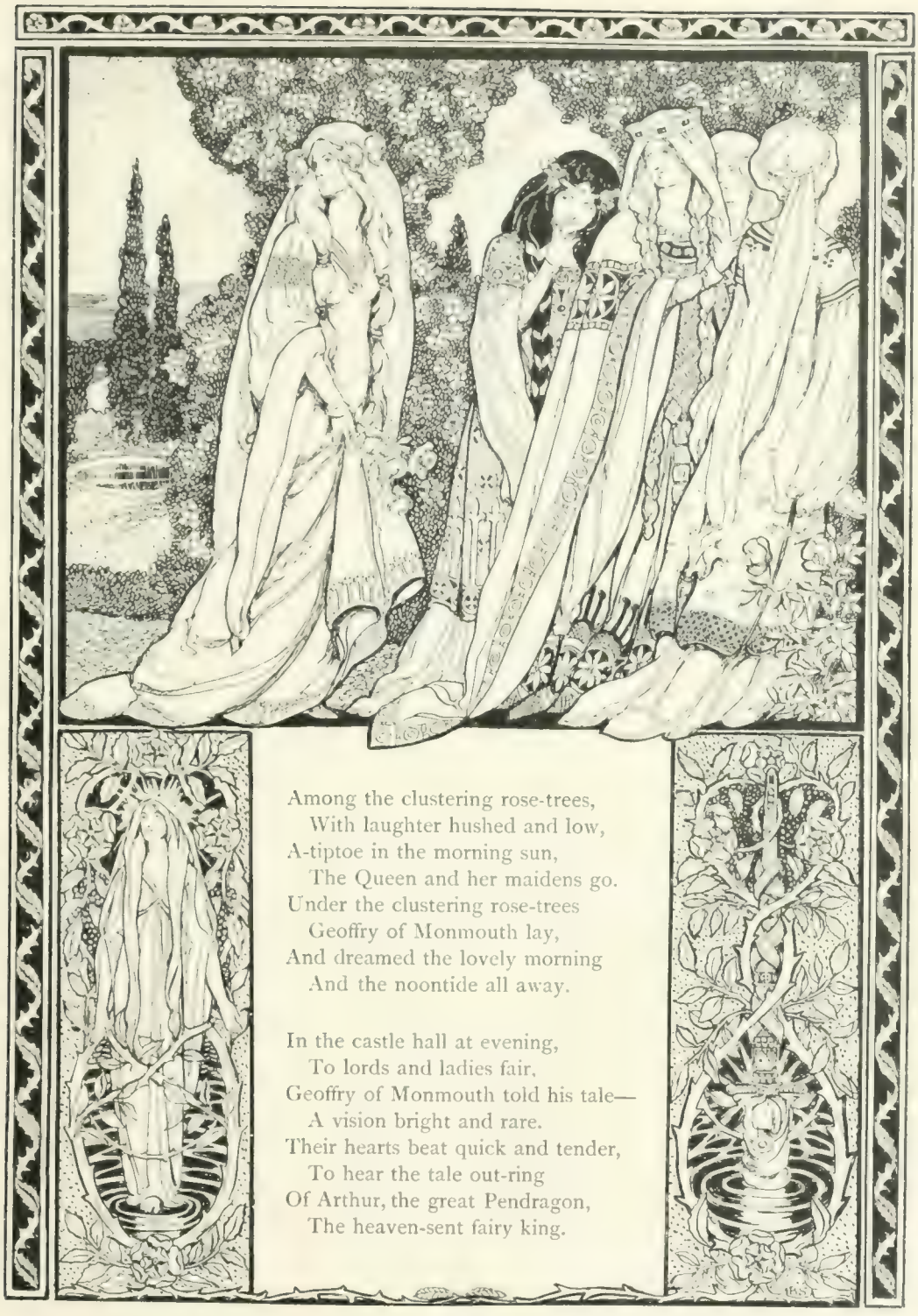
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Then up spake Anne of Normandy,
The cousin of the King,
"Pelt him with roses, maidens;
Awaken him and sing:
Why sleeps my Lord of Monmouth
So early in the day,
When the Queen and all her maidens
Are blithe and bright and gay?"

Then up spake English Edith,
The cousin of the Queen,
As sweet as any violet new
That glistens in the green.
"Oh, prithee, hush!" said Edith;
"For truly it would seem
To be a dreadful evil
To break a poet's dream."



Among the clustering rose-trees,
With laughter hushed and low,
A-tiptoe in the morning sun,
The Queen and her maidens go.
Under the clustering rose-trees
Geoffry of Monmouth lay,
And dreamed the lovely morning
And the noontide all away.

In the castle hall at evening,
To lords and ladies fair,
Geoffry of Monmouth told his tale—
A vision bright and rare.
Their hearts beat quick and tender,
To hear the tale out-ring
Of Arthur, the great Pendragon,
The heaven-sent fairy king.



'T was still in the hall of the castle
Till the King, when the tale was done,
Cried, "Geoffry of Monmouth, truly tell
How such a tale was spun."
"This morn, as I slept in the garden,"
Said Geoffry of Monmouth, "Sire,
A dream of the great Pendragon
Came upon wings of fire."

'T was still in the hall of the castle;
They brooded long o'er the tale,
While Anne of Normandy laughed low,
And Edith's cheek went pale:
Sweet Edith, maid of England—
Maid wise enough to deem
It was a dreadful evil
To break a poet's dream!



THE HOME OUTING OF MRS. HERRICK.

By Rhoda Campbell.



LIGHT-HEARTED and ready for work, the Herrick girls were at home again, after visiting for the first few weeks of their summer vacation.

Elise, the eldest, taught the English branches in a girls' school in the West.

Elizabeth, fifteen, and Marion, twelve, were two growing schoolgirls, and had spent a month with an aunt at her country place on the Hudson.

"Dear me!" said Marion, yawning, as the three sat in the library, "how dull Traxton seems after such charming times at Aunt Isabel's, and the beautiful house with trained servants, with nothing to do from morning till night but one's own pleasure!"

"It does spoil one. I 'm afraid, if we were rich, Marion, we 'd be ''otty an' 'orrid,'" said Elizabeth. "Yet here is Elise, who has been so gay, and had tennis and golf parties in her honor, and has been a belle of the solidest — brass, and she 's already sewing on a dress for a poor youngster who has none for the Sunday-school picnic next week. The needle fairly squeaks, it is so hot! She is doing it for sunshine, but who wants sunshine this weather? I prefer shade." Elizabeth lay back in her big chair and fanned vigorously.

"Stop being so frivolous and pun-making, Betty," said the elder sister. "If you 'd gather this sleeve you 'd be cooler than groaning in that lazy chair. I 've been thinking as well as sewing — yes, it is wearing, and far from complimentary."

"To yourself?" asked Marion.

"To all of us," said Elise. "Has it ever occurred to you elegant young women that while we have been butterflies of pleasure, if not of fashion, our dear mother has been here nursing grandmother through a long and tedious illness, and never letting us know about it for fear of spoiling our visits?"

"It 's hard to realize it when we are away," murmured Elizabeth. "With us 'seein' is believin',' and then mother never complains, and always seems so calm and pleasant. But she must be tired out. Nursing is the hardest work."

"We 're a selfish lot; at least Betty and I are," said Marion, impulsively.

"I plead guilty, too," Elise declared. "But we must do something to redeem ourselves. Mama must have a vacation."

"Oh, you know, Elise, there 's no money to spare for any more jaunts — "

"More 's the shame!" said Elise, quickly. "I 've offered her part of my earnings, — I can't



save half I ought to,— but she won't touch it, as she thinks I need it for fall and winter clothes. But I 've thought of another way — not so attractive, but far better than no vacation. Why not invite her to visit us for two or three weeks? Of course, when we 're at home we help, but the brunt falls on her. Now let us big, hearty girls take every bit of the housework on our hands and make a visitor of our mother. We can do several simple, nice things for her entertainment. Let us make a little sacrifice for her, instead of her making dozens every year for us."

"The very thing!" cried Betty. "My conscience does prick, and it will be fun, too. Nobody but you, Elise, would think of such a thing."

"We must write a formal invitation and send it at once. Let me see! Get paper and pens from my desk — my very swellest note. How will this do?

"The Misses Herrick request the pleasure of a two weeks' visit from Mrs. Lucy Herrick, beginning on Wednesday afternoon next at four o'clock. An early reply is requested.

"Elise Herrick.
"Elizabeth Herrick.
"Marion Herrick."

The next day — Tuesday — came a note in the mail. Three heads bent anxiously over the fine, pretty writing. They read:

"Mrs. Lucy Herrick accepts with pleasure the invitation from the Misses Herrick to visit them at their charming home. She will arrive promptly at four o'clock, Wednesday afternoon. She hopes that at the end of the two weeks the young ladies will return with Mrs. Herrick for a protracted stay at her own home."

"Pretty neat, that last," Marion cried, and they all laughed. Then they went to work in earnest. Wednesday, directly after breakfast, Mrs. Herrick was hurried off to spend the day with her mother, four squares away. Then the three, in morning dress, worked with a will. They had lunch, instead of the usual country noon dinner, to give themselves more time.

By four everything was in order, and the girls, in pretty afternoon dress, awaited their

guests — for grandmother was coming to tea, also.

They arrived promptly, Mrs. Herrick in her lavender lawn, and Madam Avery in a dainty black-and-white gown with old laces.

The rooms of the cottage were partly darkened and cool, with flowers and vines everywhere.

A few moments later three friends of the mother's came — a surprise planned by the girls.

Every one seemed in a gala mood. There was a cool breeze on the piazza, so the guests adjourned thither later.

When supper time came, the mother could not repress a little gasp of astonishment. The table was beautifully decorated with ferns and white roses, with Elise's best embroidered centerpiece of ferns on a white ground. The prettiest china and silver were in use, and vines were on the walls.

Marion was a model waitress in white cap and apron. Elise had the few hot dishes for the first course. She served coffee from the urn, a family heirloom, and tea for madam from Elizabeth's Chinese teapot. The veal pâtés had been the skeleton at the feast, but they were a success in spite of dire misgivings, while Elise's delicious light rolls were highly praised.

Elizabeth gave for a second course her famous vegetable salad, served with thin slices of brown bread and olives.

The last course was sliced peaches chilled, with whipped cream, and Elizabeth's nut-cakes and Marion's peppermint wafers.

After tea there was a new game, led by Elizabeth. Then Elise came in to play many pretty airs, like "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Bonnie Dundee," and "The Campbells are Coming," with variations. The three sisters sang some lively songs.

Marion said afterward that she did n't know what they would have done if they had had gentlemen, as they liked such hearty dishes; but one guest was a widow, another unmarried, and the husband of the third was out of town. Madam Avery's one lodger came for her, and escorted the others home also.

As soon as the door closed behind the guests, Mrs. Herrick said eagerly, "Now, girls, we must get those dishes out of the way." Her remark



was met by a lofty stare from Elise. "Guests do not ask about kitchen arrangements," she said; "but if you are troubled, Mrs. Herrick, you may be allowed a glance into our culinary department."

So saying, Elise led the way, and behold! the kitchen in perfect order, and not a dish in view!

Mrs. Herrick looked her amazement, but she only said: "What well-trained servants you must have!"

"Yes, the waitress cleared the table, then ate her own supper; then the housemaid came from the parlor to relieve the cook, who had most of the dishes washed. The cook left the dish washing to play on the piano," Elise explained.

"Well," said Mrs. Herrick, "I must express my delight over my first evening's entertainment. I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more; but I hope you will not go to any undue labor for the remainder of my stay."

"With servants so well trained as ours, madam, nothing is a labor, and entertaining but a joy and pastime," said Elizabeth. "Marion," she added, "show Mrs. Herrick to her room."

The latter was in beautiful order, the bed decked out in the best bed-linen, with freshly laundered covers on dressing-table and chiffonnier, and with flowers about the room.

Marion asked if their guest wished a maid's services.

Receiving a brief negative, she quickly withdrew to throw herself on the couch down-stairs and give way to laughter.

"Oh, it is such fun! and mother acts it out so well, if she did forget about the dishes!" she said to her sisters.

The next morning a friend, who was in the secret, called in her carriage to take Mrs. Herrick driving "with friends she wished her to meet"—who proved to be two neighbors. In the afternoon they all sat quietly with their work on the piazza.

One day Elise and her mother returned some calls long due, and everywhere Elise explained that her mother was visiting her, and begged them to call.

Friends planned to call different days, and, entering into the spirit of the thing, Mrs. Herrick was invited out informally more than she had been for a year. She thoroughly enjoyed it, and her hostesses declared she looked ten years younger. Elise rearranged the pretty gray hair in a new style which she had learned when away, and it proved vastly becoming. Elizabeth and Marion did all the mending, and Elise, who was unusually deft with her needle, made over a white dress for her guest, so that it looked like new. Elise tried to economize and yet have palatable meals, and she found a certain excitement in her growing success.

But both she and her sisters also realized, as they never had before, how much care, how many unexpected things, turned up every day; how dull the round of household tasks may become in years of performance. They could not understand this fully in three weeks' time; but they received a new impression of a mother's duties and responsibilities in a cookless household where straitened means required the most careful economy. They had supposed themselves well informed and helpful assistants to their mother, and Elise especially was most capable; but it is a very different thing to help an efficient housekeeper when other things do not interfere, and to have the whole care of a household. Even now the care was divided among three, although Elise took the lead; and Elizabeth broke out one day, when interruptions innumerable had delayed the work, and the heat was almost unbearable: "To think of mammy going on this way for years and years, and sewing for us and planning to keep down expenses, and trying to dress three girls before Elise took care of herself!"

"And here I might have saved more and bought her a new dress, instead of just a hat. I don't see why and how my money goes so, when I've always been taught to economize. I must do better next year," Elise said.

"And Elizabeth and I must help more at home. Even when we go to school we might do more, with some planning and extra effort," Marion declared.

"Mercy!" Elizabeth, who never could be grave very long at a time, laughed. "Just hear the reform bills presented before the House of Herrick! If we keep on the millennium will soon arrive and we shall all be grown-up

angels. And here my magazine awaits me, and Antoinette La Rue is impatiently expecting Elise to go to the Macnaughtons' garden-party, and Marion must bend her mind to plan to-morrow's breakfast, as it is her turn. I 'm going to forget that I 'm one third Cinderella and enjoy my beloved 'Rebecca,' while our guest lolls at her ease in her room. She certainly enjoys her visit more than any guest we ever had." And Elizabeth ran off with a light heart.

The two weeks came to a close; and Mrs. Herrick, who had been driving with a friend, drove up to the gate, and was met by her family with a welcome which was far too heartfelt to be mere acting.

Marion flung her arm about her. "Oh, I 'm glad Mrs. Herrick is gone, mammy dear!" she said. "She was pleasant, and a 'real lady,' as Bridget used to say; but I have missed you! Elise is the best elder sister, but mothers are so comfy!" This was unusual from the usually quiet Marion. The other two hovered about her as they all went into the house.

"Well, all joking aside, girls," said Mrs. Herrick, "I am so happy! How well you have done! I did worry a little over the expense, but I hear that Elise met the extras with her own pocket-money, and the regular expenses are as usual. And what a rest it has been to me you cannot think! I am very proud of my girls, and I 'm going to tell you a secret: Mothers get rather blue sometimes, thinking that all their sacrifice and labor is taken as a matter of course, and a charming little plan like this cheers and comforts her immensely."

"Elise planned it," said Elizabeth, generously.

"But I never could have carried it out without the girls. I had no idea they were so capable," Elise declared.

The mother hurried out into the kitchen to get the supper. She looked into the refrigerator. There was the fruit, the cold sliced ham on the platter.

"I believe I shall have French toast," she thought, and then started, for Elizabeth stood by her side.

"I 'm going to beat the eggs," that irrepressible announced. "You 're not going to be out here alone working. I think company is so enlivening, and it oils the wheels, even of a silly fifteen-year-old. And, mother, Marion and I are going to have regular tasks even when we 're in school. Elise has talked it over with us. We have always helped by spasms, but now we 're going to help every single day, and all pull together."

Elizabeth beat the eggs vigorously as she sang: "'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

But her mother did not answer as usual. She knew this daughter's aversion to kitchen-work, and unexpectedly a mist came before her eyes. The future years took on a rosier hue, for she saw at once that not only in the homely every-day tasks, but in the nearer, closer companionship, she was not to walk alone, but with three to help, not hinder. One had already taken her share of the burden, but now the others were to put their strong, willing shoulders to lift it further; and lo! it was a heavy burden no longer, but light as air.



A CONTRARY PET.

By Annie Willis McCullough.

My pony 's like a naughty child, and likes to have his way,
So, when I want to travel on, he always wants to stay!
And when I want to make a stop, right past the drive he 'll spin,
And then, when I 've no errand there, insists on going in.
He bumps me over hummocks when he ought to go quite slow,
And if I try to hurry him he shakes his head, "no, no."
I wish he 'd stop a minute, but he 's started out to roam:
I don't know where we 're going, but I *hope* he 'll take me home!



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY TURNED THE TABLES ON HIMSELF.

With the approach of "Arbor Day," the teachers of the Enterprise public schools began to make their plans to observe the occasion with ceremonies which should be both enjoyable and appropriate. It was the general desire to create a real and lasting interest in trees and plants among the children, and to this end certain outdoor programs were to be carried out.

This day was one to which all school-children looked forward with a certain amount of pleasure, for the exercises always consumed a part of the study and recitation hours, and sometimes school was dismissed early in honor of the day. This latter possibility was the chief attraction which the day offered to "Pinkey" Perkins, for his boyish mind never could see the real reason why it should take twenty-five or thirty children to plant one or two little trees, and why they always had to be planted on a certain day.

"Say, 'Bunny,'" said Pinkey to Bunny Morris one morning a few days before Arbor Day, "what do you say to going to the country Thursday afternoon? I heard that 'Red Feather' is going to give us a half-holiday as soon as we get the tree planted."

"That 'll be great!" replied Bunny, enthusiastically. "It 'll be worth learning a verse to say at the exercises, and dressing up in your good clothes, if we can get off for the rest o' the afternoon. But how do you know she 's going to do it?"

"Joe Cooper said so, and I guess it came pretty straight. His sister, who teaches in the primary, told him, most likely. He would n't say for certain who told him. There 's no use asking Red Feather."

The proof which Pinkey had produced satisfied Bunny's doubts, and forthwith the pair began laying their plans for their outing. "Going to the country" meant a visit to the farm of one of Pinkey's uncles, who lived near Enterprise, and included a whole assortment of pleasures gathered together into one delightful excursion. It meant a swim in the pond when the weather was warm enough, a potato and apple roast in an outdoor oven dug in the hillside, and somersaults and other daring acrobatic feats in the large hay-mow.

When the program for Arbor Day had been arranged, each of Red Feather's pupils was given a sentiment or a few appropriate lines of poetry to commit to memory, it being her plan to have all her scholars take part in the actual planting of the tree, and the verse was to be repeated as each pupil tossed his or her shovelful of earth around the roots of the tree. The scholars entered into the spirit of the celebration with more interest than was customary on such occasions, for the rumor of a prospective half-holiday had spread through the school and had become a certainty in the minds of all.

Arbor Day came at last, and was heralded with delight on all sides. A more perfect spring day could not have been desired, the soft, balmy air provoking the outdoor spirit in all to arise and demand release from the oppression of the school-room. The morning session went on as usual.

Noontime finally came, and the children hurried homeward to prepare themselves for the afternoon's exercises. It was to be no ordinary occasion. All were to come in their best Sunday attire, and Red Feather had announced that she desired each of her pupils to wear a small twig of some sort in honor of the day.

It was a very different-appearing crowd that filed into the school-room when the last bell rang that afternoon. Several were tardy, their mothers having bestowed many unusual touches to the noonday toilet of their sons and daugh-

ters. Boys, wearing stiff, uncomfortable collars about their seldom-fettered necks, and with shoes which still retained their original store polish and telltale squeak, tiptoed to their seats, their faces shining from the effects of recent scrubbing. Girls, with stiffly starched skirts hovering over new stockings and tightly buttoned shoes, and with their hair so tightly drawn back by their crescent-shaped combs that to close their eyes seemed almost an impossibility, marched proudly to their desks, each evidently remembering her mother's final assertion that she would be the prettiest girl there.

After singing, "Under the Greenwood Tree," as being appropriate to the day they were celebrating, and listening to an elocutionary recitation of "Woodman, Spare that Tree" by a city niece of Red Feather's who was visiting in Enterprise, the pupils were marched from the building to a certain spot in the yard, where preparations had already been made for the planting of the tree. Pinkey and Bunny were sorely disappointed when Red Feather instructed them all to leave their hats on the hooks in the hall, for this meant the loss of at least two minutes, when the exercises should be over, before they could be off. The pupils of the other rooms were congregated here and there in gaily dressed groups, all bent on similar observances of the day.

"I 've got old Polly all bridled now," whispered Pinkey to Bunny as the procession wended its way through the yard; "and all we 'll have to do as soon as it 's over is to get our caps, hurry home and change our clothes, and scoot for the country. I 'll come by for you, and you must be all ready."

When all had reached the appointed spot, Red Feather arranged the boys and girls in a circle around the hole in which the tree was to be planted. The tree lay on the ground on one side, and a brand-new shovel, on the handle of which were a few bows of red ribbon, lay on the other. All were anxious for things to begin, and when Red Feather did not seem to be in as much of a hurry as did her pupils, they grew impatient at the delay.

"Now, children," admonished Red Feather, severely, as two or three of the boys began to nudge each other and to give evidences of suppressed mirth, "this is no time for play. We are here to carry out a noble purpose,—one greatly to be admired by all,—and I wish you to conduct yourselves in a manner befitting the occasion."

With that, she detailed Pinkey and Eddie Lewis, whom Pinkey had reason heartily to dislike, to place the tree in position and to support it until enough earth had been thrown in to hold it upright. A sudden movement of the tree, when Red Feather was not looking, caused Eddie to lose his balance and fall into the hole, thus soiling his new shoes and stockings and affording corresponding amusement to the rest of the pupils, among whom Eddie was known as "teacher's pet."

When all was ready the pupils stepped forward, one at a time, and tossed in a shovelful of earth, each pausing long enough to repeat the assigned verse or sentiment. When Pinkey's turn came, he failed to experience any thoughts which could be called appropriate to the fulfilment of a noble purpose. He took the shovel, filled it with earth, cleared his throat, and began the recitation of the lines he had committed to memory:

> "Here thou hast found a resting-place,
> Where, more and more sublime,
> Thy towering height may glorify
> The corridors of Time."

When he had finished he stepped back into the circle, a load lifted from his mind in the realization that his part was over. More than anything else, Pinkey disliked being required to "speak a piece" of any kind, of any length, and on any subject.

Bunny got off easier than did Pinkey. With his short, jerky style of delivery, he declared that "Great oaks from little acorns grow," hastily tossed a small shovelful of earth against the roots of the tree, and retired from the scene of action.

One after another, the other pupils stepped up and did their parts, until, when "Putty" Black came forward and announced, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined," the tree was firmly planted, the earth was well packed about its roots, and the pupils only awaited the word which would set them free.

"That finishes the program, children," said Red Feather; "and now you may all return to the school-house. You will have fifteen minutes for study before I call the 'A' class in grammar."

For a moment the pupils were struck dumb and motionless with amazement. "Return to the school-house!" "'A' class in grammar!" Could it be that they had understood Red Feather aright? Surely no one could utter such heartless words as these and still live to enforce them! Something dreadful must happen to such a monster!



"Pinkerton, what are you muttering about?" demanded Red Feather, severely, as audible expressions of wrath escaped from Pinkey's lips.

"I thought we were going to have a half-holiday as soon as the old — " Pinkey checked himself — "as soon as the tree was planted."

Already the pupils of one of the other rooms were leaving the yard, shouting noisily in anticipation of the afternoon of freedom before them. Pinkey boiled with rage as he saw one of the liberated boys toss a base-ball bat to another, and watched them place their hands alternately one over the other, contesting for first choice in the prospective game of "scrub." The fact that his dreams for the afternoon had been so ruthlessly shattered made his envy of the pleasure of others seem all the more keen.

"Arbor Day is not a holiday," announced Red Feather with emphasis. "It is a day to be observed in a dignified, serious manner. Pinkerton, you may take the lead in marching back to the schoolhouse."

"I don't see why we can't — "

"Not another word," interrupted Red Feather. "Take your place in front, as I bade you. Your conduct is highly improper, and you shall be punished for it."

Pinkey reluctantly placed himself at the head of the column, and at the word of command shuffled sullenly along the walk leading to the schoolhouse.

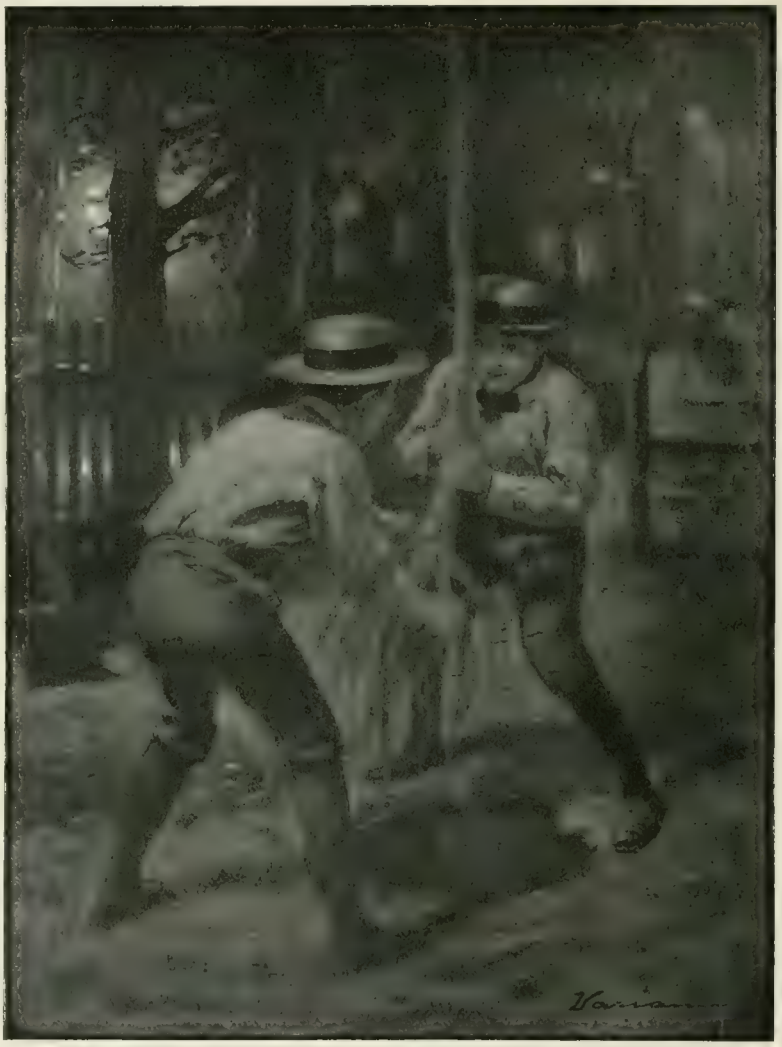
"Pick up your feet, Pinkerton, and walk properly," shouted Red Feather, as she noticed these unmistakable signs of Pinkey's disapproval.

Although Pinkey knew that he would suffer for his open display of resentment, yet his feelings were so rebellious, when he thought of the afternoon's outing of which he and Bunny had

been "robbed," that he was goaded to further acts of indiscretion. When Red Feather ordered him to stop dragging his feet, he tried walking very slowly and deliberately stepping as high as possible. Going to this extreme only incensed Red Feather all the more, and she pounced upon him with both hands, and subjected him to a series of the most wholesome, teeth-chattering shakes that he had experienced for many a day.

All this provoked not a little mirth in the ranks behind Pinkey, and his feelings were somewhat relieved when he heard unmistakable sounds from the rear which told him that he was not the only one in disfavor. Bunny and two or three others were recipients of shakings similar to the one Pinkey had received, for being so indiscreet as to laugh at him.

Red Feather posted herself at the hall door, and with severity marshaled her flock into the school-room, administering reproving and effective touches here and there, as she detected evidences of undue hilarity or sullenness.



"THEY SOON HAD THE HOLE READY TO RECEIVE THE TREE. (SEE PAGE 594.)

The afternoon session was resumed at once, but study was of the most unsatisfactory character and the recitations were correspondingly poor.

Pinkey sat at his desk, morose and gloomy. The day to which he had looked forward with such bright anticipations was a failure. He wished he could quit school and never see a book or a slate again. Why did Red Feather take especial delight in picking him out as the one to use as an example for all the rest? It seemed that she had decreed that there should be no holiday just because he and Bunny had planned an afternoon's enjoyment on this occasion. Had he known that the school board had authorized a half-holiday for the lower grades only, and that Red Feather had nothing to say about it, his indignation probably would not have been so violent nor so lasting. As it was, he merely knew that those rooms below

Red Feather's had been excused, and he could not see why hers was not.

All the afternoon, and on the way home, Pinkey kept revolving in his mind different schemes by which he might show Red Feather that her pupils felt that she had done them a great injustice.

"What 're you goin' to do, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny, as the pair wandered disconsolately homeward after school, discussing their blighted afternoon.

"I dunno, exactly," observed Pinkey; but the more they talked about it, the more abused they both felt and the firmer became their resolve to do something about it.

They separated, however, before anything definite was decided upon, and it was not until after supper that evening that a plan occurred to Pinkey which suited him. Once his mind was made up, he lost no time in getting operations under way.

Leaving the house by the front door, he stole silently around to the woodshed, quietly procured the wheelbarrow and the shovel, and departed by way of the back gate for Bunny's house.

Five minutes later Bunny's alert ears caught the sound of Pinkey's low, signal whistle and he knew at once that his presence was desired and that there was something up which needed his assistance. He obeyed the summons as soon as he reasonably could, for any suggestion that there was any connection between the whistle, in case anyone else had heard it, and his departure might bring forth questions which he could not answer.

When he came out he could not locate Pinkey anywhere, then after another whistle from Pinkey, Bunny was able to distinguish a form which he recognized as that of his chum, and on coming closer he was surprised to see also the wheelbarrow and shovel which Pinkey had brought along with him.

"What 's up, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny, in surprise. "What are you goin' to do with the wheelbarrow this time o' night?"

"Goin' to celebrate Arbor Day again," answered Pinkey, without going into details; "come on."

"Goin' to what?" questioned the bewildered Bunny. "I got enough Arbor Day to-day to last me for a while, didn't you?"

"Yes, but it did n't suit me. I 'm goin' to dig up that tree we planted to-day and take it down to Red Feather's yard and plant it again. She took our holiday away from us so let 's give her the old tree too."

"Whew, Pinkey, that 's what!" exclaimed Bunny, enthusiastically, "won't she be mad when she has to pay to have it brought back?"

"We 'll just show her that if we can't have what 's ours, we do n't want her buying trees for us, and puttin' ribbons on the shovel we plant 'em with."

"Yes, an' makin' us dress up and say a lot o' speeches too." That was the part of the program which had appealed to Bunny less than all the rest.

In high glee, though with as little noise as possible, the pair started for the schoolhouse yard. They took a roundabout way in order to avoid possible detection and approached the enclosure carefully. They found it impossible to take the wheelbarrow through the turnstile and left it outside the fence, at a point as near as possible to the tree. There being only a little-used path on that side of the yard, they were in no danger of being seen.

Silently and hurriedly they worked, first one and then the other, throwing out the earth which was still quite loose, and soon they had reached the roots of the tree. It was now but a small task to lift it from the hole and carry it to the fence.

"Pass 'er over, Bunny," said Pinkey, after he had climbed the fence. "We got to hurry now or it 'll be late before we get through."

With the tree safely loaded on the wheelbarrow, the boys set out for Red Feather's house, several blocks distant. They took the middle of the road for it, that being considered by Pinkey as safer than the sidewalk.

At length they reached the street parallel to that on which Red Feather's house faced. Here they lifted the tree and the shovel from the wheelbarrow and dropped them over the fence into the vacant lot which adjoined Red Feather's back yard. After hiding the wheelbarrow by turning it upside down in the ditch at the side of the road, they climbed the fence, picked

up their tree and shovel again and cautiously approached the house. To their delight, the front part of the house was dark and with proper care they could complete their task without detection.

Selecting a conspicuous spot in the front yard, not far from the gate, Pinkey set to work digging a hole in which to plant the tree. He was relieved by Bunny when he grew tired and, after a few changes, they had the hole ready to receive the tree.

"Never mind sayin' your speech, Bunny," said Pinkey gleefully, when they had set the tree in position, "just you shovel the dirt in as fast as you can while I tramp it down," at the same time holding on to the tree and dancing around it, packing down the loose earth as Bunny threw it in.

"I ought to have a few ribbons on this shovel," observed Bunny, straightening up to rest his back a moment, "I always like to have ribbons on a shovel when I plant trees."

"This is no holiday," repeated Pinkey, after the manner of Red Feather. "This is a serious occasion. Get to work."

Thus joking and in high spirits over their escapade, Pinkey and Bunny completed their task, packed the sod neatly around the trunk of the tree, and stood for a few minutes gazing on their handiwork with unconcealed admiration.

"Looks pretty fine, does n't it," said Bunny, "it seems perfectly at home."

"I wonder if this 'resting-place' will last as long as the other one did, said Pinkey, remembering his verse, "That 'corridor of time' at the schoolhouse yard was a pretty short one, seems to me." At this bright remark they both enjoyed a good laugh.

With one last look at their clever piece of work, and a few contented chuckles, Pinkey and Bunny departed by the route they had come. They loaded the shovel in the wheelbarrow once more and started home well pleased at the outcome of their venture, and feeling that they had well repaid Red Feather for her heartlessness of the afternoon.

"And won't the rest o' the fellers wish they 'd had a hand in it?" said Pinkey, as they separated, "Tell you what, Bunny, it takes us to keep even with Red Feather!"

Pinkey replaced the wheelbarrow and the shovel in the woodshed and entered the house with an air of unconcern that aroused no suspicion that he had been doing anything unusual. It was quite the custom for the boys of Enterprise to congregate in the evening and join in spirited games of "Tally-ho," so his absence caused no comment and brought forth no embarrasing questions.

Next morning, Pinkey and Bunny met on the courthouse corner and proceeded schoolward together. They were still in high spirits over their night's work, and as they walked along they confidentially told several of their companions who joined them, what they had done. As they entered the schoolhouse yard, the open hole, around which several pupils were already gathered, offered conclusive proof of the truth of their assertions, had proof been necessary.

"Here 's Pinkey Perkins!" shouted one. "*He* knows who did it, don't you, Pinkey?"

"What makes you think so?" replied Pinkey, visibly flattered. "If I did know I would n't tell." There was a knowing look on his face, however, which admitted beyond question that he was the person responsible for the disappearance of the tree.

"Where 'd you take it, Pinkey," demanded Joe Cooper.

"Who said I took it anywhere?" retorted Pinkey.

"I believe I saw it in Red Feather's yard as I came by," spoke up one in whom Pinkey had confided, "maybe she took it home for safe keepin'."

Just then some one noticed Red Feather coming in the gate and the crowd dispersed to see what she would do. Her way led directly past the spot where the day before they had planted the ill-fated tree with so much ceremony. To the disgust of all, she did not even look toward the place. With her eyes straight to the front, she pursued her unerring way to the schoolhouse and disappeared within.

A few minutes later, the last bell pealed forth its summons, the boys put away their marbles and balls and bats, and the girls folded up their skipping ropes, and all filed in and went obediently to their seats. As he sat down,

Pinkey scrutinized Red Feather's face to see if he could foretell what the future had in store for him, but there were no telltale signs there and he was unable to reach any definite conclusions.

When the opening exercises were over, Red Feather arose from her desk and stood at the edge of her platform. For a full minute she stood silently looking over the room. Pinkey began to feel uncomfortable, and try as he would to sit still and appear unconcerned, he could not. He fidgeted in spite of himself. He would have given a good deal to steal a glance at Bunny, to see how he was taking it, but he dared not. He felt his face growing redder and redder in spite of himself and he fastened his gaze on the collar of the boy in front of him.



"PRESENTLY [illegible] BROKE THE HEAVY SILENCE."

Presently, Red Feather broke the heavy silence. "Children," said she, with no trace of anger in her voice, "some of you" — and she looked squarely at Pinkey — "have done me a kindness, which I very much appreciate and I wish to thank the ones who are responsible. The tree which we planted yesterday was not the kind the school board desires planted in the schoolhouse yard. I was disappointed in not getting the tree I ordered, so was forced to get the one I did for the exercises. I had arranged to have it taken up to-day and planted in my yard, replacing it by the one I had originally ordered.

"I want to thank those of you who so kindly saved me the trouble of having the tree transferred, and who went to all the trouble of doing it for me. I am fully aware of the amount of labor it involved and of the kind thoughts which prompted such a generous act."

By the time Red Feather had finished, Pinkey's face had turned several shades redder than it was at first and had become a brilliant crimson. His eyes shifted helplessly from one corner of his desk to the other and he seemed first hot and then cold. Suppressed titters here and there told him that his companions were having a good laugh at his and Bunny's expense. He was enraged at himself, and at himself alone, for there was certainly no one else to blame that he had failed in turning the tables on Red Feather and had turned them on himself instead. Also, he knew that unless they took a firm stand, he and Bunny were in for it. Their companions would not fail to improve such an excellent opportunity to tease them.

Pinkey managed to brace up a little and to shake off his depression to a certain extent, until by recess time he had almost resumed his usual assurance.

"Where are you goin' to plant your tree now, Pinkey," asked Joe Cooper, as they were leaving the room to enjoy their morning playtime.

"I 'm goin' to leave it right where it is. If I 'd take it to the north pole, Red Feather 'd say she was just goin' to send it up there. Now the next feller that says 'tree' to me will wish he had n't," and Pinkey's manner indicated that the less said about Arbor Day the better for all concerned.


A SUGGESTION.
STACY E. BAKER
Who shall be queen of the May, to-day;
Verna, or Dora, or Belle, or Bess?
This is the way to be gay, to-day;
Each little lady may play, to-day,
Royalty's plenty. I say, to-day,
Titles all four of them may possess
Verna, the countess of verdant leas;
Dora, the duchess of dale and dell;
Belle, as the princess of birds and bees;
Bessie, the empress of calm and breeze—
A truce to the queen of the May, when these
Are titles that please as well!
F.E.STORER '06

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

By Ralph Henry Barbour.

Chapter XIV.

FORMING THE HOCKEY TEAM.

"Candidates wanted for Hockey team. All those who have played or would like to play please attend the meeting in the Gym at 4 P. M. on Friday.

"*J. S. Rogers,*
"*T. H. Eaton,*
"*Roy Porter.*"

This notice appeared on the board in School Hall the last day of November, and when, four days later, the meeting was called to order by Jack Rogers there were some twenty-five fellows adorning the wooden benches in the locker room. A handful of the number had come for want of anything better to do, for it was a dismal, wet afternoon offering little encouragement to those whose tastes turned toward out-of-door pursuits. For once the line separating the "Burlenites" and the "Porterites" was not closely drawn, for there were not a few of the former present, their desire for a chance to play hockey overcoming their allegiance to Horace. Needless to say, however, neither Horace nor Otto was on hand.

"Somebody turn that switch," began Jack, "and give us some light. That 's better. This meeting has been called by a few of us who want to get up a hockey team. I don't know much about hockey myself and so I 'll let Porter do the talking. He started the thing, anyhow, and ought to have the fun of speechifying to you. But I 'd like to say that, as you all know, Hammond has been playing hockey for five or six years and has challenged us almost every year to play her. If Hammond has a team we ought to have one, too. And if we have one maybe we can lick her at hockey just as we have at football." (Deafening applause.) "There is no reason why we should n't. Here, Roy, you tell them the rest."

Roy got up rather embarrassedly and faced the meeting.

"Well, all I 've got to say is that hockey is a dandy game and we ought to have a team—if only to lick Hammond." (Renewed applause.) "It is n't a difficult game to learn if a fellow can skate half decently and it does n't require much of an outlay. We 've talked to Mr. Cobb and he has secured permission for the formation of a team. And he knows something about the game himself and will help us all he can. Our idea was to build a rink along the river about where the old ferry landing is. Doctor Emery says we can use what lumber there is in the landing and shed to build the rink with. And I think there 'll be more than we need. Then we 'd get a pump and pump water in from the river."

"Why not play on the river?" asked a boy.

"Well, that was the idea in the first place, answered Roy, "but Mr. Cobb thought we 'd better have a regular rink. It 's hard to play without boundaries because your puck gets away from you and you have to chase it all around the shop. Then, too, Mr. Cobb says that half the time the ice would be too rough or too much broken up to allow of playing on it. We 've figured it up and think the outside cost of the whole thing, rink, pump, goals and sticks won't be much over eighty dollars."

"How are you going to raise it?" asked one of the audience.

"That 's what we 've got to decide on," said Roy. "I suppose we could n't get nearly that much by subscription?"

Several shook their heads, and,—

"I do n't believe we could," said Chub. "But we might get half of it. If every fellow gave a dollar—"

"Seems to me," said the boy who had raised the question, "that the fellows who make the team ought to do the subscribing."

"I do n't think so," said Jack. "If we made the football and baseball teams pay all their expenses I guess we would n't have them very

long. It ought to be worth a dollar to every fellow here to have a good hockey team."

"That 's so," assented Chub.

"Well," went on Roy, "I wanted to hear what you 'd say about it, but I did n't think we could get the money that way, not all of it, I mean. So I thought of another scheme. Why could n't we get up an entertainment of some kind and charge admission. How would that do?"

"Great!"

"Swell!"

"Fine and dandy!"

"Chub can sing 'The Old Ark's A-movin'!"

"Cole can do his card stunts!"

"Cut it out, fellows," said Jack. "Let's get the matter settled; it 's getting late."

So they got down to business again and Jack, Chub and Roy were formed into an Entertainment Committee. After that Roy took the floor again.

"How many of you fellows will come out for practice?" he asked. Practically every hand went up. "How many have played hockey?" Twelve hands. "All right. We 'll divide into two teams, first and second, and as fast as the fellows on the second show that they can play well they 'll be put on the first. We probably won't be able to begin work on the ice until after Christmas Recess. But as soon as we get some money we 'll send for goals and sticks and pucks. Then we 'll put one of the goals up here on the floor and practice shooting. Later we 'll have another meeting, after practice has begun, and elect a captain and a manager. And as soon as we get the manager we 'll send a challenge to Hammond. Now you fellows give your names to Chub Eaton before you go out, and watch for notices on the board in School Hall."

That was the beginning of the Ferry Hill School Hockey Association, which still flourishes and has to its credit several notable victories. It was Roy's idea from the first. He had played hockey a good deal and had seen many of the college and school games, and he had been surprised to learn that Ferry Hill had never had a team. It was easy to enlist Chub in the project of forming a club, and not very difficult to interest Jack. Mr. Cobb had been quite enthusiastic but doubtful of success.

"They 've tried to form a hockey team two or three times," he said, "and never did it. But I don't want to discourage you chaps. I 've got permission from the Doctor, so you go right ahead. Try to get the whole school interested in it; that 's the only way to do."

By the middle of December the old ferry house and landing had been demolished and the planks had been built into a three-foot barrier or fence enclosing a space sixty feet wide by one hundred and twenty feet long. All that remained was to flood the enclosed ground with water to the depth of four or five inches and allow it to freeze. A hand suction pump had been ordered from a dealer at Silver Cove, but there was delay and in the end it did not reach the school until two days before vacation. However, as December proved unusually mild, there was no harm done. Meanwhile the goals, pucks and sticks had arrived and practice at shooting and stick-handling was held five afternoons a week in the gymnasium. At the second meeting of the candidates the Entertainment Committee was able to report a plan for the entertainment. There was to be a minstrel show followed by a series of tableaux in the gymnasium the night before the beginning of Christmas Recess.

"Now," said Jack, who was explaining, "you chaps will have to get busy and interest every fellow you know in the affair. We want a good big crowd for the minstrels; we ought to have at least two dozen fellows. There will be another meeting here to-morrow night and I want each one of you to bring me the names of fellows who are willing to take part. And you must let me know what they can do, whether they can sing or recite or do sleight of hand tricks, you know. And now I want to propose that we make Harry Emery an associate member of the Club. You see, we realized that we would n't be able to do much in the way of costuming without her help, so we laid the matter before her. And she went right into it; suggested the tableaux feature and offered to take part herself." (Laughter from the audience.) "So I think she ought to be taken in."

"We ought to make Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman associate members, too," suggested Chub.

So Harry and the two instructors were duly

admitted, and the meeting went into the plans for the entertainment. Sid, one of the most enthusiastic members present, reminded every one that he could play the banjo, and Jack promised to let him do his worst. Roy was elected temporary captain and manager and Jack temporary treasurer. Then an assessment of fifty cents each was levied and Jack spent the best part of three days collecting the sums. He, Roy, Chub and two others had gone down into their pockets and advanced the money for the goals, sticks and pucks, and with Christmas Recess drawing near they were anxious to get some of it back. The rink was to be paid for in January and the pump on its arrival. It was going to be necessary to collect something over sixty dollars from the entertainment, and the committee was getting anxious. There was little time for rehearsal, and, with Horace and Otto doing all in their power to throw cold water on the scheme, Roy and his friends had plenty to worry them.

But Harry proved a brick. She went into it to the present exclusion of all else and made things hum. She talked it up everywhere she went with the result that the affair was extensively advertised before it was well on foot. Harry attended a girls' academy at Silver Cove, and she was n't satisfied until every pupil there had faithfully promised to attend the entertainment. She also persuaded Mr. Buckman to take part, something that Jack and the others had failed at. Mr. Cobb had already consented to sing and do a monologue. Then Harry devised costumes and found them, levying on the wardrobes of most of her friends and acquaintances. And in spite of the fact that she and Chub and Jack and Roy met at least twice a day she still maintained her air of polite indifference toward the latter.

When the morning of the day of the entertainment arrived affairs seemed in the wildest chaos and even Harry lost her head for a while. Some of the promised participators had backed down at the last moment, the principal soloist had a bad cold, the stage was still unbuilt, several of the costumes were yet wanting and Harris and Kirby, down for a duet and dance, were n't on speaking terms! And just as though all that was n't enough to drive the committee distracted, Chub had appeared at breakfast with a long face and announced that he had forgotten to mail the poster to Hammond Academy. In support of the assertion he produced it, stamped and addressed. It had been lying in his pocket for three days. As Hammond with its seventy-odd students had been counted on to send quite a delegation, this was a hard blow. But Jack, with the cheerfulness of desperation, obtained permission to deliver the poster by messenger and sent Sid Welch across the river with it at nine o'clock.

That was certainly a day of troubles. Luckily there were few recitations for anyone. Jack and Chub spent most of the morning directing and aiding in the erection of the stage at the end of the gymnasium. The stage was a sectional affair which, when not in use, was stored in the furnace room. Unfortunately one section seemed to be missing, and putting the thing together was, as Chub said, like joining one of those geographical puzzles.

And presently he came back staggering under what looked like a length of board walk.

"Funny you fellows could n't find this," he said disgustedly as he swung one end around against the wall and brought down six pairs of dumb-bells. "It was right in plain sight, they were using it for a carpenter's bench."

After that it was plain sailing until they came to the curtain. It was a beautiful thing, that curtain, fourteen feet wide and twelve feet long and bearing a picture of Niagara Falls in blue, green, purple and pink surrounded by a wreath of crimson cabbages — only they were supposed to be roses. Despite its beauty, work up and down it would not. Half-way up it began to arrange itself in artistic folds, apparently forgetting all about the wooden roller at the bottom. Once it came down unexpectedly on Chub's head, and Chub danced around and shook his fist at it and declared that he 'd cut holes in it for two cents. No one offered to put up the two cents and so the curtain was saved. In the end Jack manufactured a new pulley-block and after that the foolish thing worked charmingly every other time.

"All we 'll have to do," said Warren, disgustedly, "will be to make believe pull it up before we really mean to."

"Kind of disconcerting to the fellows on the stage," commented Jack, "but I guess that 's what we 'll have to do."

The drop curtain, showing a lovely sylvan glade in unwholesome shades of green, went up without trouble at the back of the stage, but the pieces at the sides, very frayed trees with impossible foliage, refused to stand up.

"We 'll have to make props," said Chub. "I don't blame the old things for wanting to lie down; it makes me tired just to look at them."

But when, finally, the stage was set and the boys stood off at a respectful distance and examined it, it really looked very well. Chub admired the effect of distance and wondered where the path led to. Warren said he 'd like to meet the man who had chiseled out the statue under the trees, and another fellow wanted to go bird-egging. Then they arranged the chairs and benches in rows. They had gathered chairs of every description from all over the school and the effect was finely democratic. Doctor Emery's leather arm chair hobnobbed socially with a plain pine chair from the dining hall and Mr. Buckman's favorite hour-glass chair appeared to be trying to make an impression on Harry's rattan rocker, the latter looking very dressy with its pink silk head-rest.

They went to dinner feeling rather more encouraged and found that Sid had returned with good tidings. Hammond had learned of the entertainment several days before and had been waiting eagerly for an invitation to attend. And every fellow was coming, declared Sid. Roy, who had taken a flying trip to the town for red and blue cheesecloth, reported excellent progress on the last of the costumes. And Post, who could n't eat any dinner because he had been filling himself up all day with cough syrup and licorice lozenges, thought he might be able to sing, after all. The last rehearsal was at three o'clock, and after it was over Jack shook his head dismally.

"I never saw such a bum show in my life," he declared gloomily. "And talk about singing! Say, I wonder if we can bribe Post to stay away tonight?"

"Why, I thought everything went beautifully!" declared Harry. "You wait until tonight; they 'll do a lot better."

"The chorus work was all right," said Chub. "And the tableaux were simply swell. I do wish, though, that Bacon would n't look as though he was going to die every minute!"

"But those jokes!" groaned Jack.

"Oh, never mind; I 've heard lots of worse ones," answered Roy cheerfully.

"Not outside of a Sunday newspaper supplement, I 'll wager," said Jack. That one about Mr. Cobb and Miss Webb, and falling in love with her the first time he 'spider' is the limit. I heard that when I was three years old!"

"That 's all right, folks like 'em old at a minstrel show," answered Chub. "Old wine to drink, old books to read, old jokes to—"

"To cry over," prompted Jack. "All right. No use in cutting up rough now. We 'll have to make the best of a bad show. Just so long as Harris and Kirby do n't start to using their fists on each other during their turn I suppose I can 't kick."

"Well, let 's go to supper," said Roy.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ENTERTAINMENT AND HOW IT ENDED.

Entertainment for the Benefit of the Ferry Hill School Hockey Association in the Gymnasium, Wednesday Evening, December 22d.

Programme.

PART I.

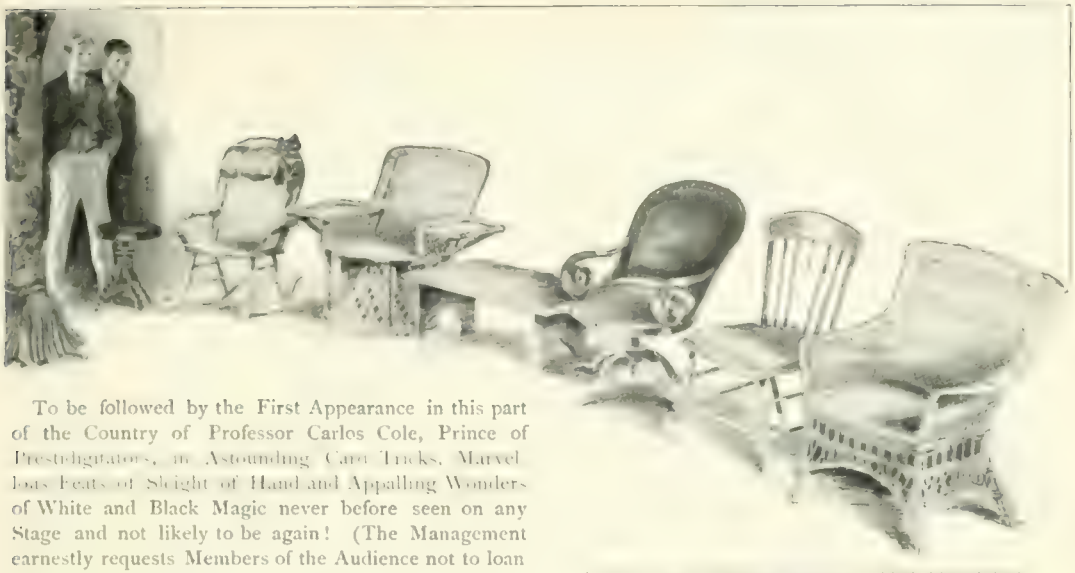
OVERTURE: "*Uncle Sammy*," . . . ORCHESTRA

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

The World-Famous Aggregation of Senegambian Entertainers known as the Darktown Minstrels, just returned from their Triumphant Tour of Europe, Asia, Africa and New Jersey, where they delighted Royalty and barely escaped with their Lives!

ONE NIGHT ONLY!! READ THE NAMES!!

Interlocutor . . . . . MR. ROGERS
Bones . . . . . MESSRS. POST AND HARRIS
Tambourines . . . MESSRS. EATON AND WHITCOMB
Disturbers-of-the-Peace, . . MESSRS. COBB, BUCKMAN, THURLOW, FORREST, GALLUP, KIRBY, WARREN, PRYOR, BACON, STONE, HARRIS, SHATTUCK, PATTEN AND WELCH.
Solos (the audience permitting) by MESSRS. COBB, POST, THURLOW and FORREST.
Duets (at any cost) by MESSRS. BUCKMAN AND COBB, HARRIS AND KIRBY.
Monologues by . . . . . MR. COBB
Imitations by . . . . . MR. EATON



"THEY HAD CATCHED HAL . . . AT EVERY DOOR . . . BUT ALL SAID THE HOUSE"

To be followed by the First Appearance in this part of the Country of Professor Carlos Cole, Prince of Prestidigitators, in Astounding Card Tricks, Marvellous Feats of Sleight of Hand and Appalling Wonders of White and Black Magic never before seen on any Stage and not likely to be again! (The Management earnestly requests Members of the Audience not to loan the Professor either money or hats. The Management will not be responsible for the Return of such Articles.)

The Whole to Terminate in a Beautiful and Fantastic Revelry of Song and Mirth entitled:

"Christmas Eve on the Plantation!"

INTERMISSION.

PART II.

OVERTURE: *"Medley of College Airs"* . . ORCHESTRA

COLLEGE TABLEAUX.

1. *Yale* . . . . . MR. BACON
2. *Harvard* . . . . . MR. PORTER
3. *Princeton* . . . . . MR. EATON
4. *Cornell* . . . . . MR. WARREN
5. *Columbia* . . . . . MR. GALLUP
6. *Dartmouth* . . . . . MR. FORREST
7. *Lafayette* . . . . . MISS EMERY

ENSEMBLE.

SONG: *"Far Above Cayuga's Waters"*

The Audience will please join in the singing.

Stage Manager . . . . . MR. ROGERS
Assistant Stage Manager . . . . . MR. EATON
Property Man . . . . . MR. PORTER
Electrician . . . . . MR. PRYOR
Prompter . . . . . MR. THAYER
Heroine's Lady . . . . . MISS EMERY

Automobiles and launches may be ordered for 10:45. There 's no harm in ordering.

The Audience is earnestly requested not to throw garden truck or hennery produce. Bricks may be obtained from the Gentlemanly Ushers.

Attendants will report promptly to the Management any inattention on the part of the Audience.

Persons unable to resist weeping at the jokes will please step outside. Rain checks may be had at the door.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE public acted very considerately that evening. Whether the report had got around that Ferry Hill needed sixty dollars for her hockey team I can't say, but it 's a fact that when the curtain went up — only twenty minutes late! — there were exactly one hundred and twenty-eight persons in the gymnasium who had paid for admission, and as the price was fifty cents apiece the one hundred and twenty-eight persons meant just sixty-four dollars in the cigar box on the table by the door! Hammond turned out in force, almost sixty of her boys attending; Miss Cutler's School for Young Ladies was well represented by twenty-two of Harry's schoolmates under the protection of Miss Letitia Cutler herself; the village contributed generously; while as for Ferry Hill, every youth not holding an official position of some sort — and there were few that did n't — was on hand, even Horace and Otto being unable to resist the promises of the programme, while the culinary and dormitory force, as well as John the gardener and general factotum, were huddled about the door. Down in the second row sat Doctor and Mrs. Emery and some friends from the village. Walker and Fernald made most presentable ushers, and, as their duties consisted principally of supplying programmes and answering questions, they did finely.

I 'm not going to attempt a description of the first part of that entertainment. In the first place it was beyond description, far too stupendous and awe-inspiring for my pen to do justice to. From the time the curtain arose — as correctly as though it had never misbehaved! — revealing the World Famous Aggregation of Senegambian Entertainers until — well, until it fell hurriedly two hours later, everything went beautifully. Of course there were little misadventures, but such are expected and only add to the hilarity of an amateur show. When Chub's tambourine flew whirling out of his hand and fell into Mrs. Emery's lap it seemed an excellent joke. When Warren fell over a chair and landed on all fours in front of the descending curtain everybody applauded uproariously. When, in the plantation sketch, the roof of the log-cabin fell in because Post had thoughtlessly leaned against the door-frame, and Sid, in the role of Aunt Dinah, floundered terrifiedly out through the window with a spirited rending of feminine garments the audience rocked in merriment.

The orchestra, a Silver Cove combination of piano, flute and violin, did wonderfully considering the fact that it had attended but one rehearsal. The solos, especially Mr. Cobb's and Tom Forrest's, were cordially received. Harris and Kirby buried the hatchet temporarily and got through "Shine, Silv'ry Star" most brilliantly and had to give an encore. Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman did a ludicrous negro song which brought the house down, though not in the same way as Post had. The chorus work was good and the jokes took just as well as though they had been all fresh and new. Some few of them were. When Post asked Rogers if he knew what the principal article of diet was at the school across the river, and when he was finally prevailed on to dispel the interlocutor's ignorance and replied "Hammond eggs," the visitors from Hammond shrieked their appreciation. When Harris explained that Ferry Hill was the brightest school in the country because the students had their wits sharpened by Emery, the Doctor chuckled most appreciatively. Even the punning joke to which Jack Rogers had taken exception and which related the matrimonial adventures of Mr. Cobb and a fictitious Miss Webb went well.

Chub's imitations were distinctly clever, that of Mr. Buckman coaching the crew throwing the Ferry Hill portion of the assemblage at least into convulsions. Sid "did his worst," according to promise, and made a hit more by his earnest desire to please than by any musical results obtained from his banjo. Mr. Cobb's monologues were screamingly funny and he had hard work getting away from the audience. Professor Carlos Cole, better known as Charlie Cole of the Middle Class, did n't quite make good all the promises of the programme, but executed some clever tricks of palming and even managed, with some difficulty, to extract one of Harry's pigeons out of an empty bottle — with the aid of a voluminous handkerchief which fluttered suspiciously when produced. The sketch entitled "Christmas Eve on the Plantation" went better than anyone dared hope, principally, perhaps, for the reason that about everybody forgot his lines and did what and how he pleased. The first half came to a triumphant end with the entire company of entertainers filling the little stage and vigorously proclaiming that they were "going to live, anyhow, until they died."

During the intermission black-faced youths emerged from the dressing-room under the balcony and visited friends in the audience and the orchestra performed its "Medley of College Airs." The programme's announcement of College Tableaux had whetted the audience's curiosity, and when the hall was darkened, the bell tinkled and the curtain—still on its good behavior—rolled noiselessly up there was a general craning forward of heads.

The painted back drop had given way to a curtain of white cloth. In front of it stood a large oblong frame of wood covered with gilt paper. Behind the latter, like a picture in its frame, stood Bacon on a little white-draped dais, impersonating a Yale oarsman. His costume was a blue sleeveless jersey with a white Y stitched on it, white trunks, turned-down socks and rowing-shoes. In his right hand he supported an oar with a blue blade. A gas pipe had been run around the inner side of the frame and the dozens of little jets threw a brilliant light on the motionless figure. The ap-

plause was instant and hearty. Bacon kept the pose for a minute while the orchestra played "Boola," and then the curtain fell again. Presently it went up to reveal Roy in his crimson sweater, moleskin trousers, crimson stockings and tan shoes. A white H adorned the front of the sweater and under his arm was a football. Again the applause, quite as hearty as before,



"CHUB" CAME BOUNDING INTO VIEW WHISTLING, OUT OF HIS HANDS SPLIT INTO MRS. MALORY'S CAT."

while the strains of "Up the Street" came from the orchestra.

Chub, who came next, represented a Princeton baseball player, striped stockings on his sturdy legs, grey shirt over his black jersey, a grey cap set rakishly over his smiling face and a mask and ball under his arm. The applause seemed to be more a tribute to Chub, the captain of the Ferry Hill Nine, than to the picture he made or the college he represented. After the music of "Old Nassau" had ceased the curtain fell once more. Then followed Warren as a Cornell oarsman, Gallup as a Columbia tennis player and Tom Forrest, with a sixteen-pound hammer behind him, poised for a throw. Forrest wore Dartmouth's colors and made an unmistakable hit.

But the audience was agog for the next picture. Harry had devised the tableaux and had insisted upon being allowed to appear as Vassar. And although to Jack and Chub and Roy a girls' college had seemed out of place on the programme, yet they were too grateful to Harry for her assistance to think of refusing her. And when the curtain rolled up for the last time they were all very glad they had n't. For Harry was the success of the evening.

She was standing two-thirds-face to the audience, a black mortar-board cap on her head, a flowing black gown reaching to her feet and a book under her arm. The pose was grace itself. But the crowning glory of the picture was Harry's hair. She had coiled it at the back of her little head, thereby adding several years to her apparent age, and the intense light of the sizzing gas-jets made it glow and shimmer like red gold. A very bright, happy and demure-looking Vassar student she made, and a pretty one, too. Roy, watching from the wings, could hardly believe that the smiling, grown-up young lady in front of him was the red-haired little minx who had "sassed" him so sharply in the stable yard that first day of their acquaintance.

The applause grew and grew; at the back of the hall John, the gardener, had forgotten his awe of the surroundings and was "hurrahing" loudly, egged on by the admiring women servants. And then suddenly the applause gave place to cries of alarm. Persons in the front row sprang to their feet. Those behind them pushed back their chairs and, without knowing the cause, became imbued with the panic of those in front. Some one cried "Fire!" and instantly the place was in an uproar.

But those in the wings had seen as quickly as those in the audience and it was Roy who dashed across the stage, picked Harry bodily from the dais, laid her down and crushed the flames out of her black gown with his hands before any of the others near by had recovered from their momentary panic. Harry, white-faced but silent through it all, was helped

unharmed to her feet and the curtain came down with a rush. It had been "a narrow squeeze," as Chub excitedly termed it, but, save for a fright, Harry was none the worse for the happening. But the same could not be said for her black gown. It had fluttered against one of the gas-jets, caught fire and had been burned away for a space of several feet up one side.



"IT WAS ROY WHO DASHED ACROSS THE STAGE"

Doctor and Mrs. Emery joined Roy, Mr. Cobb and Jack as they conducted Harry to the dressing-room and they were both embarrassingly profuse in their praise of Roy's presence of mind. The Doctor insisted on shaking hands, and it was then that the discovery was made that while the rescued had escaped injury the rescuer had not. Both of Roy's hands were pretty badly scorched, although Roy tried to convince them that they were not. Mr. Cobb sent for oil and bandages and Harry, in order to reassure the audience, was led before the curtain, where she received applause more hearty than ever. The incident had effectually ended the evening's performance and the singing of the school song was omitted. When Harry came back to the dressing-room, still pale and rather sober, she walked over to Roy who, was seated awaiting the "first aid to the injured," and, as she could not grasp his scorched hands, she impulsively leaned over and kissed his cheek. "Please, Roy," she whispered, "thank you very, *very* much! I shan't forget it. You were so good, so generous. And—and I'm sorry I was so low-down mean!"

(To be continued.)



A LITTLE INDIAN SCHOOL

By T. R. Porter.

Out on the bleak prairie of South Dakota, in the valley of a little stream known as Wounded Knee Creek, there is a frame school-house where all the pupils are Indians. In the old days, before they were confined on great bodies of land called reservations, the Indians used to hunt all over the great western country; and while none of them could read and write, yet even the small boys could follow a trail across the prairie many days after it was made, and they could tell, from looking at the pony-tracks, whether the rider was a white man or an Indian.

But after the last Indian war had been settled — after the braves had buried the hatchet and the "peace papers" had been signed by all the great Indian chiefs — the government built school-houses in many portions of the reservations, and white teachers were sent to teach the Indians how to read and to write and to become good citizens.

And the pupils are not all boys and girls, either, but there are some men and women in every school. In this particular school in the Wounded Knee Valley there is one boy about fifteen years old; the boy's father, who is forty-five years old; and the boy's grandfather, an old man seventy years old, all going to school in the same room and all studying the same books and the same lessons; and the boy learns more easily and rapidly than his father or grandfather does.

When the little Indian boys and girls first come to school, they wear the picturesque clothes which the Indians wear in their half-savage state. But as soon as they are enrolled the government supplies them with clothing

like that the white people wear. Here is a picture of little Lucy Bull-bear, just as she came to school the first day; but the next day little Lucy was dressed in a common calico dress, and her pretty Indian clothes were laid away. Lucy's father was a great warrior when he was a young man, and he was a great chief when he grew older; but he wants his little girl to learn to read and to write, to sew and to cook, and to keep house as white girls do.

Over at a school in Montana, a little Indian girl one day came to school wearing a purple velvet dress covered with two thousand elk teeth. The dress was made just like a meal-sack, with arm-holes and a hole for the head; but the elk teeth are worth about two and a half dollars each, so that this little girl's dress could have been sold for five thousand doliars.

The little Indians, when they first come to school, do not know how to do anything at all. They cannot even talk English, and first they have to learn a new language before they can learn to read. Yet they do this very quickly, and in a few weeks they can talk English quite well; but it takes a long time for them to learn to read. And all the time that they are learning to read and write, they are also learning to do the things which any little American boy or girl does naturally. The girls are taught to sew and to cook and to sweep; while the boys learn to cut wood, to farm, and to take care of horses, pigs, and cows. The larger girls cook lunch for the little girls and the boys, and all the schools are provided with kitchens and dining-rooms. There is also a little farm attached to each school, and in it the boys grow all the vegetables eaten in the school.

When recess time comes, the little Indians get out and play just as the white children do. They have bows and arrows, and balls and bats, and everything of that kind, and they make just as much noise as the girls and boys at any American school make.

White people used to think the Indians never smiled and never laughed; but that was because the Indians were shy and backward when white people were around. When the Indians get out by themselves, they laugh and joke and have great fun.

Every year three or four of the brightest pupils at each school are taken down to the agency, where the Indian agent lives, and are there placed in the boarding-school, which is equipped by the government. At this big school there are always several hundred Indian boys and girls, and the government pays all their expenses. Here they learn many things not taught at the day-schools. They have sewing societies for the girls, and a printing-office and a brass band for the boys. The girls



INDIAN SCHOOL AT WOUNDED KNEE CREEK.



TAOS TEPEE

make the clothes that both the girls and boys wear, and the boys, in turn, make shoes for them all. The boys work the farm, and tend the stock, and work in the harness-shop and the carpenter-shop, and learn all sorts of useful things of that kind; while the girls learn to sew and to cook and to take care of a house.

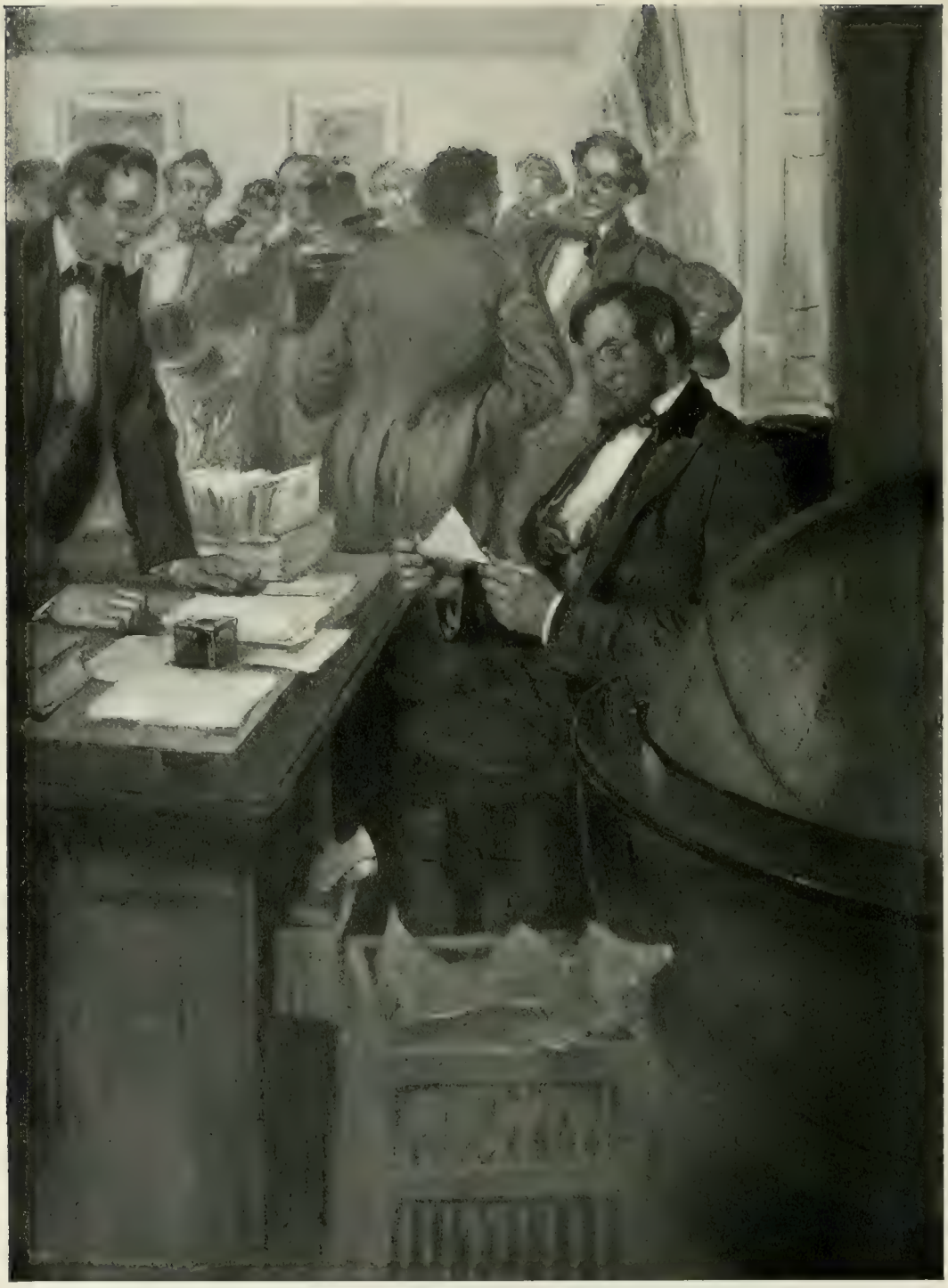
But after the little Indian is through school he is still far, far behind the average white boy or girl; for he has never had an opportunity of seeing railroad trains and street-cars, and electric lights and gas-stoves, and sewing-machines, and thousands of things with which white children are surrounded.

"OLD MAMMY TIPSYTOES!"

By Tudor Jenks.

Often, on some sunny day,
When little girls come out to play,
You 'll see one strutting, head held high,
While after her, with mocking cry,
Her little playmates hurry by.
Suddenly she turns about
And puts the mocking throng to rout.
They 're playing, every toddler knows,
The game "Old Mammy Tipsytoes!"

Now, who *was* "Mammy Tipsytoes?"
Where did she live, do you suppose?
Was she a duchess stiff and proud
That children mocked with jeering loud?
And did *she* turn and chase the crowd?
If she caught one — what did she do?
I don't know, and so ask you.
Is there some little girl who knows
Who *was* "Mammy Tipsytoes?"



PRESIDENT LINCOLN RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE DEFEAT OF THE UNION TROOPS AT BULL RUN.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By Helen Nicolay.

VII.

LINCOLN AND THE WAR.

It is one thing to be elected President of the United States. That means triumph, honor, power. It is quite another thing to perform the duties of President, for that means labor, disappointment, difficulty, even danger. Many a man envied Abraham Lincoln when, in the stately pomp of inauguration and with the plaudits of the spectators ringing about him, he took the oath of office which for four years transforms an American citizen into the ruler of these United States. Such envy would have been changed to deepest sympathy if they could have known what lay before him. After the music and cannon were dumb, after the flags were all furled and the cheering crowds had vanished, the shadows of war fell about the Executive Mansion, and its new occupant remained face to face with his heavy task—a task which, as he had truly said in his speech at Springfield, was greater than that which rested upon Washington.

Then, as never before, he must have realized the peril of the nation, with its credit gone, its laws defied, its flag insulted. The South had carried out its threat, and seven million Americans were in revolt against the idea that "all men are created equal," while twenty million other Americans were bent upon defending that idea. For the moment both sides had paused to see how the new President would treat this attempt at secession. It must be constantly borne in mind that the rebellion in the Southern States with which Mr. Lincoln had to deal was not a sudden revolution, but a conspiracy of slow growth and long planning. As one of its actors frankly admitted, it was "not an event of a day. It is not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln's election. . . . . It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years." Its main object, it must also be rememberd, was the spread of slavery. Alexander H. Stephens, in a speech made shortly after he became the Confederate Vice President, openly proclaimed slavery to be the "corner-stone" of the new government. For years it had been the dream of southern leaders to make the Ohio River the northern boundary of a great slave empire, with everything lying to the south of that, even the countries of South and Central America, as parts of their system. Though this dream was never to be realized, the Confederacy finally came to number eleven States (Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, North Carolina, Florida, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia), and to cover a territory of 733,144 square miles, quite as large as England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Germany and Switzerland put together, with a coast line 3,500 miles long, and a land frontier of over 7,000 miles.

President Buchanan's timidity and want of spirit had alone made this great rebellion possible, for although it had been "gathering head for thirty years" it was only within the last few months that it had come to acts of open treason and rebellion. President Buchanan had opportunity and ample power to crush it when the conspirators first began to show their hands. Instead he wavered, and delayed, while they grew bold under his lack of decision, imagining that they would have a bloodless victory, and even boasting that they would take Washington for their capital; or, if the new President should thwart them and make them fight, that they would capture Philadelphia and dictate the peace they wanted from Independence Hall.

By the time Mr. Lincoln came into office the conspiracy had grown beyond control by any means then in the hands of a President, though men on both sides still vainly hoped that the troubles of the country might be settled without fighting. Mr. Lincoln especially wished to make

very sure that if it ever came to a matter of war, the fault should not lie with the North.

In his inaugural address he had told the South that he would use the power confided to him to hold and occupy the places belonging to the Government, and to collect the taxes; but beyond what might be necessary for these objects, he would not use force among the people anywhere. His peaceful policy was already harder to follow than he realized. Before he had been President twenty-four hours word came from Major Anderson, still defying the conspirators from Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, that his little garrison was short of food, and must speedily surrender unless help reached them. The rebels had for weeks been building batteries to attack the fort, and with Anderson's report came the written opinions of his officers that it would require an army of 20,000 men to relieve it. They might as well have asked for twenty thousand archangels, for at that time the entire army of the United States numbered but 17,113 men, and these were doing duty, not only in the Southern and Eastern States, but were protecting settlers from Indians on the great western frontier, and guarding the long Canadian and Mexican boundaries as well. Yet Anderson and his men could not be left to their fate without even an attempt to help them, though some of the high military and naval officers hastily called into council by the new President advised this course. It was finally decided to notify the Confederates that a ship carrying food, but no soldiers, would be sent to his relief. If they chose to fire upon that it would be plainly the South and not the North, that began the war.

Days went on, and by the middle of April the Confederate government found itself forced to a fatal choice. Either it must begin war, or allow the rebellion to collapse. All its claims to independence were denied; the commissioners it sent to Washington on the pretense that they were agents of a foreign country were politely refused a hearing, yet not one angry word, or provoking threat, or a single harmful act had come from the "Black Republican" President. In his inaugural he had promised the people of the South peace and protection, had offered them the benefit of the mails. Even now, all he proposed to do was to send bread to Anderson and his hungry soldiers. His prudent policy placed them where, as he had told them, they could have no war unless they themselves chose to begin it.

They did choose to begin it. The rebellion was the work of ambitious men, who had no mind to stop at that late day, and see their labor go for nothing. The officer in charge of their batteries was ordered to open fire on Fort Sumter if Anderson refused to surrender; and in the dim light of dawn on April 12, 1861, just as the outline of Fort Sumter began to show itself against a brightening sky, the shot that opened the Civil War rose from a rebel battery and made its slow and graceful curve upon Sumter. Soon all the batteries were in action, and the fort was replying with a will. Anderson held out for a day and a half, until his cartridges were all used up, his flagstaff had been shot away, and the wooden buildings inside the fort were on fire. Then, as the ships with supplies had not yet arrived, and he had neither food nor ammunition, he was forced to surrender.

The news of the firing upon Fort Sumter changed the mood of the country as if by magic. By deliberate act of the Confederate government its attempt at peaceable secession had been changed to active war. The Confederates gained Fort Sumter, but in doing so they roused the patriotism of the North to a firm resolve that this insult to the flag should be redressed, and that the unrighteous experiment of a rival government founded upon slavery as its "cornerstone," should never succeed. In one of his speeches on the journey to Washington Mr. Lincoln had said that devoted as he was to peace, it might become necessary to "put the foot down firmly." That time had now come. On April 15, the day after the fall of Fort Sumter, all the newspapers of the country printed the President's call to arms, ordering out 75,000 militia for three months, and directing Congress to meet in special session on July 4, 1861. The North rallied instantly to the support of the Government, and offered him twice the number of soldiers he asked for.

Nothing more clearly shows the difference between President Lincoln and President Buchanan than the way in which the two men met

the acts of the Southern Rebellion. President Buchanan temporized and delayed when he had plenty of power. President Lincoln, without a moment's hesitation accepted the great and unusual responsibility thrust upon him, and at once issued orders for buying ships, moving troops, advancing money to Committees of Safety, and for other military and naval measures for which at the moment he had no express authority from Congress. As soon as Congress came together on July 4, he sent it a message explaining his action, saying: "It became necessary for me to choose whether, using only the existing means . . . . which Congress had provided, I should let the Government fall at once into ruin, or whether availing myself of the broader powers conferred by the Constitution in cases of insurrection, I would make an effort to save it with all its blessings for the present age and for posterity." Congress, it is needless to say, not only approved all that he had done, but gave him practically unlimited powers for dealing with the rebellion in future.



THE FIRST SHOT FIRED IN THE CIVIL WAR. THE SHELL BURSTING OVER FORT SUMTER

It soon became evident that no matter how ready and willing to fight for their country the 75,000 volunteers might be, they could not hope to put down the rebellion because the time for which they had enlisted would be almost over before they could receive the training necessary to change them from valiant citizens into good soldiers. Another call was therefore issued, this time for men to serve three years or during the war, and also for a large number of sailors to man the new ships that the Government was straining every nerve to buy, build and otherwise make ready.

More important, however, than soldiers trained or untrained, was the united will of the people of the North; and most important of all the steadfast and courageous soul of the man called to direct the struggle. Abraham Lincoln, the poor frontier boy, the struggling young lawyer, the Illinois politician, whom many, even among the Republicans who voted to elect him President, thought scarcely fit to hold a much smaller office, proved beyond question the man for the task; gifted above all his associates with wisdom and strength to meet the great emergencies as they arose during the four years' war that had already begun.

Since this is the story of Mr. Lincoln's life, and not of the Civil War, we cannot attempt to follow the history of the long contest as it unfolded itself day by day and month by month, or even stop to recount a list of the great battles that drenched the land in blood. It was a mighty struggle, fought by men of the same race and kindred, often by brother against brother. Each fought for what he felt to be right; and their common inheritance of courage and iron will, of endurance and splendid bravery and stubborn pluck, made this battle of brothers the more bitter as it was the more prolonged. It ranged over an immense extent of country; but because Washington was the capital of the Union, and Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Confederacy, and the desire of each side was to capture the chief city of the other, the principal fighting-ground, during the whole war, lay between those two towns, with the Alleghany Mountains on the west, and Chesapeake Bay on the east. Between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River another field of warfare developed itself, on which some of the hardest

battles were fought, and the greatest victories won. Beyond the Mississippi again stretched another great field, bounded only by the Rocky Mountains and the Rio Grande. But the principal fighting in this field was near or even on the Mississippi, in the efforts made by both Unionists and Confederates to keep and hold the great highway of the river, so necessary for trade in time of peace, and for moving armies in time of war.

On this immense battle-ground was fought one of the most costly wars of modern times, with soldiers numbering a million men on each side; in which, counting battles and skirmishes small and great, an average of two engagements a day were fought for four long years, two millions of money were used up every twenty-four hours, and during which the unholy prize of slavery, for which the Confederate States did battle, was completely swept away.

Though the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, defeat and victory may be said to have been nearly evenly divided. Generally speaking, success was more often on the side of the South during the first half of the war; with the North, during the latter half. The armies were equally brave; the North had the greater territory from which to draw supplies; and the end came, not when one side had beaten the other man for man, but when the South had been drained of fighting men and food and guns, and slavery had perished in the stress of war.

Fortunately for all, nobody at the beginning dreamed of the length of the struggle. Even Lincoln's stout heart would have been dismayed if he could have foreseen all that lay before him. The task that he could see was hard and perplexing enough. Everything in Washington was in confusion. No President ever had such an increase of official work as Lincoln during the early months of his administration. The halls and ante-rooms of the Executive Mansion were literally crowded with people seeking appointment to office; and the new appointments that were absolutely necessary were not half finished when the firing on Fort Sumter began active war. This added to the difficulty of sifting the loyal from the disloyal, and the yet more pressing labor of organizing an immense new army.

Hundreds of clerks employed in the Government Departments, left their desks and hurried South, crippling the service just at the time when the sudden increase of work made their presence doubly needed. A large proportion of the officers of the Army and Navy, perhaps as many as one-third gave their skill and services to the Confedracy, feeling that their allegiance was due to their State or section rather than the general government. Prominent among these was Robert E. Lee, who had been made a



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON.

colonel by Lincoln, and whom General Scott had recommended as the most promising officer to command the new force of 75,000 men called out by the President's proclamation. He chose instead to resign and cast his fortunes with the South, where he became the head of all the Confederate armies. The loss to the Union and gain to the Confederate cause by his action is hard to measure, since in him the Southern armies found a commander whose surpassing courage and skill inspired its soldiers long after all hope of success was gone.

It was cases such as this that gave the President more anxiety than all else. It seemed impossible to know whom to trust. An officer might come to him in the morning protesting devotion to the Union, and by night be gone to the South. Mr. Lincoln used to say at this time that he felt like a man letting rooms at one end of his house while the other end was on fire.

The situation grew steadily worse. Maryland refused to allow United States soldiers to cross her territory, and the first attempt to bring troops through Baltimore from the North ended in a bloody riot, and the burning of railroad bridges to prevent help from reaching Washington. For three days Washington was entirely cut off from the North, either by telegraph or mail. General Scott hastily prepared the city for a siege, taking possession of all the large supplies of flour and provisions in town, and causing the Capitol and other public buildings to be barricaded. Though President Lincoln did not doubt the final arrival of help, he, like everyone else, was very anxious, and found it hard to understand the long delay. He knew that troops had started from the North. Why did they not arrive? They might not be able to go through Baltimore but they could certainly go around it. The distance was not great. What if twenty miles of railroad had been destroyed, were the soldiers unable to march? Always calm and self-controlled, he gave no sign in the presence of others of the anxiety that weighed so heavily upon him. Very likely the visitors who saw him during those days thought that he hardly realized the plight of the city; yet an inmate of the White House, passing through the President's office when the day's work was done and he imagined himself alone, saw him pause in his absorbed walk up and down the floor, and gaze long out of the window in the direction from which the troops were expected to appear. Then, unconscious of any hearer, and as if the words were wrung from him by anguish, he exclaimed, "Why don't they come, why don't they come!"

The New York Seventh Regiment was the first to "come." By a roundabout route it reached Washington on the morning of April 25, and, weary and travel-worn, but with banners flying and music playing, marched up Pennsylvania Avenue to the big white Executive Mansion, bringing cheer to the President and renewed courage to those timid citizens whose fright during this time had almost paralyzed the life of the town. Taking renewed courage they once more opened their houses and the shops that had been closed since the beginning of the blockade, and business began anew.

The greater part of the three months' regiments had been ordered to Washington, and the outskirts of the capital soon became a busy military camp. The great Departments of the Government, especially of War and Navy, could not immediately handle the details of all this sudden increase of work. Men were volunteering rapidly enough, but there was sore need of rations to feed them, money to pay them, tents to shelter them, uniforms to clothe them, rifles to arm them, officers to drill them, and of transportation to carry them to the camps of instruction where they must receive their training and await further orders. In this carnival of patriotism and hurly-burly of organization the weaknesses as well as the virtues of human nature quickly showed themselves; and, as if the new President had not already enough to distress and harass his mind, almost every case of confusion and delay was brought to him for complaint and correction. On him also fell the delicate and serious task of deciding hundreds of novel questions as to what he and his cabinet ministers had and had not the right to do under the Constitution.

The month of May slipped away in all these preparatory vexations; but the great machine of war, once started, moved on as it always does, from arming to massing of troops, and from that to skirmish and battle. In June small fights began to occur between the Union and Confederate armies. The first large battle of the war took place at Bull Run, about thirty-two miles southwest of Washington on July 21, 1861. It ended in a victory for the Confederates, though their army was so badly crippled by its losses that it made no further forward movement during the whole of the next autumn and winter.

The shock of this defeat was deep and painful to the people of the North, not yet schooled to patience, or to the uncertainties of war. For

weeks the newspapers, confident of success, had been clamoring for action, and the cry, "Forward to Richmond," had been heard on every hand. At first the people would not believe the story of a defeat; but it was only too true. By night the beaten Union troops were pouring into the fortifications around Washington, and the next day a horde of stragglers found their way across the bridges of the Potomac into the city.

President Lincoln received the news quietly, as was his habit, without any visible sign of distress or alarm, but he remained awake and in his office all that Sunday night, listening to the excited tales of congressmen and senators who, with undue curiosity, had followed the army and witnessed some of the sights and sounds of battle; and by dawn on Monday he had practically made up his mind as to the probable result and what he must do in consequence.

The loss of the battle of Bull Run was a bitter disappointment to him. He saw that the North was not to have the easy victory it anticipated; and to him personally it brought a great and added care that never left him during the war. Up to that time the North had stood by him as one man in its eager resolve to put down the rebellion. From this time on, though quite as determined, there was division and disagreement among the people as to how this could best be done. Parties formed themselves for or against this or that general, or in favor of this or that method and no other of carrying on the war. In other words, the President and his "administration"—the cabinet and other officers under him—became, from this time on, the target of criticism for all the failures of the Union armies, and for all the accidents and mistakes and unforeseen delays of war. The self-control that Mr. Lincoln had learned in the hard school of his boyhood, and practiced during all the long struggle of his young manhood, had been severe and bitter training, but nothing else could have prepared him for the great disappointments and trials of the crowning years of his life. He had learned to endure patiently, to reason calmly, never to be unduly sure of his own opinion; but, having taken counsel of the best advice at his command, to continue in the path that he felt to be right, regardless of criticism or unjust abuse. He had daily and hourly to do all this. He was strong and courageous, with a steadfast belief that the right would triumph in the end; but his nature was at the same time sensitive and tender, and the sorrows and pain of others hurt him more than did his own.

(To be continued.)



AN EXCITING RACE IN ELF-LAND.



A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

By Edwina Robbins.

Feathery-Flutter and Fidgety-wing,
Twitter and Flitter and Warblety-sing,
Were five little birds who lived, one spring,
In a castle in the air.

Each was as happy as queen or king,
Without a care about anything;
When the mother bird a worm would bring,
Each birdling had a share.

If a bee came by with a flip and a fling,
They welcomed him gaily, nor feared his sting;
And they cheerily chirped as they sat in a ring,
While the bee flew here and there.

When their little air-castle would sway and swing,
Then closer together the birds would cling,
And merrily chirrup a ting-a-ling-ling,
For the gladness everywhere.



PLANTATION STORIES.

By Grace MacGowan Cooke.

I.—MRS. PRAIRIE-DOG'S BOARDERS.

Texas is a near-by land to the dwellers in the Southern States. Many of the poorer white people go there to mend their fortunes; and not a few of them come back from its plains, homesick for the mountains, and with these fortunes unmended. Daddy Laban, the half-breed, son of an Indian father and a negro mother, who sometimes visited Broadlands plantation, had been a wanderer; and his travels had carried him as far afield as the plains of southwestern Texas. The Randolph children liked, almost better than any others, the stories he brought home from these extensive travels.

"De prairie-dog a mighty cur'ous somebody," he began one day, when they asked him for a tale. "Hit lives in de ground, more samer dan a ground-hog. But dey ain't come out for wood nor water; an' some folks thinks dey goes plumb down to de springs what feeds wells. I has knowed dem what say dey go fur enough down to find a place to warm dey hands — but dat ain't de tale I 'm tellin'.

"A long time ago, dey was a prairie-dog what was left a widder, an' she had a big fambly to keep up. 'Oh, landy!' she say to dem dat come to visit her in her 'fliction, 'what I gwine do to feed my chillen?'

"De most o' de varmints tell Miz. Prairie-Dog dat de onliest way for her to git along was to keep boarders. 'You got a good home, an' you is a good manager,' dey say; 'you bound to do well wid a boardin'-house.'

"Well, Miz. Prairie-Dog done sent out de runners to run, de fliers to fly, de crawlers to crawl, an' tell each an' every dat she sot up a boardin'-house. She say she got room for one crawler and one flier, an' dat she could take in a whole passel o' runners.

"Well, now you knows a flier 's a bird — or hit mought be a bat. Ef you was lookin' for little folks, hit mought be a butterfly. Miz. Prairie-Dog ain't find no fliers what wants to live un'neath de ground. But crawlers — bugs an' worms an' sich-like — dey mostly does live un'neath de ground, anyhow, an' de fust pusson what come seekin' house-room with Miz. Prairie-Dog was Brother Rattlesnake.

"'I dest been flooded out o' my own house,' Mr. Rattlesnake say; 'an' I like to look at your rooms an' see ef dey suits me.'

"'I show you de rooms,' Miz. Prairie-Dog tell 'im. 'I bound you gwine like 'em. I got room for one crawler, an' you could be him; but —'

"Miz. Prairie-Dog look at her chillen. She ain't say no more — dest look at dem prairie-dog gals an' boys, an' say no more.

"Mr. Rattlesnake ain't like bein' called a crawler so very well; but he looks at dem rooms, an' 'low he 'll take 'em. Miz. Prairie-Dog got somethin' on her mind, an' 'fore de snake git away dat somethin' come out. 'I 's shore an' certain dat you an' me can git along,' she say, 'ef — ef — ef you vow an' promish not to bite my chillen. I 'll have yo' meals reg'lar, so dat you won't be tempted.'

"Old Mr. Rattlesnake' powerful high-tempered — yas, law, he sho' a mighty quick somebody on de trigger. Zip! he go off, dest like dat — zip! Br-r-r! 'Tempted!' he hiss at de prairie-dog woman. He look at dem prairie-dog boys an' gals what been makin' mud cakes all mornin' (an' dest about as dirty as you-all is after you do de same). 'Tempted,' he say. 'I should hope not.'

"For, mind you, Brother Rattlesnake is a genterman, an' belongs to de quality. He feels hisself a heap too biggity to bite prairie-dogs. So *dat* turned out all right.

"De next what come to Miz. Prairie-Dog was a flier."

"A bird?" asked Patricia Randolph.

"Yes, little mistis," returned the old Indian. "One dese-hyer little, round, brown squinch-owls, what allers quakes an' quivers in dey speech an' walk. 'I gits so dizzy — izzy — wizzy! up in de top o' de trees,' de little brown owl say, as she swivel an' shake. 'An' I wanted to git me a home down on de ground, so dat I could be sure, an' double sure, dat I ef you go to de bottom eend o' her house. So, what wid a flier an' a crawler, an' de oldest prairie-dog boy workin' out, she manage to make tongue and buckle meet. I is went by a many a prairie-dog hole an' seen de owl an' de rattlesnake what boards wid Miz. Prairie-Dog. Ef you was to go to Texas you 'd see de same. But nobody in dat neck o' woods ever knowed



"I WANTED TO GIT ME A HOME DOWN ON DE GROUND, SO DAT I COULD BE SURE, AN' DOUBLE SURE, DAT I WOULD N'T FALL," SAYS MIZ. PRAIRIE-DOG OWL

would n't fall. But dey is dem dat says ef I was down on de ground I might fall down a hole. Dat make me want to live in yo' house. Hit 's down in de ground, ain't hit? Ef I git down in yo' house dey hain't no place for me to fall off of, an' fall down to, is dey?' she ax.

"Miz. Prairie-Dog been in de way o' fallin' down-stairs all her life; dat de onliest way she ever go inter her house — she fling up her hands an' laugh as you pass her by, and she drap back in de hole. But she tell de little brown owl dat dey ain't no place you could fall how dese folks come to live in one house."

"Who told *you*, Daddy Laban?" asked Pate Randolph.

"My Injun gran'mammy," returned the old man. "She told me a many a tale, when I lived wid my daddy's people on de Cherokee Res'vation. Sometime I gwine tell you 'bout de little fawn what her daddy ketched for her when she 's a little gal. But run home now, honey chillens, or yo' mammy done think Daddy Laban stole you an' carried you plumb away."

II.—SONNY BUNNY RABBIT'S GRANNY.

OF all the animal stories which America, the nurse-girl, told to the children of Broadlands plantation, they liked best those about Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"You listen now, Marse Pate an' Miss Patty an' my baby child, an' I gwine tell you de best tale yit, 'bout de rabbit," she said, one lazy summer afternoon when they were tired of playing marbles with china-berries.

"You see, de fox he mighty hongry all de time for rabbit meat; yit, at de same time, he 'fraid to buck up 'gainst a old rabbit, an' he always pesterin' after de young ones.

"Sonny Bunny Rabbit' granny was sick, an' Sonny Bunny Rabbit' mammy want to send her a mess o' sallet. She put it in a poke, an' hang de poke round de little rabbit boy's neck.

"'Now, my son,' she says, 'you tote dis sallet to yo' granny, an' don't stop to play wid none o' dey critters in de Big Woods.'

"'Yassum, mammy,' say Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"'Don't you pass de time o' day wid no foxes,' say Mammy Rabbit.

"'Yassum, mammy,' say Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"Dest as he was passin' some thick chinkapin bushes, up hop a big red fox an' told him howdy.

"'Howdy,' say Sonny Bunny Rabbit. He ain't study 'bout what his mammy tell him now. He 'bleege to stop an' make a miration at bein' noticed by sech a fine pusson as Mr. Fox. 'Hit 's a fine day — an' mighty growin' weather, Mr. Fox.'

"'Hit am dat,' say de fox. 'Yaas, suh, hit sho'ly am dat. An' whar you puttin' out for, ef I mought ax?' he say, mighty slick an' easy.



"'WHAR YOU PUTTIN' OUT FOR? AN' WHO ALL IS YOU GAINE SEE ON T' OTHER SIDE DE HILL?" AX MR. F. X.

"Now right dar," said America, impressively, "am whar dat little rabbit boy fergit his teachin'. He act like he ain't know nothin'—an'

ain't know dat right good. 'Stead o' sayin', 'I 's gwine whar I 's gwine—an' dat 's whar I 's gwine,' he answer right back: 'Dest 'cross de hill, suh. Won't you walk wid me, suh? Proud to have yo' company, suh.

"'Oh, my granny mighty big,' he say; but dat 's 'ca'se she so fat she cain't run. She hain't so mighty old, but she sleep all de time; an' I ain't know is she tough or not—you dest better come on an' find out,' he holler.



"'[illegible]' HE HOLLER.

"'An' who-all is you gwine see on t' other side de hill?' ax Mr. Fox.

"'My granny,' answer Sonny Bunny Rabbit. 'I totin' dis sallet to her.'

"'Is yo' granny big?' ax de fox. 'Is yo' granny old?' he say. 'Is yo' granny mighty pore? Is yo' granny tough?' An' he ain't been nigh so slick an' sof' an' easy any mo' by dis time—he gittin' mighty hongry an' greedy.

"Right den an dere Sonny Bunny Rabbit wake up. Yaas, law! He come to he senses. He know mighty well an' good dat a pusson de size o' Mr. Fox ain't got no reason to ax ef he granny tough, less'n he want to git he teef in her. By dat he recomember what his mammy done told him. He look all 'bout. He ain't see no he'p nowhars. Den hit come in Sonny Bunny Rabbit' mind dat de boys on de farm done sot a trap down by de pastur' fence. Ef he kin git Mr. Fox to jump inter dat trap, his life done save.

Den he start off on er long, keen jump.

"Sonny Bunny Rabbit run as hard as he could. De fox run after, most nippin' his heels. Sonny Bunny Rabbit run by de place whar de fox-trap done sot, an' all kivered wid leaves an' trash, an' dar he le'p high in the air—an' over it. Mr. Fox ain't know dey ary trap in de grass; an', blam! he stuck he foot squar' in it.

"'Oh-ow-ow! Hi-hi-hi! Hi-yi! Yi-yi-yi!' bark de fox. 'Come back hyer, you rabbit trash, an' he'p me out o' dis trouble!' he holler.

"'Dat ain't no trouble,' say Sonny Bunny Rabbit, jumping high in de grass. 'Dat my granny, what I done told you 'bout. Ain't I say she so fat she cain't run? She dest love company so powerful well, dat I 'spect she holdin' on to you to hear you talk.'

"An' de fox talk," America giggled, as she looked about on her small audience.

THE CHAMPION LOBSTER COMPANY.

By Martin M. Foss.

Harold Drake stretched his wiry body along the counter of the *Frank D.*, one hand resting idly on the tiller, the other trailing in the water. His thin face, covered with a network of wrinkles, and his forehead, tied in a hard knot of worry, seemed to belong rather to an old man than to a boy of fourteen.

"I guess I could make some money if I went to New York, Mr. Stewart."

Mr. Stewart turned from the sunset glow, reflected in the flooding tide, and smiled quietly at the barefooted boy before him.

"What would you do, lad?"

"What did you do?" Harold asked in reply.

"I? Oh, well, I worked as office-boy for two years at four dollars a week—and I worked hard, too. Would you like that?"

"Four dollars is more than I can make here, and mother has to go out to work, too. Yes, I should."

For several minutes Mr. Stewart gazed over the quiet bay as the *Frank D.* slipped quietly toward the river's mouth. Now and again he lifted his eyes to the rugged outline of the hills and mountains which rose beyond the broad stretches of field and woodland. A man of sixty at least, browned by a month on the water, he seemed scarcely to bear in his face the signs of care and work which seamed Harold's cheeks and brow.

"Harold, boy, you are much better off right here."

Harold turned his face toward the ocean to hide his disappointment.

"If I could only stay here, too! Boy, do you know I 'd give up business gladly, if I could, just to settle down here to your life? I would n't loaf, for no man has a right to do that; nor has any man in business, as I am, a right to leave the responsibilities and supervision of it. There are too many dependent upon him. But to fish, to have a little garden like yours, to live out of doors, even though I were tired at night and could n't have all the luxuries I do in the city, to see this beautiful stretch of water and those hills—"

Mr. Stewart stopped suddenly, apparently lost in the contemplation of those joys which success had not brought to him. Harold headed the *Frank D.* a little closer to the wind, trimmed his main-sheet, and settled back upon his elbow, his face still drawn downward with disappointment.

"I know you want to make money, Harold. I did at your age. Nearly every man who has a healthy mind does. And it is right that you should. I have made money—not a great deal, but a lot more than I have needed; but I have n't lived right. I 'd give more to look out on this water mornings, and on these hills at sunset, to breathe this air—you don't know what the city means. You see all this every day, and you can't realize how it shapes your life. The distances and the peace ought to make you a strong, sincere man, and that is worth more than all the money you can make. You live in God's presence."

Harold stirred a trifle impatiently, his face set and worried.

"I guess you would n't think much about all of that if your mother had to go out to work and you did n't know whether the fish were going to bite, or whether you 'd get any lobsters. I 'd like it if I did n't have to worry."

The thought of this little boy of fourteen bearing the burden left by a dead father, staggering, almost, under the load of a grown man, pained Mr. Stewart.

"Yes, boy, I know. But you are getting older now, and you will soon be able to make a good living. Lobsters are plenty, are n't they?"

"There are some, but you can't get much for them."

Mr. Stewart was silent again for a long

time, seemingly as far away as the peak which loomed above the broken line of hills on the shore. Out of all this he had gone as a boy, filled with the ambition which had burned as hot in him as it did now in Harold. Only within a few years had he known what the cost had been, what the city did for a man. He spoke aloud at last, just as they reached the end of the breakwater which kept the shifting sands from the river channel.

"If you could only know how the crowded, irregular life of the city, the swarms of hurrying, selfish people, roughen and harden a man's nature. They take all the humanity out of him. I went away from here forty years ago, and it was n't until I had lived thirty years in New York that I knew what it did to men and was doing to me. When you are there you scarcely think any more of the people about you, unless you know them, than you do of the fish you catch. We are all fishing there for something that belongs to other people."



"FOR TWO WEEKS MR. STEWART AND HAROLD WORKED AND STUDIED TOGETHER." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

The flame of ambition was not to be quenched in Harold's breast by such a course. Mr. Stewart knew it—and knew, too, that he liked his sailing companion of the past month the more for his earnest devotion to the life problem before him. It was out of this line

of thought, however, that an idea came to him which was to solve the problem. There had been another of the long pauses when the sweet simplicity of the country held the city man's mind, while the boy's heart, fixed on the golden tints of the city's promise, raced away to the crowds, cruel as they might be, and the opportunities, boundless and obtruding as he felt they were. The *Frank D.* was almost at the little dock, under the bank which sloped from Harold's house to the river, when Mr. Stewart spoke again.

"I 've always thought, lad, that money could be made anywhere, if sound business methods were employed. Of course you could hardly do as well here as in a big place with more people and more money. But your life does n't require so much. Suppose we two go into business here and try it for a year? If it succeeds, you stay here. If it does n't, we 'll see what can be done in New York."

There was little of eagerness in Harold's answer.

"I don't see what we can do. Everybody here has something, and there does n't seem to be anything for anybody else."

"You said lobsters were fairly plenty?"

"Sometimes; but we don't get much for them."

"How much? About ten cents a pound, on the average?"

"Yes, summers. A little more, winters."

"In a big city competition develops all business. Men have something to sell, and they work to make it cheaper, so that they can sell it for less, or give a better quality for the same money. In our linen-mills we have two or three men studying all the time to increase the output and lessen the expense. Do you know that if you should study lobsters so that you could have more of them in the dull seasons of winter,—more of them and better ones,—you could make a lot of money?"

Harold's face lighted for the first time.

"I 've thought of that sometimes. I read about a man who raised strawberries in the winter, when they were scarce, and made a lot of money."

The beginnings of "The Champion Lobster Company" were very small. For two weeks, until business demanded Mr. Stewart's return to New York, they worked and studied together,—Mr. Stewart reading in the books he had procured from New York, and fitting the observations of natural historians to the shrewd ideas of a fisher-boy who knew the lobsters as only one can who has lived by catching them all his life. For a beginning Mr. Stewart wanted only to learn how they could be caught as fast as possible, which Harold knew without books—and how, too, they could be made more plentiful and more safely and comfortably caught throughout the cold stretches of winter.

A new boat came first, heavier in construction than Harold's cat, with broad bilges for rough weather, and more storage-room for lobster-pots. Systematically they tried new ideas for feeding a few lobsters which they gathered in the Pool, as the little basin which formed in back of Harold's house was called, fencing it off with heavy netting sunk deep in the mud. If lobsters could reason, those about the mouth of the Pentock River would have grown suspicious, as voters do when a district leader in politics grows friendly and obliging with the approach of a caucus.

Mr. Stewart's plan was simple. He told Harold how expensive, yet how highly prized, good lobsters—really large, fresh lobsters—were in New York, especially in the winter. He told him, too, how many well-to-do men there were who would pay well for selected lobsters, just as they bought strawberries and grapes in the winter season. If Harold could learn how to get lobsters, to grow them systematically as a farmer would his hens, and to keep them alive, above all, in the Pool until winter, there was an opportunity—an opportunity which Mr. Stewart made all the more attractive by pointing out that the city's wealth, in some degree, would be turned toward the Champion Lobster Company, without exposing Harold to the hardening influences of the life itself.

Perhaps the little package of paper and envelopes which came to Mr. Stewart, neatly printed with the name of the concern, and up in one corner, "Harold Drake, Manager," gave the boy greater joy than the promises which Mr. Stewart held out.

Harold threw himself into his new life as many a country boy does when he reaches the office of a great city firm, but as very few do when, bred in the routine of a quiet village, they tackle a new phase of life's problem in old surroundings. For a time Mr. Stewart insisted on paying him a small salary,—as much as Harold had been earning before,—so that he could devote his days to preparations for winter. Daily Harold's stock grew; daily, too, his watchfulness taught him how to prevent the losses which came from death, sometimes at the claws of other lobsters, sometimes perhaps because the food was wrong or scarce. Harold soon learned that there must be separate pens, so that all of his stock would be sure of food, and, too, so that there might be less danger of a wholesale slaughter when some bloodthirsty old warrior went out on a marauding trip. Long before the trees began to turn, there were hundreds of lobsters living the quiet, undisturbed life which nature had mapped out, but had not planned under exactly these circumstances, with more to eat and less of strife than they had ever known.

Neighbors—regular fishermen generally—scoffed a little.

"Water ain't deep enough. They 'll all freeze the first cold snap," Captain Thomas said.

Captain Dean had a more intimate interest.

"You just take my advice, boy, and sell 'em now. You 're just stowing them up here, and when the fishing gets hard other fellows will come along and steal them. Sell 'em to the next smack that comes along. What 's Jim Stewart know about fishing, anyhow?"

Harold consulted the president of the company (Mr. Stewart preferred to be called the "New York representative"), and received advice as to the manner of dealing with thieves and encouragement to hold all of the stock until the "season was on in New York."

There were plenty of troubles in the day-to-day routine. One day a lot of lobsters escaped through a large hole which appeared in the outside netting.

"Driftwood, probably," Ben Tarbox said. "A piece of an old wreck."

Harold thought it more likely that the driftwood was some malicious rival, but he kept his peace. Only to Mr. Stewart did he explain the danger from such marauders, and in reply Mr. Stewart sent a huge Danish bloodhound from his kennels, a brute so ferocious that Harold was uneasy at first; but there was a marked and permanent decrease in the number of inquisitive loafers about the Pool. Day and night the great dog lived in a little kennel back of the house, not a hundred feet from the "Lobster Beds," as they were called; and ponderous and undemonstrative as he was, he seemed to grow into a sense of his guardianship over the premises.

The months until fall were crowded with work. Somehow, the life came to mean more and more to Harold; and the broad ocean, very blue in the crisp air, and the hills, now turning into golden mounds, came into his mind even in the busier days. He began to feel sure, too, that he could raise lobsters as well as store them—if only they would sell. This little "if" was the cause of so many knots in his forehead. Some days he would stop for a minute, as he was pulling the lobster-pots, or working about the "beds," his face wrinkled into lines of worry, like that of an old man. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Stewart could not sell the lobsters. Mr. Stewart, however, buoyed his hopes with the promises he had received from various men.

"About November 1st," Mr. Stewart wrote, "I 'll send some trial orders. Fill them from the pots if you can; but if you can't, take them from the beds. With the venture so new, we can hardly hope to get a sufficient supply this year, to last all winter; but your last weekly report shows such a splendid gain in numbers and so much decrease in deaths that I am much encouraged."

These neatly type-written letters, addressed to "Harold Drake, Manager, The Champion Lobster Company," made the business very real to Harold, and filled him with the zest which comes to men when they are first assigned to a roll-top desk with a revolving chair.

Perhaps the Champion Lobster Company had an unusual advantage in its New York representative. Certainly he never lost an opportunity to tell business associates, friends

at his clubs, and all whom he met in a casual way, of the new venture. He confessed that he felt almost as much interest in it as he did in anything he controlled, and certainly, for a business that was still all investment, he devoted a great deal of time to it. He clung steadfastly, however, to the idea of withholding all lobsters from the market until the season of "great public dinners" was on. Then, one day early in November, he sent Harold the Mail bill to the same address, charging them at forty cents a pound. Wire me the date of shipment.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) JAMES STEWART,
N. Y. Representative.

There was a friendly little postscript underneath:

DEAR HAROLD: *We* shall *be* lobsters if we can't make money out of this idea. Don't work too hard, and don't forget to look at the ocean, the hills, and the sky for me.



"HE WAVED THE TELEGRAM AND YELLED LIKE A MADMAN: 'THEY GOT THERE, MOTHER! THEY GOT THERE!'"

first order, as briefly and concisely phrased as if he had been instructing a great and long-established business house. Harold has that order tacked up over his desk now, and he confesses that he has a little glimmer of the great joy of that day, even now, as he reads it over.

HAROLD DRAKE, *Manager*,
The Champion Lobster Co.,
Benton, Maine.

DEAR SIR: Ship at once, by Adams Express, fifty selected lobsters, to the Calumet Club, New York.

Beside this letter, on the wall, there is a gilded menu card, at the bottom of which Mr. Stewart had printed, "Lobsters supplied by the Champion Lobster Company." He made it a rule, that winter, that every club and public dinner for which he supplied the lobsters must print this notice. The very fact that there were not a tenth enough lobsters in the beds to supply the demand only made them the more highly prized. Mr. Stewart told about the work at his first dinner, and nobody suspected him of advertising.

The skill with which the whole plan was executed made "Champion lobsters" famous. A lobster, previously, had been good or bad; but now there was a brand the very name of which became synonymous with sound, fresh shell-fish. There might be a hundred other fishermen sending in the best of lobsters, but "Champion lobsters" were known to the public, and no other lobsters would do.

Every neighbor in Benton, Maine, had a pool the next season, and many another town tried to push a brand upon the market. In the second year, after a summer of work together, Mr. Stewart and Harold had several pools, larger and better constructed, and into these they placed the finest specimens of shell-fish which they could catch. And it was not long after the opening of another winter that Harold found his rivals glad to sell their fish at a slight advance on the regular market prices. Practically he controlled the output of Benton.

The business is a fine one now, with a New York office, and a Boston office, too; and both Harold and Mr. Stewart are working on a plan to ship the lobsters alive all over the country.

Yet in all the triumphs of the Champion Lobster Company, Harold has never known a day like the one which brought the first order. It makes his heart beat a little faster to think of it; to think of how he worked, preparing the shipment and sending it to the express office. Somehow, he had no confidence in express companies; nothing but absolute conviction that somebody, somewhere, would fail. He wanted to go to New York with the lobsters. Two days later there was a telegram from Mr. Stewart announcing the satisfactory arrival of the shipment, with one word, "congratulations," added. For the first time Harold gave way to the boyish joy of it all, running into the house where his mother sat, he waved the telegram and yelled like a madman:

"They got there, mother! They got there!"

Mother's heart answered the yell in its own quiet way. Together they went out on the porch overlooking the river; and somehow, that day, Harold felt what the ocean meant, and the hills, too, and he felt sorry for Mr. Stewart, the New York representative.

HIS LAST HUNT.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.

"No, 'Duke,' you can't go! You're too old! You can't keep up any more! Lie down now in the sun, and take a good rest while we're gone!"

The old dog looked entreatingly into the speaker's face, but he obeyed. He was not so old by five years as the master who was still young and vigorous for the chase. Yet he must lie in the sun, now and wait — oh, so impatiently — for the young master's return from those hunts in which he had once been the life and leader. He dropped back upon the ground, and lay with his nose pointing to the hedge through which his master, with his college friend, and "Music," the new young dog, had passed, leaving Duke to doze and dream.

The sun was warm — it would be a glorious day in the woods, Duke thought. And then, for the first time, he noticed that there were woods just beyond the hedge, — tall trees, with the sunlight sifting through them, — and that the hedge itself was not as he had believed it, but taller and more open — a part of the forest, in fact. And from between the branches there stepped, just then, a man, young of face, and clothed all in green, like the forest.

"Up, Duke!" he cried gaily; "up, old dog! The red deer runs to the north, and who so fit as you to follow! Haste, haste, brave fellow, for the hunt waits!"

Who had spoken of him as being old! Duke could not remember. The blood tingled and

surged through his veins. As he bounded on ahead, he lifted up his voice in a deep, joyous bay. Then, all at once, they were among a gay party — men of lively dress, on horses smartly caparisoned; other men, too, in the green dress of him who had called. And there were dogs. Duke had never seen them before, but they rallied about him, and gave tongue to their new leader.

"Away! Away!" called the handsomest of the horsemen. "To the chase!"

Through the sun-bright morning woods — the scent of the red deer before, the baying of the pack and the shouts of the huntsmen behind! Slender branches leaned forward and tipped dew on him as he passed. A brown bird overhead whistled and called. A rabbit sprang out before, leaping wildly for a little way, and then disappeared in the bushes unheeded. Bright, startled eyes from everywhere amid the branches looked down as the old dog passed — the old dog that had become the new dog; and far ahead, the red deer running to the north, heard the bay of the leader of the pack coming nearer and nearer, and into his eyes came fear, and into his feet came an added swiftness that stretched his length yet closer and still closer to the ground, in a wild and frantic race for life.

The sun crept higher up the trees. The forest thinned into a wide open. The antlers of the red deer went tossing against the sky. The rest of the pack, the huntsmen — they were far behind and forgotten. Duke was alone — alone on the gray downs, with the red deer running to the north.

Old dog! Had anybody ever called him that? He had dreamed it, surely. Old dog, indeed.

The sun is just overhead now, and dazzles on the sand-dunes. Perhaps it blinds the red deer, for on a mound he halts an instant and, turning, snuffs the wind. For a moment he makes a brave figure against the blue, and then is off again, wildly and with long, reckless leaps. The distance between him and his pursuer is growing shorter, and he knows it. The muscles in his lithe limbs are stretched and strained and failing. And behind him comes, and still comes, the old dog — the old dog that is the new dog — eager, tireless, and with the swiftness of the winds of March.

The sun slips down the sky. There is no longer even the voice of the following pack. They are alone in the world, it would seem, Duke and the red deer running to the north. They have crossed a river — they have climbed a hill — they have plunged through brush and brake — they have leaped a wall, and always the red deer is nearer and nearer and flagging in strength, and always Duke is fresher and swifter and surer of his prey. And now there is a place of tall grass where the deer, perhaps, hoped the old dog could not follow. Old dog? Ha! With long, leaping bounds he skims the waving green on the wings of youth. And then the deer turns desperately to the struggle. But it is too late. He is fagged and done, and the "old dog" drags him down.

The sun is low in the sky. The weary pack and the shouting, bedecked horsemen come up, and the men in Lincoln green. And there, amid the grass, is Duke, guarding his fallen prey. How they rally about him! How the handsomest horseman of all goes down beside him to praise and to caress! How they cheer and throw up their hats for the hero who had followed the great red upland deer to the north, and dragged him down alone. Through the darkening woods, bearing their trophy homeward, they go, shouting and laughing and praising, until at last they reach a wide court and a great, brown fire-lit hall, where the feast is waiting. And now others — and these are fine ladies — come out to welcome the huntsmen, and then to join them in praises and caresses and cheers for the old dog. *Old* dog? Old —?

"Duke! hey, Duke! See what we 've brought home!"

It was his master's voice, and Duke started. The lights of the great hall, the green huntsmen, and gay ladies swept together, and became a pleasant hedge from which the sunlight was fading. A deep shadow had crept out from it and lay all about him. Looking down at him was the smiling face of his master, and in his hand swung three rabbits.

Duke regarded him confusedly for a moment, and then gradually his look became one of solemn indifference. Rabbits! Showing rabbits! To him!



DUKE AND HIS DREAM OF THE HUNT.

"I don't know what has got into Duke," he heard his master saying one morning, a week later. "He never wants to go with us any more, but just walks away with a superior air when he sees us getting the guns ready.

"Perhaps he 's getting too old."

Duke scornfully walked over to the hedge, sniffing.

Old! Old! Yes, he was too old, indeed, for the sport of rabbit-chasing — he who had seen real hunting at last, and followed and dragged down alone the great, red upland deer!

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

By Agnes McClelland Daulton.

Chapter XIII.

IN MEMORY OF A ROSE.

Judge Fulton, as he sat in his office, tipped himself back comfortably in his swivel-chair and ran hastily through his morning mail. The sight of his name pitching in a tipsy, sea-sick fashion across a gaily tinted envelope attracted his attention, a moment more and the look of surprise gave way to one of amusement.

"From one of Albert's little chaps, of course," he thought smiling, "God bless them." As the Judge read Davie's remarkable letter his face lightened more and more, and when he came to the mortgage a distinct chuckle broke the silence of the office, startling the stenographer so that she struck the dollar mark for a semi-colon and looked up at her employer in astonishment.

"Did I startle you, Miss Ore?" asked the Judge. "I am greatly pleased with the discovery that there is material in the family for another lawyer — my little namesake. I have a bit of unusual work for you this morning. Can you attend to it at once?"

"Yes, sir; dictation, sir?"

"I was just wondering in what color," said the Judge meditatively, "a black-eyed, black-haired, saucy-faced girl would look best. You will remember my niece, Sue Roberts, when she was here last summer," pursued the Judge. "Well, it seems she is going to a party, and Davie and I — Davie is her little brother — want to surprise her with a new gown. I am quite sure we can trust you to select a suitable evening gown for Sue."

"I would enjoy it very much," she said, "but I ought to tell you I have had no experience."

"A young woman who can get up so excellent and tasteful a brief will certainly be able to choose a trifle like that. So put on your hat and run along, for the gown, it seems, must be there on the instant, therefore buy it ready-made. By the way, just add to it gloves and slippers, in fact, all that goes to make the *ensemble*. I 've no doubt you know all about it. My wife has always attended to my daughter's affairs of that sort, so I, like you, have had no experience, and as Davie expressly states that Aunt Serena is not to be told, and so since court requires my presence this morning, we, Davie and I, must throw ourselves upon your mercy. Remember the whole outfit, please."

"And O mother," related Winnie Ore that evening, as she and her mother sat at their tea, "it was the greatest fun! I enjoyed it to my finger-tips! The gown, and the silk stockings, and the dear little slippers — I do so hope they will fit — I got long silk mitts to be sure of them at least, and then the darlingest fan! I could just see Sue Roberts's eyes dance when she opened it. You know I used to tell you how dear she was when she came in the office to see Judge Fulton. Such a bright smile and pretty, friendly ways, and don't you remember the day

she laid the big pink rose on my desk? You were sick then, and my heart was so heavy and it seemed so sweet and thoughtful of her. I *do* hope she will remember the rose when she sees the little pink rosebuds among the lace. Oh I do *hope* she will like it!"

If Miss Ore had doubts on that question it is a great pity she could not have been there when Sue opened the big white box the expressman had just left.



"To Sue from Davie and Uncle David, assisted by Miss Winifred Ore," Sue, surrounded by all the family, read from the enclosed card.

"Davie Roberts," she exclaimed breathlessly, but Davie had crept under the sofa. "Davie Roberts, did you go and beg of dear generous Uncle David?"

"No I did n't," came in muffled tones. "I sent him a mortgage on the pig."

"A what?" shouted the family — and Phil by a strategic move grasped him by the collar and drew him into the light of day, disheveled and somewhat frightened, but still triumphant.

"Why, Miss Banks said," falteringly answered Davie, "that when you did n't have any money you could give a mortgage on your prop'ty, and ain't the pig my very own?"

"Come here, my son," said Mr. Roberts, for Sue had carried her box straight to her father's study. "Come Davie, and tell me all about it."

A shout of merriment went up from the children at the unfolding of David's story, but Mr. Roberts still looked grave and said so sternly that even Masie was surprised:

"Of course, my son, you should have consulted your mother and me about this — for, even if the pig is yours, boys cannot attend to a matter of business such as a mortgage unless they have the consent of their parents. I want you to carry this right through. It is a matter of business between you and Uncle David. My boys must learn that when they sign their names or give their word in a business matter it is entirely binding."

"Of course," assented Davie manfully, "I never meant anything else. I 'll ask next time, but Sue can have her dress, can't she?"

"Yes, as a gift from her brother and uncle," replied Mr. Roberts, dismissing his small son with a pat on the back.

"O Davie! you dear boy," and Sue dropped on her knees by her little brother and caught him in her arms.

"Let go," cried Davie struggling to get free. "I 've no time for huggin'. I told Uncle David I 'd take good care of his pig, and I have n't fed him since noon. Let go, Sue, let go!"

How the twins jumped up and down as Sue shook out the cream silk mull gown that rustled over its taffata lining. How they "Oh"ed and "Ah"ed over the tiny bunches of pink rosebuds that peeped from among the lace, and the white silk stockings, and the slippers that were a perfect fit, when you had stuffed the toes with cotton, and the mitts and the little spangled fan. Even the fact that the gown proved some inches too long and too wide failed to daunt their glee.

"It is lovely, Sue," Betty assured her. "You can hold it up in front, and what if it does trail behind?"

"It 's miles too big," Sue sighed, "and the party will be tomorrow night!"

"With troubles a-plenty, but never a frown,
Their laughter goes up, and no tears run down."

hummed her father, catching sight of her rueful face.

Even Mrs. Roberts looked doubtful as she stroked the ruffles with a loving hand, her heart rejoicing not only over Sue's happiness and her brother-in-law's kindness, but far more over her little son's unselfishness, for she understood Davie and knew that in his boyish way he had counted the cost.

"There is so little time, dearie," she said regretfully; "it would, I fear, have to be all ripped."

"Oh, bother," groaned Sue, "It is a blooming shame I think. I don't care so awfully for myself as I do for Davie. It will almost break his heart, and dear little Miss Ore, I must run and write to her this minute, and blessed old Uncle David; is all their goodness to go for nothing?"

"Law, now, Miss Sue, don't you go to worryin'," broke in Mandy Dobbins. "You shall wear it even if we have to sew you up in it like a doll baby. Jest you trust Mandy Dobbins!"

Chapter XIV.

virginia's party.

As the omnibus drew up to the steps of Kinikinnick and the girls fluttered down like a flock of white doves, Sue thought she had never dreamed of a sight so lovely. The great house was all alight; the lawn festooned with fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns; the croquet ground with its gay little candle sparkling from each arch; seemed like fairy-land to her unaccustomed eyes.

Up the broad stairs, past the village orchestra twanging strings and rosining bows, flocked the doves to the dressing-room, to preen their feathers and settle their wings, and the babble of merry tongues was punctuated with exclamations and shrieks of girlish glee.

"O Virginia, it is perfectly swell!" cried Sue, for Virginia was too much one of the girls by this time to stand on ceremony and so had sped up stairs after them. "I 'm so excited I don't know if I 'm in slippers or overshoes."

"We had the most fun coming!" said Kate Norris. "We had to wait fifteen minutes as usual on Sue. Does n't she look like an angel? And from the way Mandy Dobbins was giggling when Sue came out, I believe there is some secret about her. Let 's investigate!"

"Stand off!" shrieked Sue threatening Kate with her fan. "I 'm not to be examined closely but I 'm here, thank goodness. It was a very close shave!"

"You all look lovely and we are going to have the gayest time. Every one is here except Martha and Albert," said Virginia giving a deft touch wherever it was needed, and dancing about on her tiptoes."

"Oh, we passed them on the road rolling slowly along in state. But poor things, they looked so lonely and we were having such fun as we passed them."

"Martha is really going to Hope Hall," broke in Avis. "She told me so today. Here, Fan, I 'll fasten your bracelet."

"I know," replied Virginia putting her arm round Sue with a warning little pressure. "Aunty had a note from Mrs. Cutting, hoping we will have nice times together, and I am sure we will."

"But, Sue, it 's a shame for you," broke in Mildred tactlessly. "You 'll just hate it!"

"Not at all," replied Sue leaning toward the mirror to give little jabs at her pompadour. Sue and her mother had had a long talk that after-

noon, Sue had promised to put away any little personal jealousy against Martha and try to win her friendship. It had seemed a very easy, pleasant task in that sunny, quiet room, with mother's sweet voice pleading with her and mother's smiling approval of her quick decision, and so she had promised heartily to say something nice to Martha about her going. She meant to say it here at the party, for to-night her joy in the gaiety, the lights, the music, her own pretty gown and the delight of it all, made it seem easy to be friends with saint or sinner and so she added cheerily: "Oh I expect Virginia will help Martha and me to find each other and that we will be the best of friends by Christmas. We don't really know each other yet."

It was at this auspicious moment Martha Cutting swept grandly into the room and all their chatter was forgotten in the breathless little murmur of approval that went up. Martha did look lovely, and if the train to her gown, and the aigrette in her hair were absurdly out of place for her years the girls could not help a thrill of admiration over her beauty. Even Sue's pink rosebuds, and Fan's bracelet sank into littleness before Martha's great bunch of roses, her long gloves, and pearl necklace. She was in one of her prettiest moods too, and no one could help liking Martha when she was at her best.

"Oh, girls, isn't it too lovely," she cried, kissing Virginia and waving them all a gay greeting. "It is the most perfect night! My, how pretty you look and you are all ready to go down, too! Just wait 'til I get a dust of powder on my nose and I 'm ready."

Avis gave a little gasp as Martha all in a twitter opened the blue and silver bag that hung on her arm, and produced a tiny powder puff from a little silver box.

"Never mind your corn-starch, Mattie," laughed Kate a bit contemptuously, giving her a little push, for the idea of powder on Martha's rose-leaf skin was too absurd, but Martha waved her away and after another dab or two, and daintily settling her filmy skirts, she was ready, and down they floated. Staid old Kinikinnick had never seen such capering in all its sleepy existence — such dancing upon the lawn, such games of blind-man's buff and drop-the-handkerchief, such laughing and singing, and racing back and forth, and the soul and center of it all was Sue. Her clear, strong voice led all the songs, and no girl danced so lightly, ran so swiftly, nor laughed so gaily. With her fleecy skirts tucked up, her curls flying, her bright, tantalizing laugh rippling out at every sally, there was more than one boy who thought she was the jolliest, prettiest girl he had ever seen.

There was danger perhaps that as her spirits arose her laugh rang too often and too loud, and that her fun became boisterous and her gaiety a bit rude. At least that is what Martha Cutting said to Belle Wilkins and Albert Read, and her clear voice reached Sue's ears distinctly as she swung in the hammock, on the veranda, in the shadow of the vines. She had just won two games of croquet with Thad as a partner, and he had brought her here to rest while he had gone to get her a glass of lemonade from the tent upon the lawn.

"To be sure she is quite pretty," remarked Martha. "She is bright, too, and rather dashing, but she is slangy and rude. You know, Belle, very well that you wouldn't be Sue Roberts for the world."

"But, Martha," replied Belle pleadingly, "Sue is so good and sweet. She is slangy, but she is very unselfish."

"Nonsense," interrupted Martha disdainfully, "I don't know where you see it. I never saw a girl who pushed herself in as she does. She was n't here a month until she was running after Virginia Clayton and her brother like a wild creature. Think of a refined, cultured girl like Virginia in such company! Of course she does n't care to be followed by that tom-boy, but what can she do?"

"Then why does she go away to school with Sue? I'm sure she does not need do that. Every one knows she is going just to be with her."

"It is all folly, Belle," replied Martha, fanning herself nervously. "I don't believe a word of it. I suppose Sue would say Thad is following her to-night, but I never saw anything so brazen in my life as the way she is running after him."

At this last gibe Sue was out of the hammock with a bound, trembling with anger, her eyes

flashing; but at that moment she became aware that Thad was standing beside her, his face very red and angry, but with a twinkle in his eyes as he turned toward her.



"'JUST WAIT TILL I GET A DUST OF POWDER ON MY FACE!' SAID MARTHA"

"Slow and steady, Sue," he said softly as he offered her the glass he had brought with his best bow, exactly as if nothing had happened; "slow and steady. Sit down and drink your lemonade. Miss Cutting will keep, you know."

But Sue sank back in the hammock, her hands clenched, her teeth shut tight to keep back the anger that was raging in her.

"Did you hear what she said, Thad?" she gasped at last. "I'm so furious I feel like doing all sorts of dreadful things to her. When I get through with her — !"

Thad laughed. All this was so different from Virginia's anger, that cold dignity that always swept his sister out of the room and kept her still for a week, that he hardly understood how to deal with it. But this was Sue's way, she had flared up like a torch; he had reached her just in time, a moment more and her wrath would have swept her out into the light where Martha was sitting and there would have been a scene.

"Slow and steady," said Thad again, offering her the glass. "It is all right, Sue. I heard what she said, but who cares? Virginia told me this morning you are the dearest friend she ever had, and I guess you knew that any way; as to what she said about me, why, that is foolishness. If there has been any following after, I did it, not you."

"It is n't that," groaned Sue. "I know Virginia loves me, and any one that is acquainted with me knows I don't push in, but O, Thad, it is n't the things that are n't true that hurt so; it 's the being rude and slangy. Of course I am, but I hate to hear Martha Cutting say it, and then I have given my mother my solemn promise to try and like Martha, and to tell her I hope we will be good friends in school, and I don't want to like her or be near her. I just hate her!"

"It's a beastly shame about her going at all, Sue," consoled Thad, sitting down by her. "But it can't be helped now, and the best thing, it

seems to me, would be to get along with as few rows as possible. That is the difference in being a boy or a girl. If you were both boys you could wait until to-morrow and then meet her, or rather him, around a corner and give her — I mean him — an everlasting trouncing and thrash all the nonsense out of her — him. Then you would get up, dust off your clothes, shake hands and be friends for the rest of your lives. But as it is I can't see any way but to laugh it down and make yourself so nice she can't help liking you."

"That 's all very well," flung out Sue, "but I like a boy's way far better. If I could hit her I think I could forgive her afterwards, but this smiling business, when you are boiling within, I don't think is good for one's morals. Oh, if I could only thump her good and hard!"

"But really you can't, you know," laughed Thad; he was half teasing, though all his sympathy was with her. "She is jealous, that is what is the matter with her, Sue, and I would n't pay any attention to it."

"Jealous!" cried Sue, opening her black eyes big at him. "Martha jealous of me! Why, that 's what mother is afraid is the matter with me, and it may be, though I never had thought of it. There are plenty of reasons why I might be jealous of Martha Cutting. She is so pretty and can play and sing so well, besides paint and do lots of things I can't, and then she is generally so smooth and sort of — silky, you know, while I 'm a burr, Thad, a regular burr!"

"Well, you may be a burr, Sue, perhaps you are, and Martha may paint and play better, but I guess there are plenty of reasons why the jealousy might be on Martha's side. Why, she can't hold a candle to you in singing, Sue, and as for being pretty," and Thad shamefacedly laid his hand on Sue's, "why, she can't be named in the same day."

"Don't be a silly, Thad," snapped Sue, jerking her hand away and blushing to the roots of her hair. "I 'm not pretty a bit, and I won't have you say so. You can let me go now, for I am over my maddest mad, and I sha'n't make a scene. Get up, please, you are sitting on my ruffles."

"But, Sue," whispered Thad again, "I think you are the prettiest, jolliest girl I ever saw!"

"And I think you are the biggest goose this side the pond," replied Sue saucily.

"I never saw such a girl," growled Thad, angrily springing to his feet. "Here I have been tagging you around all evening, and most girls would have been grateful."

"Oh, you have, have you? And that is what made Martha so hopping!" cried Sue, contemptuously. "Well, I 'm not grateful a bit! Go talk to her like that, I don't doubt she 'll think it fine. There goes Bruce Morris, I 'll go and dance with him." But when she had skipped down the steps and glanced back to see Thad still standing there looking very red and angry, she flew back again and said, frankly holding out her hand:

"There, Thad, I like you awfully when you are nice and brotherly as you usually are, and I need not have been so cross any way, for you were lovely about Martha and kept me from making a goose of myself. Let 's be friends."

Thad took her hand, though still nettled, and then said in a condescending tone that made Sue eyes flash again:

"I forgot for the moment that in spite of your fourteen years you are nothing but a child."

"Fiddlesticks," sniffed Sue, "You are only two years older, so you need n't put on such airs. But I am not going to quarrel with anybody tonight, for I promised my mother I would try to keep my temper, so I 'm going! Goodbye, Sir Thaddeus."

"Good-bye, little girl," said Thad, still too angry to resist this parting shot, and then turning he devoted himself assiduously to Fanny Spencer, embarrassing her so she could not find a word to say and she was relieved beyond measure when bashful Sid came to claim her for a game of croquet.

Meanwhile Sue had sought out Kate Norris to tell her tale of woe, about Martha—she was wise enough not to mention her quarrel with Thad, for Kate had a very wise head on her young shoulders.

"Don't pay any attention to it," advised that astute young person.

"You are a dear, Sue Roberts," said Kate softly, and then she suddenly leaned over and gave Sue a kiss. The kiss surprised Sue, and

pleased her very much, for Kate was not given to caresses, and someway under its loving influence Sue felt her anger and resentment melting away and she was glad to see Thad was dancing with Martha as she ran away to find Virginia to see if she could be of any use. She found Virginia in the midst of a merry game with the little folks, Mildred and Bruce helping her.

"O Sue," Virginia whispered, "I 'm so glad you 've come. Please take my place until I slip away to see if they are not nearly ready for us in the dining-room. Just think, Thad has promised to play on his violin! Is n't that fine?"

Sue in her keen enjoyment of the "questions and answers" soon forgot all her troubles and was quite over her huff when the Japanese gong summoned them. Indeed she was so occupied with Cedric Adam's account of a big fish he had caught that morning that she never saw Martha's glance of triumph as she sailed by on Thad's arm, for Martha and Albert had had a tiff and he was consoling himself with kind little Avis who always understood just the right thing to say to make a person comfortable.

And even if Sue had still felt angry with Thad she would have quite forgiven him when after the merry supper he slipped away to get his violin, and then, standing modestly in the arch, he played the "Gondoliera" with such expression and delicacy that music-loving Sue's eyes were filled with tears and her heart very tender toward the whole world.

Indeed, still under the influence of the music, as the girls once more trooped up to the dressing-room for their wraps, she found it very easy to slip her hand through Martha's arm and say naturally and earnestly:

"I do hope, Martha, when we get to Hope Hall we will learn to know and understand each other better. I 'm sure we will have lovely times there. Has n't Virginia's party been a great success?"

But Martha drew rather pettishly away, remarking it was very warm, and that she had torn her flounce, and lost her handkerchief, — parties were always such bores. At school? Well, she expected to be very busy as she was only going to Hope Hall to prepare for an Eastern school and intended doing a great deal of study.

Up in the dressing-room all was gaiety and clatter, for in spite of weariness, mussed gowns and wilted flowers, they had had a beautiful time, and all save Martha were in the best spirits.

Sue found a moment in the midst of the laughter and noise to say a word to Thad, as they stood waiting for the omnibus, and, provoked as he had been with her, he found the girlish face, so bright-eyed and kindly, very attractive under its lace scarf.

"Please, Thad," she said, "I want to tell you how well I think you play. I enjoyed your music most of anything, Thad. It was very lovely."

Thad had missed her voice amid the enthusiastic praise that had greeted him, and some way these simple words, spoken out of a true appreciation, meant a great deal, since Thad loved his music next to his science.

"Thank you, Sue," he said heartily, "and I hope you will pardon me if I hurt you in any way, for I would like to be your good friend, right along with Virginia, if I may."

"Indeed, indeed," whispered back Sue, her face all aglow, as it always was when she was touched, "I am so glad and proud to have you say that." And she turned to Virginia for a last good-night.

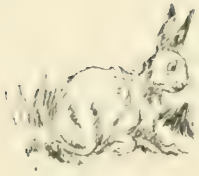
A few moments later the old omnibus lumbered down the road, and back to the little group standing on the veranda steps came floating until it died away in the distance:

"Good night, ladies;
We 're going to leave you now."

(*To be continued.*)

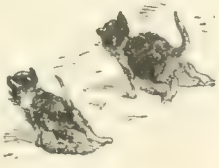


Here's the Chinese Laundry man,
Who does up the shirts on the cold water plan;
And if you read backwards you plainly will see,
That the name of the Chinaman was Johnnie Hop Lee.

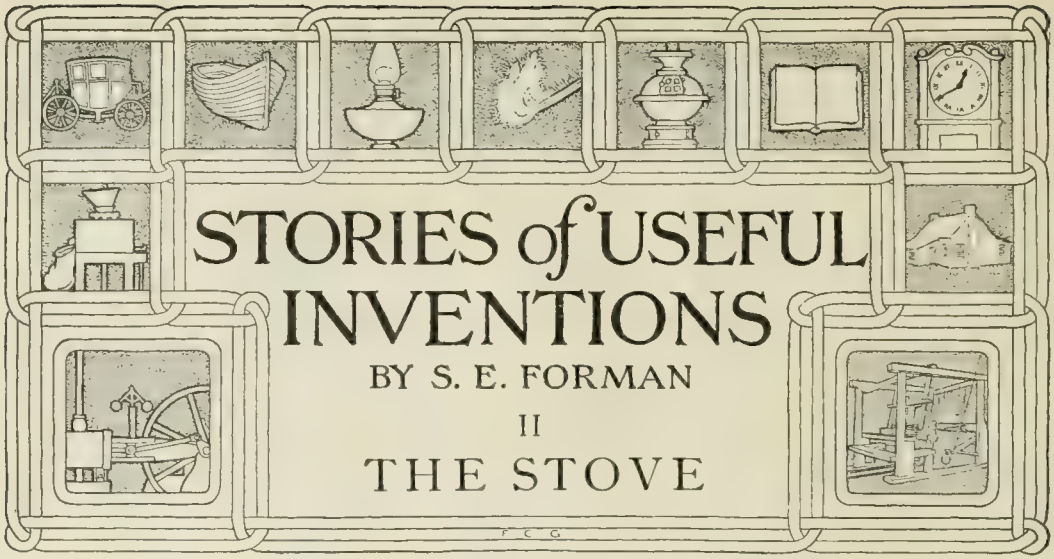


A GOOD REASON.

By Caroline M. Fuller.



"Why do you wear your tail so short?"
The kittens asked the rabbit.
"I think the reason," he replied,
"Is simply force of habit."



STORIES of USEFUL INVENTIONS

BY S. E. FORMAN

II

THE STOVE

From the story of the match you have learned how man through long ages of experience gradually mastered the art of making a fire easily and quickly. In this chapter and in several which are to follow we shall have the history of those inventions which have enabled man to make the best use of fire. Since the first and greatest use of fire is to cook food and keep the body warm, and since the art of heating and cooking has developed with the growth of the invention which, broadly speaking, may be called the stove, our account of the inventions connected with the use of fire may best begin with the story of the stove.

The most important uses of fire were taught by fire itself. As the primitive man stood near the flames of the burning tree and felt their pleasant glow, he learned that fire may add to bodily comfort; and when the flames swept through a forest and overtook a deer and baked it, he learned that fire might be used to improve the quality of his food. The hint was not lost. He took a burning torch to his cave or hut and kindled him a fire on his floor of earth. His dwelling filled with smoke, but he could endure the discomfort for the sake of the fire's warmth, and for the sake of the toothsomeness of the cooked meats. After a time a hole was made in the roof of the hut, and through this hole the smoke passed out. Here was the first stove. The primitive stove was the entire house; the floor was the fireplace and the hole in the roof was the chimney. The word "stove" originally meant "a heated room." So that if we should say that at first people lived in their stoves, we would say that which is literally true.

Early inventions in cooking consisted in simple devices for applying flame directly to the thing which was to be cooked. The first roasting was doubtless done by fastening the flesh to a pole placed in a horizontal position above the fire and supported as is shown in Fig. 1 (*). The horizontal bar called a spit was originally of wood, but after man had learned to work in metals an iron bar was used. When one side of the flesh was roasted the spit was turned and the other side was exposed to the flames. The spit of the primitive age was the parent of the modern grill and broiler.

Food was first boiled in a hole in the ground. A hole was filled with water into which heated stones were thrown. The stones, by giving off their heat, caused the water to boil in a very short time. After the art of making vessels of clay was learned, food was boiled in earthen pots suspended above the fire.

The methods of warming the house and

* The illustrations on pages 637 and 639 are reproduced through the courtesy of the Barstow Stove Co.

cooking the food which have just been described were certainly crude and inconvenient,



FIG. 1.—A PRIMITIVE STOVE.

but it was thousands of years before better methods were invented. The long periods of savagery and barbarism passed and the period of civilization was ushered in, but civilization did not at once bring better stoves. Neither the ancient Egyptians nor the ancient Greeks knew how to heat a house comfortably and conveniently. All of them used the primitive stove—a fire on the floor and a hole in the roof. In the house of an ancient Greek there was usually one room which could be heated when there was need, and this was called the "black-room" (*atrium*)—black from the soot and smoke which escaped from the fire on the floor. But we must not speak harshly of the ancients because they were slow in improving their methods of heating, for in truth the modern world has not done as well in this direction as might have been expected. In a book of travels written only sixty years ago may be found the following passage: "In Normandy, where the cold is severe and fire expensive, the lace-makers, to keep themselves warm and to save fuel, agree with some farmer who has cows in winter quarters to be allowed to carry on their work in the society of the cattle. The cows would be tethered in a long row on one side of the apartment, and the lace-makers sit on the ground on the other side with their feet buried in the straw." That is to say, the lace-makers kept themselves warm by the heat which came from the bodies of the cattle; the cows, in other words, served as stoves. A most barbarous method of heating, you will say, yet it was a method practised in some parts of France less than sixty years ago.

The ancient peoples around the Mediterranean may be excused for not making great progress in the art of heating, for their climate was so mild that they seldom had use for fire in the house. Nevertheless there was in use among these people an invention which has in the course of centuries developed into the stove of to-day. This was the *brazier*, or warming-pan (Fig. 2 and 3). The brazier was filled with burning charcoal and was carried from room to room as it was needed. The unpleasant gases which escaped from the charcoal were made less offensive, but not less unhealthful, by burning perfumes with the fuel. The brazier has never been entirely laid aside. It is still used in Spain and in other warm countries where the necessity for fire is rarely felt.

The brazier satisfied the wants of Greece, but the colder climate of Rome required something better; and in their efforts to invent something better, the ancient Romans made real progress in the art of warming their houses. They built a fire-room—called a *hypocaust*—in the cellar, and, by means of pipes made of baked clay, they connected the hypocaust with different parts of the house. Heat and smoke passed up together through these pipes. The poor



FIG. 2.—A ROMAN BRAZIER.

ancients, it seems, were forever persecuted by smoke. However, after the wood in the hypocaust was once well charred, the smoke was not so troublesome. The celebrated baths (club-rooms) of ancient Rome were heated by means of hypocausts with excellent results.



FIG. 3.—A SPANISH BRAZIER OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

Indeed, the hypocaust had many of the features and many of the merits of our modern furnace. Its weak feature was that it had no separate pipe to carry away the smoke. But as there were no chimneys yet in the world, it is no wonder there was no such pipe.

The Romans made quite as much progress in the art of cooking as they did in the art of heating. Perhaps the world has never seen more skilful cooks than those who served in the mansions of the rich during the period of the Roman Empire (27 B.C.—476 A.D.). In this period the great men at Rome abandoned their plain way of living and became gourmands. One of them wished for the neck of a crane, that he might enjoy for a longer time his food as it descended. This demand for tempting viands developed a race of cooks who were artists in their way. Upon one occasion a king called for a certain kind of fish. The fish could not be had, but the cook was equal to the emergency. "He cut a large turnip to the perfect imitation of the fish desired, and this he fried and seasoned so skilfully that his Majesty's taste was exquisitely deceived, and he praised the root to his guests as an excellent fish." Such excellent cooking could not be done on a primitive stove, and along with the improvements in the art of cooking, there was a corresponding improvement at Rome in the art of stove-making.

When Rome fell (476 A.D.), many of the best features of her civilization perished with her. Among the things that were lost to the world were the Roman methods of cooking and heating. When the barbarians came in at the front door, the cooks fled from the kitchen. The hardy northerners had no taste for dainty cooking. Hypocausts ceased to be used, and were no longer built. For several hundred years, in all the countries of Europe, the fireplace was located, as of old, on the floor in the center of the room, while the smoke was allowed to pass out through a hole in the roof.

The eleventh century brought a great improvement in the art of heating, and the improvement came from England. About the time of the Conquest (1066) a great deal of fighting was done on the roofs of English fortresses, and the smoke coming up through the hole in the center of the roof proved to be troublesome to the soldiers. So the fire was removed from the center of the floor to a spot

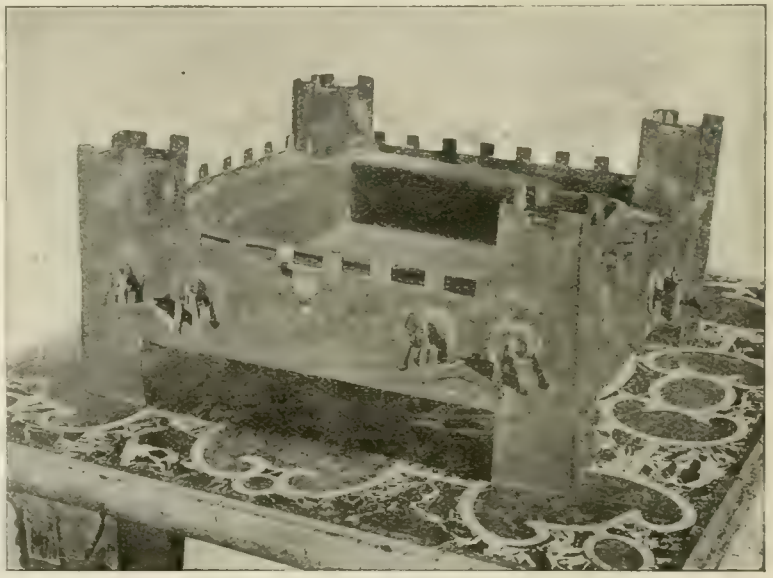


FIG. 4 A POMPEIAN STOVE.



FIG. 5.—A ROMAN HYPOCAUST.

near an outside wall, and an opening was made in the wall just above the fire, so that the smoke could pass out. Here was the origin of the *chimney*. Projecting from the wall above the fire was a hood, which served to direct the smoke to the opening. At first the opening for the smoke extended but a few feet from the fire, but it was soon found that the further up the wall the opening extended the better was the draft. So the chimney was made to run diagonally up the wall as far as possible. The next and last step in the development of the chimney was to make a recess in the wall as a fireplace, and to build a separate structure of masonry—the chimney—for the smoke. By the middle of the fourteenth century chimneys were usually built in this way. The fireplace and chimney cleared the house of soot and smoke, and for this reason they grew rapidly in favor. By the end of the fifteenth century they were found in the homes of nearly all civilized people.

The open fireplace was always cheerful, and it was comfortable when you were close to it; but it did not heat all parts of the room alike. That part next to the fireplace might be too warm for comfort, while in another part of the room it might be freezing. About the end of the fifteenth century efforts were made to distribute heat throughout the room more evenly, and these efforts led to the invention of the modern stove. We have learned that the origin of the stove is to be sought in the ancient brazier. In the middle ages the brazier in France took on a new form. Here was a fire-box with openings at the bottom for drafts of air and arrangements at the top for cooking things. This French warming-pan (*réchaud*) was the connecting-link between the ancient brazier and the modern stove. All it lacked of being a stove was a pipe to carry off the smoke, and this was added by a Frenchman



FIG. 6.—A STOVE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

named Savot, about two hundred years ago. We owe the invention of the chimney to England, but for the stove we are indebted to France. The Frenchman built him an iron fire-box, with openings for drafts, and connected the box with the chimney by means of an iron flue or pipe. Here was a *stove* which could be placed in the middle of the room, or in any part of the room where it was desirable to place it, and which would send out its heat evenly in all directions.

The first stoves were, of course, clumsy and unsatisfactory; but inventors kept working at them, making them better both for cooking and for heating, and by the middle of the nineteenth century the stove was practically what it is to-day. Stoves proved to be so much better than fireplaces, that the latter were gradually replaced in large part by the former. Our affection, however, for a blazing fire is strong, and it is not likely that the old-fashioned fireplace will ever entirely disappear.



FIG 7.—AN OLD-FASHIONED FIREPLACE AND OVEN.

The French stove just described is intended to heat only one room. If a house with a dozen rooms is to be heated, a dozen stoves are necessary. About one hundred years ago there began to appear an invention by which a house of many rooms could be heated by means of one stove. This invention was the *furnace*. Place in the cellar a large stove, and run pipes from the stove to the different rooms of the house, and you have a furnace. Doubtless we got our idea of the furnace from the Roman hypocaust, although the Roman invention had no special pipe for the smoke. The first furnaces sent out only hot air, but in recent years steam or hot water is sent out through the pipes to *radiators*, which are simply secondary stoves set up in convenient places and at a distance from the source of the heat, the furnace in the cellar. Furnaces were invented for the purpose of heating large buildings, but they are now used in ordinary dwellings.

In its last and most highly developed form, the stove appears not only without dust and smoke, but also without even a fire in the cellar. The modern *electric* stove, of course, is meant. Pass a slight current of electricity through a piece of platinum wire, and the platinum becomes hot. You have made a diminutive electric stove. Increase the strength of your current and pass it through something which offers greater resistance than the platinum, and you get more heat. The electric stove is a new invention, and at present it is too expensive for general use, although the number of houses in which it is used is rapidly increasing, and in time it may drive out all other kinds of stoves. It will certainly drive them all out if the cost of electricity even in greater degree than the cost of the stove itself shall be sufficiently reduced; for it is the cleanest, the healthiest, the most convenient, and the most easily controlled of stoves.



SLEEPY-TIME SONG.

By Anne F. Barr.

When sleepy winds sing low, sing low,
And stir the shadows on the lawn,
Then, laddie wee, 't is time to go
The way the sun has gone.
The silver moon is hung on high
To light the sleepy sun to bed—
Lay down, like him, your golden head;
We 'll sing your lullaby,
The winds and I.

The sleepy winds sing low, sing low—
They 're calling gentle dreams to you:
In fairy-fields where poppies blow
The dreams they bring you blew.
The pink is fading from the sky,
The stars are peeping one by one:
So sink to sleep, my little son;
We 'll sing your lullaby,
The winds and I.

PICTURES FROM THE ISLAND EMPIRE OF JAPAN.



FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN, SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

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THE VILLE TREET, TOKIO



N THE BAY OF MATSUSHIMA.

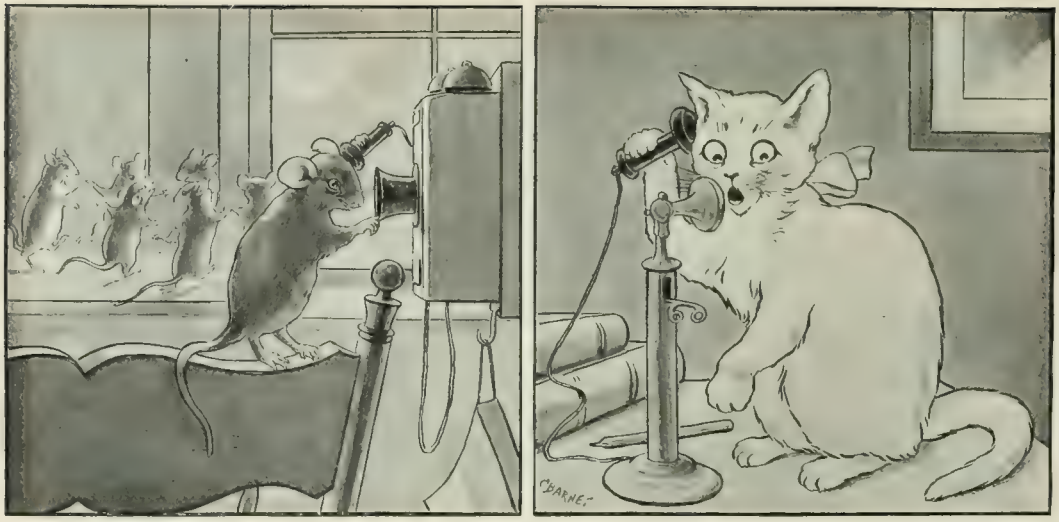


THE BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL OF YU-NO-TAKI.



JAPANESE FISHERMEN ON LAKE HIRONE.

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PROVOKING.

THE MOUSE: "HELLO! HELLO! IS THAT YOU, MALTEASER, OLD BOY? WELL, WE 'RE DOWN HERE IN THE PANTRY. TOO BAD YOU CAN'T JOIN US, BUT THE DOORS ARE CLOSED!"
THE MALTESE: "EH, WHAT 'S THAT? HOLD THE WIRE, PLEASE!"

A JOLLY GAME

By Carolyn Wells.

Sometimes when Mother goes away,
Father and I have *such* good play.

Why, even when it 's time for bed,
He lets me play at making bread.

(We laugh and try to fool each other,—
Making believe we don't miss Mother!)

I play the flour is Arctic snows;
And my two hands are Eskimos

Building a little hut or trail.
Then we take water from the pail,

And make a soft and plumpy dough·
I pat it, and I knead it,— so.

Then Father laughs, and shakes his head,
And says, "That 's funny-looking bread!"

And I laugh back at him and say:
"The chickens like it, anyway!"

Father and I are truly chums;
(But, my! we 're glad when Mother comes!)



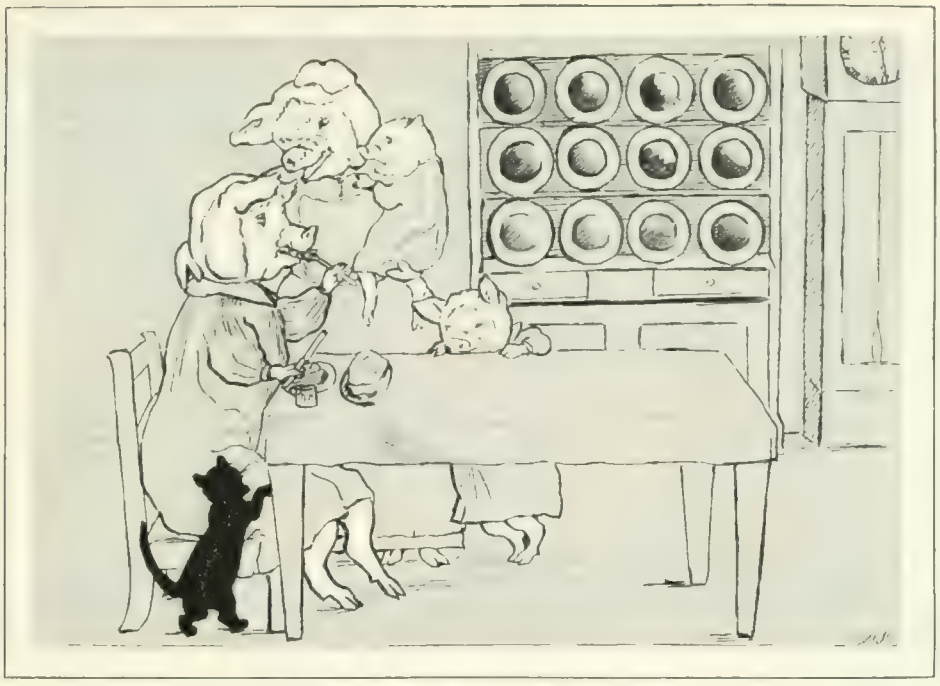
FATHER AND I HAVE A GOOD PLAY



"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET"



"THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME."



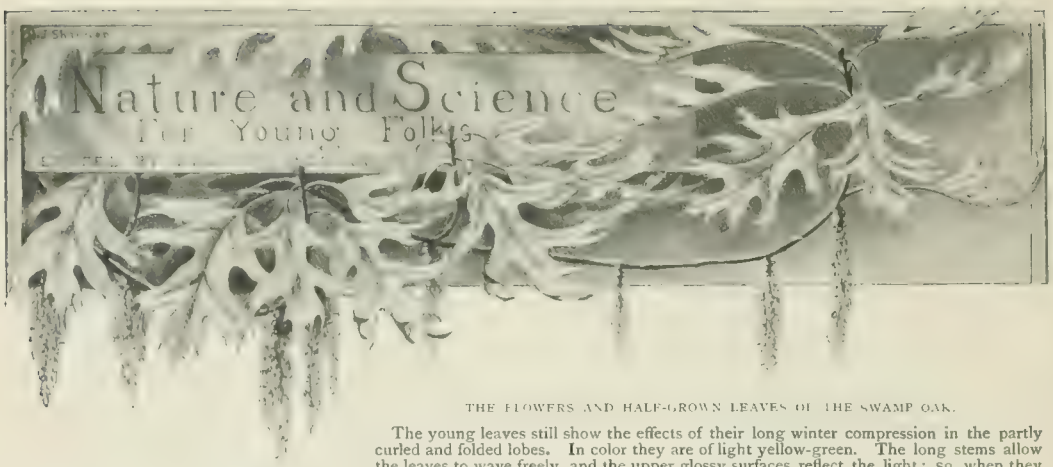
"THIS LITTLE PIG HAD ROAST BEEF."



"AND THIS LITTLE PIG HAD NONE."



"THIS LITTLE PIG CRIED 'WEE, WEE, WEE, I CAN NOT FIND MY WAY HOME.'"



THE FLOWERS AND HALF-GROWN LEAVES OF THE SWAMP OAK.

The young leaves still show the effects of their long winter compression in the partly curled and folded lobes. In color they are of light yellow-green. The long stems allow the leaves to wave freely, and the upper glossy surfaces reflect the light; so, when they shift and shimmer with the breeze, the tree appears of feathery lightness and grace. The beautiful fairy-like appearance is increased by the yellow tassels of the staminate flowers which toss and swing from all the slender twigs.—H. J. S.

TREE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

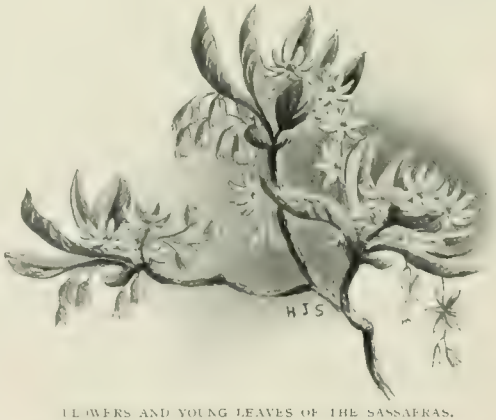
THE first noticeable and beautiful flowers of spring, with but few exceptions, bloom near the earth on low growing stems, and only when May has come with milder airs and less boisterous winds do the trees expand their flowers.



FLOWERS OF THE BLUE-BERRY. The urn-shaped bells suggest the form of the fruit.

Then, the apple-orchard's rose-colored domes surround the barn's gray gable like billows of sunrise-tinted clouds drifting about some granite mountain peak; while separate trees, like detached wreaths of vapor, hang poised above the ploughed fields and distant meadows. The spreading creamy flower-heads of the black-haw decorate the borders of the green lanes and the roadside thickets, while against the misty purple woodlands the dogwood spreads its wide white shelves of bloom.

These are the showiest blossoms of the season but every other tree has its equally characteristic and equally interesting flowers. Yes, the woods have now become great hanging gardens, yet do we always pause as we should, to explore them? Here, by the pond, a group of lofty swamp oaks tower high into the air above us; and, as our eyes penetrate the shifting, shimmering mass of bright green foliage, that at first is all that we see. Soon, however, tossing yellow tassels are seen, swinging from all the branches, and these minute florets clustered on slender threads are the oak-tree flowers. The scarlet oak has somewhat larger but very similar tassels and as this form of blossom —the ament—is characteristic of the entire family, we would do well to remember the botanical name. These drooping fringes veil



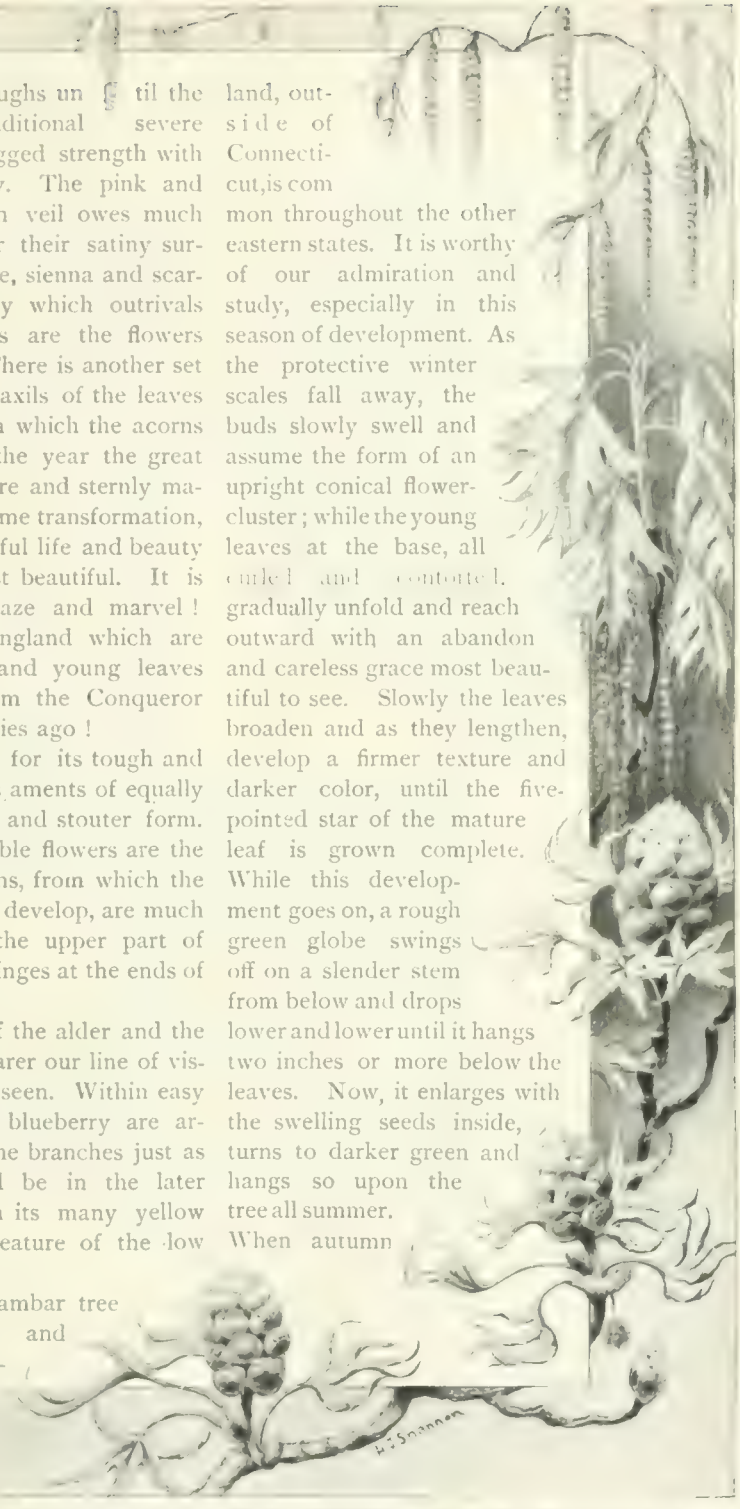
FLOWERS AND YOUNG LEAVES OF THE SASSAFRAS. The sulphur-yellow flowers appear with the young leaves.

the gnarled and twisted boughs until the oak tree seems to belie its traditional severe character and clothes its rugged strength with fairy-like grace and beauty. The pink and saffron coloring of this thin veil owes much to the unfolding leaves, for their satiny surfaces are flushed with orange, sienna and scarlet with a flower-like beauty which outrivals the aments. These aments are the flowers that produce the pollen. There is another set of blossoms situated in the axils of the leaves and not so easily seen, from which the acorns grow. At other times of the year the great oaks preserve such a sombre and sternly majestic poise that this springtime transformation, this breaking forth of youthful life and beauty from the aged trunks is most beautiful. It is a vision upon which to gaze and marvel! There are oaks to-day in England which are putting forth their flowers and young leaves just as they did when William the Conqueror began his reign eight centuries ago!

The hornbeam, so named for its tough and close-grained fibre, develops aments of equally graceful but more compact and stouter form. Here, too, the most noticeable flowers are the pollen aments. The catkins, from which the peculiar hornbeam fruit will develop, are much smaller and are shown in the upper part of the illustration as hanging fringes at the ends of the branches.

These, with the catkins of the alder and the birch are likely to droop nearer our line of vision and so are more readily seen. Within easy reach the pink bells of the blueberry are arranged in long rows upon the branches just as the well-known berries will be in the later months. The sassafras with its many yellow flowers forms a striking feature of the low thickets.

The sweet-gum or liquidambar tree is another swamp-dweller and although rare in New England, outside of Connecticut, is common throughout the other eastern states. It is worthy of our admiration and study, especially in this season of development. As the protective winter scales fall away, the buds slowly swell and assume the form of an upright conical flower-cluster; while the young leaves at the base, all curled and contorted, gradually unfold and reach outward with an abandon and careless grace most beautiful to see. Slowly the leaves broaden and as they lengthen, develop a firmer texture and darker color, until the five-pointed star of the mature leaf is grown complete. While this development goes on, a rough green globe swings off on a slender stem from below and drops lower and lower until it hangs two inches or more below the leaves. Now, it enlarges with the swelling seeds inside, turns to darker green and hangs so upon the tree all summer. When autumn



Proceeding from below upward the

turns it brown the warty projections split open to let loose the seeds; or, the entire fruit is



LATER DEVELOPMENT OF FLOWERS AND LEAVES OF THE SWEET GUM.

The leaves show the form of approaching maturity.

shaken off by the winds and falls into the pond nearby. When we come to skate here in the cold winter days, probably these spiky capsules will be the first objects to engage our attention as they project half way above the smooth black ice, perhaps to remind us of the spring days when they first swung off from the parent tree, like pendulums, and swung back and forth through the long summer days.

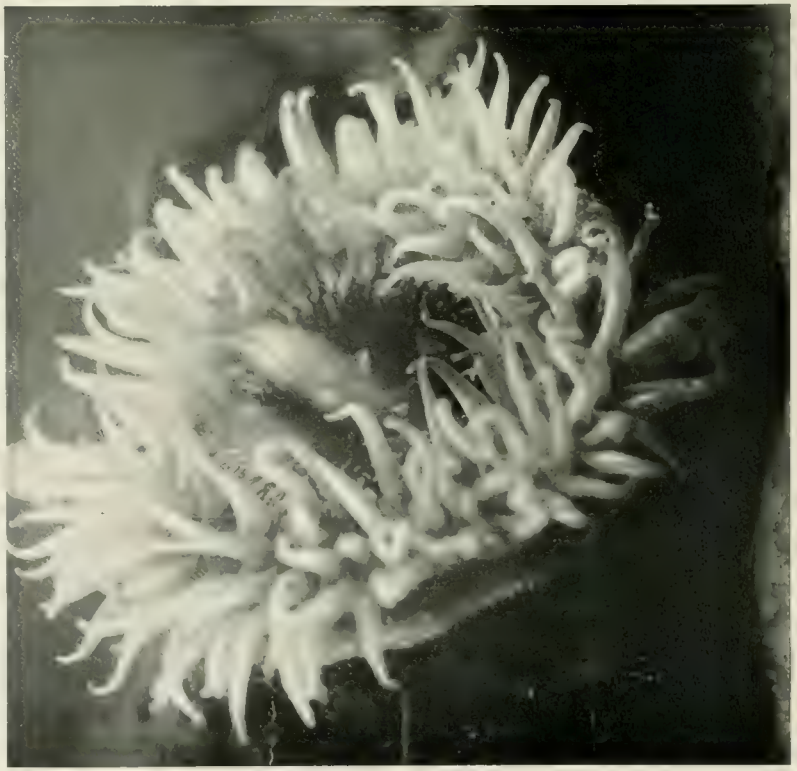
HOWARD J. SHANNON.

A FINE SPECIMEN AND PHOTOGRAPH OF SEA ANEMONE.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, the editor of NATURE AND SCIENCE was in the aquarium at Avalon, California. A naturalist, in such places, usually has his camera with him, and this day was no exception. In one of the aquaria was an exceptionally fine sea anemone with tentacles well expanded. The result of a photograph of it is shown herewith.

The specimen, with the rock to which it was attached, was taken from the ocean and placed in the aquarium. It is fed twice a week on small pieces of fish or meat, and also some fine, tender shoots of seaweed. When sea anemone are in their native state in the ocean, they capture very small fish and minute specimens of sea and plant life.

The anemone is an animal, but is attached to a rock or some other firm anchorage, and this permanent location and the flower-like tentacles give the animal somewhat the appearance of a beautiful sub-marine blossom.



THE SEA-ANEMONE WITH EXPANDED FLOWER-LIKE TENTACLES.

A PLANT THAT GROWS NEW PLANTS FROM ITS LEAVES.

Many strange plants and animals thrive in what we call "the tropics," or those regions that extend for a certain distance on both sides

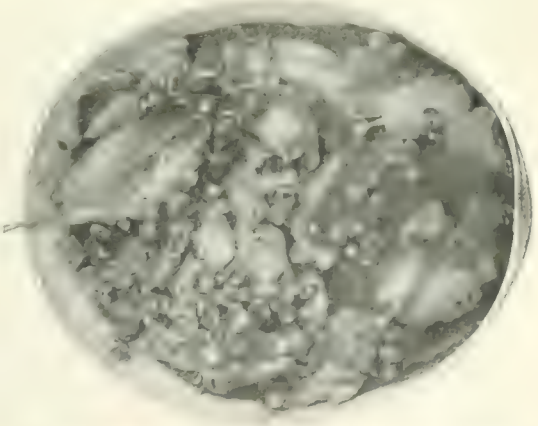


of the equator. The tropical air is always warm and damp, so that most plants grow rapidly, and often have surprising habits. Among the strangest is what the botanist calls *Bryophyllum*, a Greek word meaning "sprouting from the leaf." The plant is shown in photograph 1, as it appears in my garden. The leaves are thick and "fleshy," and have the habit of producing new plants from their edges, so that the young Bryophyllum actually grows out of the old leaves. The plants are abundant in Bermuda, where they often cover and nearly conceal the stone-walls, the bronzy green leaves clinging in the crevices, the young sprouts forming little islands of light green amid the darker mass. My specimen (Photograph 1) dropped its leaves on the ground, as there shown, much as other plants may drop their seeds, and where, if undisturbed, they would soon have had young growths along the edges. But I put them in a tub, and covered them with glass, keeping the air warm and moist. Photograph 2 shows what followed. Young plants sprouted from the edges, and in a short time became nearly perfect, as shown in Photograph 3. If allowed to stay on the old leaf, they will not only form roots, but will become full-grown plants.

A little Bog Orchis (*Malaxis paludosa*) found in the marshes of England, has a similar habit of forming buds at the edges of the leaves, but this tropical Bryophyllum will live and thrive if only a single leaf be pinned to the wall of a warm, damp room. It is cultivated in Florida, where it is called the "Curtain Plant," because it will grow, in its peculiar way, when pinned to the window-curtain.

A botanist friend writes me:

"A plant named *Sedum Sieboldii*, which came originally from Japan, belongs in the same botanical Family with *Bryophyllum*, and is often cultivated in our northern gardens, where it will live unharmed by our cold winters. This, to a certain extent, has a habit similar to that of its tropical relative. The edges of its leaves will not sprout, but I have had a dry and apparently dead stem produce young plants after it had been hung on the wall of my library. At intervals along the stalk, little green objects, looking like small cabbages as much as anything, grew out, and produced delicate, colorless rootlets in the air, while still clinging to the apparently dead stem. These 'cabbages' either fell off, or I picked them off, and when only laid on the earth, developed into plants like the old ones. All apparently dead Sedum



NOTE. — The leaves which were found on the ground were put in a shallow tub and covered with glass. The small plants can be seen sprouting from the edges of all the leaves.

will form similar 'cabbages,' if it is thrust into a pot, and kept warm and moist in the house. But Bryophyllum from Bermuda is perhaps the most interesting. Still, if you can get a Sedum stalk, its conduct will surely please you. The Sedum plants grow in luxuriant



No. 3—Near view of the small plants growing from edge of leaf.

bunches, and form dense clusters (cymes) of purple flowers late in the summer. The flowers of Bryophyllum are also purplish."

Professor L. H. Bailey states that "the leaves of the Bryophyllum are sour in the morning, tasteless at noon and somewhat bitter toward night. This change has been attributed to the absorption of oxygen at night and its disengagement in daylight."

Both the Bryophyllum and Sedum can be obtained from the florists. I intend to experiment with them this coming season. Will our young readers please do the same? Next autumn we will "compare notes" as to our successes and further discoveries.

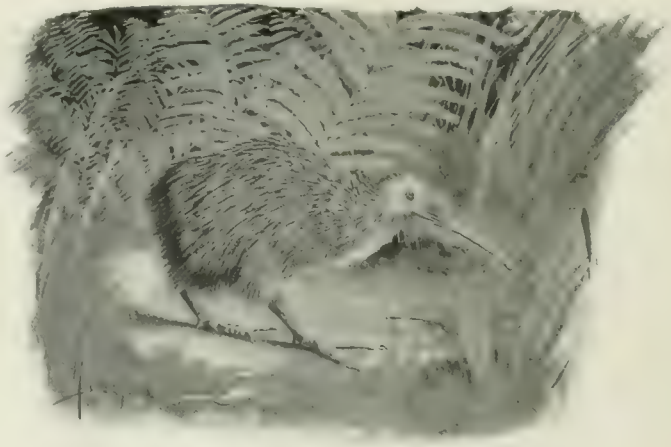
AN ODD BIRD.

When the first skin of a kiwi was shown some English naturalists about seventy years ago, they were greatly perplexed as to its relationship. The kiwi is a native of New Zealand, and while once very common there, is now becoming extinct. Its remarkable peculiarities are—first, the apparent absence of wings, as the plumage so covers the small, rudimentary, stick-like appendage of a wing, that none whatever is apparent. The situation of the nostrils, at the bill's extremity, is a second peculiar feature. While hunting for earth-worms it probes the soft ground, making a continual sniffing sound; thus the scent is evidently of great help in finding food, and the reason for the position of the nostrils quite apparent.

A third peculiarity is the very disproportionate size of the egg in comparison to the bird, it being a little less than one fourth the bird's own weight. One kiwi's egg found weighed fourteen and one half ounces, while the bird weighed just under four pounds (sixty-four onces) and was about the size of an ordinary hen.

The plumage of the kiwi is a dull brown streaked with light gray, and the body resembles a miniature hay-shock, rather badly hacked off at the rear-part, as nature has not provided the kiwi with such a decoration as a tail. The absence of wings is compensated for by their swiftness of foot, and the large, clumsy-looking legs, which are sometimes used as weapons, are placed far back on the oddly shaped body.

Harry B. Bradford.



A KIWI STALKING OUT IN THE EVENING IN SEARCH OF FOOD.

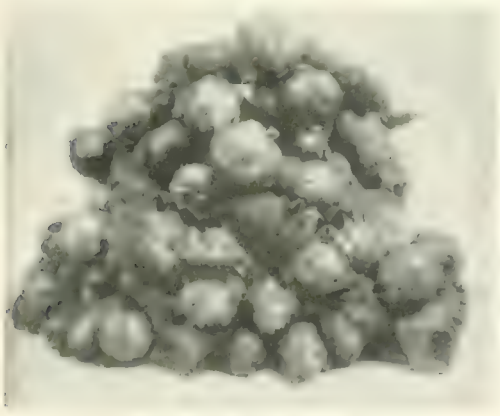
DELICIOUS TUBERS ON THE ROOTS OF SUNFLOWERS.

Most young folks in the country are familiar with the sweet, crisp, juicy tubers known as artichokes. These grow on the roots of the sunflower known to botanists as *Helianthus tuberosus*, and are commonly called Jerusalem artichokes. Under this common name you will find the tubers offered for sale in most seed catalogues.

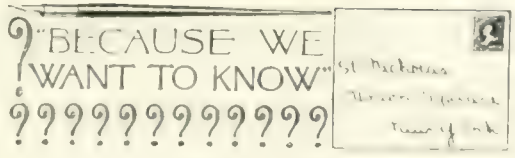
The plants are easily grown in almost any kind of soil. At first glance the tubers have somewhat the appearance of potatoes, but unlike them they may be eaten raw like radishes, or they may be pickled or cooked. Recipes are to be found in all cook books.

I raise a few every year, more as a continuation of boyhood recollections of the old farm than for any other reason. But their natural history interest and their edible qualities, are good reasons for calling attention to them, for I find that they are not generally known to the city or suburban people of the present day.

These artichokes are entirely different (yet not far distant in a botanical way) from the globe artichokes which are grown in California, and perhaps elsewhere exclusively for their edible flower buds. These are never eaten raw. Even when cooked they are rather tasteless. Personally, I think they are not to be compared, as an acceptable vegetable, with the Jerusalem artichoke, sometimes even now found in old fashioned gardens.



May be eaten raw. Crisp as a radish, sweet and juicy.



COLOR OF MAPLES.

[illegible]

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: [illegible]

Why is it that, when the maples are budding in the spring, some are red and others are green? I suppose they are different kinds of maples. If so, what are they? I have not been able to find out.

Your faithful reader,

[illegible]

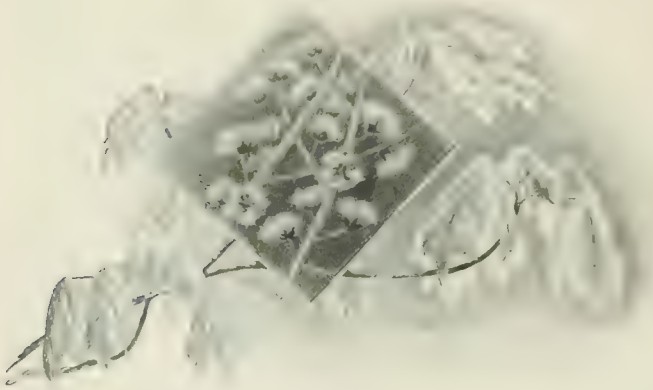


[illegible]

The greenish-yellow flowers come first, but remain until the leaves begin to open; so, both flowers and foliage are present at the same time.

When the buds of the trees open in spring each variety of maple takes on its characteristic coloring, and this tinge of scarlet, crimson or yellow is due to the color of the individual flowers or leaves. That crimson flush along the brooks early in March is caused by the opening scarlet flowers of the red or swamp maple. In April, when these flowers have fallen, the young leaves break forth from the buds and with their beautiful colors of orange, red or deep crimson again clothe the tree in ruddy tints. The silver maple trees so common

along the city streets have flowers quite similar in form to those of the red maple, but of a more yellowish-buff color, so the tree when in bloom has a bronze-yellow appearance.



THE FLOWERS AND UNFOLDING LEAVES OF THE RED MAPLE.

The red or orange-red flowers, shown in the square, open in March, but soon fall from the trees. Later the bright, crimson leaves begin to unfold.

The bright yellow flowers of the Norway maple clothe its towering crown with their multitudes and, before they fall, the young leaves appear and tinge the yellow with fresh green. I have a certain village in mind whose streets are lined with Norway maples. One can look down upon its avenues in the afternoon when the sun is low and shining through these yellow flowers and early foliage, and the trees have the appearance of being lighted from within so great is their brilliancy, and the countryside glows with the fullness of the golden yellow inflorescence. HOWARD J. SHANNON.

A GLISTENING TOAD.

SWEET CHALYBEATE, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking one evening with my mother, we saw a toad near us. There was a little bright spot on his side, near his head. It came and went like the light of a firefly, but there was no firefly there. Will you please tell me what it was?

From your interested reader,

MABEL UPDEGRAFF.

The toad probably hid in some damp log during the day, and some phosphorescent matter had adhered to its body. R. L. DITMARS.

A CAT SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

ARMDALE, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in ST. NICHOLAS that if any one had an old cat to write and tell you about it. We have an old cat, seventeen years old. We call her Mrs. Bunch and she plays with her tail and runs about just like a little kitten. She begs like a dog and has nearly scratched a leg of the kitchen table through, sharpening her claws. She likes to get up on my shoulder at mealtime and she is very fond of us all.

From your interested reader,

MARGARET F. GRANT.

SMOOTH FACE BY SEVERE METHODS.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed your books ever since I can remember and I would like to know why it is Indians never have any hair at all on their faces but are perfectly smooth.

Your faithful reader,

ELISE VAN VECHTEN.

The male Indians do have beards but they pull out the hairs. Some of the tribes on the North Pacific Coast allow the hair to grow on the upper lip. However, the growth of hair upon the face is much less among the Indians than among Europeans. The negro and some of the Malay race have a scanty growth of hair upon the face but pull it out also. As to why these differences exist there is no satisfactory answer. No race is beardless.

TRUE AND FALSE SWAMP APPLES.

SAWKILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: All around in the country where I live, a queer shrub grows and I would like to



"FALSE" SWAMP APPLES

Green empty bags. Not good to eat.



"TRUE" SWAMP APPLES.
Solid, juicy and good to eat.

have you tell me what it is. It grows about as high as the May-apple bushes of whose fruit I am very fond. From a distance the "fruit" somewhat resembles the fruit of the May-flower, but strange to relate, while the "May-apples" are solid and juicy, the "fruit" of this very queer shrub proves to be nothing as far as substance is concerned. The "fruit" resembles small "bags" on which is a white bloom like flour. The "bags" are green and empty. If you cannot determine the name of the shrub I will send you some of the leaves and fruit, as it is very easy to procure since it grows in our brush lots, by the roads, and even in our dooryard. Please tell me the name if you can, "because I want to know," and oblige

Your loving reader, MABEL STARK.

What you call the "May-apple bushes" have always been known to me and I think are generally known at least to New England young folks, as swamp apple bushes (*Azalea nudiflora*). I think this is a better name for it because the true May-apple is the mandrake (*Podophyllum*) a low herb with umbrella-like leaves. The fruit of this May-apple is also edible, but the leaves and roots are poisonous.

What you and most young people call the "fruit" of the Azalea is a modification (like galls caused by gall insects) but caused by a parasitic fungus growth (*Exobasidium azaleæ*). This is solid, juicy, and liked by most country young folks. Country people also make pickles of them by putting them in vinegar. I always knew these as the "true swamp apples"; that is, "true, because they are good to eat."

What you describe as the bag is a gall-like modification caused by another "gall" producing fungus, (*Exobasidium andromedæ*) which attacks the andromeda bush, (*Andromeda ligustrina*). It is a result similar to that caused by the attack of another fungus on a little different bush. The azalea and andromeda are similar in appearance, especially when viewed from a short distance. These bag-like distortions upon the andromeda arise from leaf or flower buds, and in size are from two to six inches in length. I knew them in boyhood days as the false swamp apples—"false" because not good to eat, and swamp apples because they and the bush resemble the "true" swamp apples of the azalea.

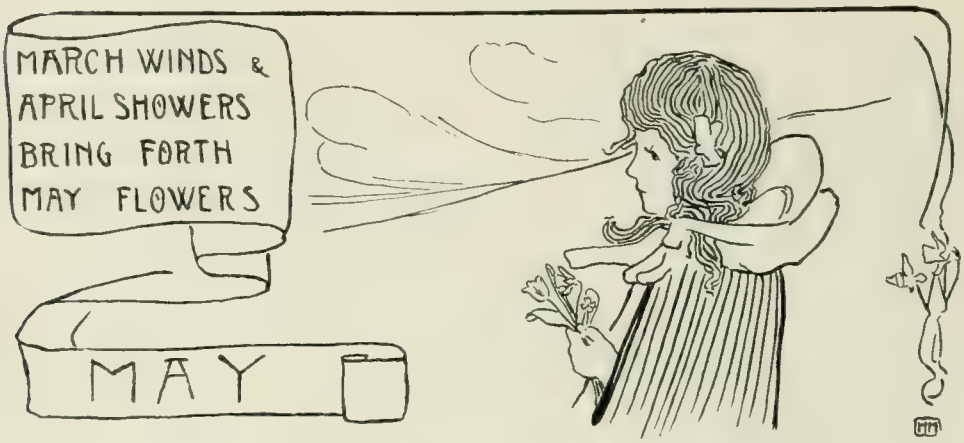
A similar *Exobasidium* fungus causes growths on the blueberry bushes that look like large, wavy blossoms, quite unlike the true ones.

None of these growths are the true fruit, although those you send are fruit-like in appearance. The true fruit of the azalea is what is known to botanists as a capsule. It is dry and hard and contains many scale-like seeds.



THE TRUE FRUITS OF THE AZALEA.
These capsules are hard and dry and contain many scale-like seeds.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Now seven times one are twenty-one,
And four times two are six,
And June's begun ere April's done,
And March and August mix.

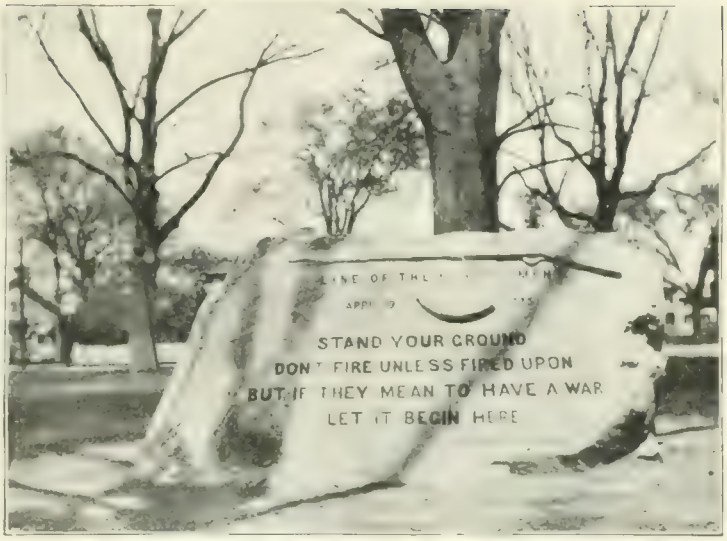
THAT is about as straight as we can get our calculations these days. All these strike troubles have made it bothersome for the editors, especially for the editors of the League department where there are monthly competitions and special prize subjects suitable to the season. The March number was made up so early that the League had to be omitted altogether, and we had only a part of our usual space in April so that a good deal of the March matter was left out entirely. Now we have all our pages back, but we are putting the April competition into May—at least a part of it, saving the rest for some month in the future—June perhaps, or July, or August, or some other good and proper month when contributions run scarce enough to give us room. We have a good assortment of March matter on hand, too, which we hope to work in by and by, and if it should happen that we have April showers in June and snow storms in August and maybe harvest time in December—in the pictures, we mean, of course—our readers must be patient and enduring and try to make the best of a rainy June and a chilly August for the sake of the "hot time" that may happen along about Christmas. Of the new readers and League members, who don't know how really systematic we can be when we are running smoothly, we can only ask that they suspend judgment until—well, say until after they have been through this upsidedown season with us and our printers. At least it will be good fun to guess each month whether the next number will give us March winds, or July fireworks, or an exhibition of something pretty late in the fall. After all, it is rather nice to be uncertain of just what we are to have in the way of entertainment, and this year we have added this feature to the League's other attractions.



"AN OLD LANDMARK." BY ARTHUR JENNINGS WHITE, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

Perhaps for the very latest readers and members, it might be well to say that the St. Nicholas League is

an organization of St. Nicholas readers, and when we are in good running order there are gold and silver and cash prizes regularly awarded, three months after each competition. It costs nothing to belong to the League, and badges and full instructions are sent free on application. The League is really a great art and literary school, where progress is made by sincere effort and by comparative study—these being the most important factors in all art and literary progress. It was begun more than six years ago and today many of its earlier members are among the ranks of the world's professional workers.



"[illegible]" (DRAWN BY [illegible], AGE 16. GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 76.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Margaret Stewart Brown** (age 16), Glendevon, Devonshire Pl., Eastbourne, Eng.

Gold badge, **Aileen Hyland** (age 12), care C. D. Hyland, Sta. L. Lake Mercea, San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Jeannette Covert** (age 9), 721 Adams St., Evansville, Ind., and **Katherine Gericke** (age 12), Upland Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Prose. Gold badges, **Margaret Spahr** (age 12), 341 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J., and **Janet McLeod Golden** (age 13), 611 N. McKean St., Kittanning, Pa.

Silver badges, **Mary Graham Bonner** (age 10), 7 Kent St., Halifax, N. S., and **Grace E. Moore** (age 10), 39 Leland Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Hester Margetson** (age 15), Blewbury, Near Didcot, Berkshire, Eng., **Sybil Emerson** (age 13), West Carrollton, Ohio, and **Emily W. Browne** (aged 16), 529 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Leonard Ochtman, Jr.** (age 11), Coscob, Conn., **Eleanor Copenhaver** (age 9), Marion, Va., and **Roland E. Coate** (age 15), 36 S. 12th St., Richmond, Ind.

Photography. Cash Prize, **Arthur Jennings White** (age 15), 3417 Race St., Phil., Pa.

Gold badges, **George D. Robinson** (age 13), 149 Mill St., Springfield, Mass.

Silver Badges, **Clarence Barton Brewster** (age 12), Manheim St., Germantown, Phil., and **Caroline B. Sarmiento** (age 14), 10 Via San Gallo, Florence, Italy.

Wild-Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Young Crows" by **Lowell Pierce Emerson** (age 17), Hockley Upper School, Tarrytown, N. Y. Second prize, "Moose Swimming" by **Harold S. Woodhouse** (age 15), "The Gannery," Washington, Conn. Third prize, "Blue Heron" by **Gerald L. Kaufman** (age 12), 101 W. 80th St., New York City.



"[illegible]" (TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE, PAESTUM, ITALY) BY CAROLINE B. SARMIENTO, AGE 14. GOLD BADGE.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Gertrude Loving** (age 16), Falls Church, Va., and **Joseph S. Boudwin** (age 13), Girard College, Phil, Pa.

Silver badges, **Bruce T. Simonds** (age 10), 339 Norman St., Bridgeport, Conn., and **Robert L. Moore** (age 9), Hazelbrook Farm, Wayland, Mass.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Carolyn L. Palmer** (age 16), 138 E. Sixth St., Plainfield, N. J.

Silver badges, **Prue K. Jamieson** (age 11), Lawrenceville, N. J., and **Muriel von Tunzelmann** (age 13), Ripple Vale Cottage, Ripple, Dover, Kent, England.

THE CHARM OF BYGONE DAYS.

BY MARGARET STUART BROWNE (AGE 16).
(Gold Badge.)

The truly great and good can never die;
What though their bones in carven marble lie,
The spell of Fancy calls them to return,
While, many-hued, the lamps of memory burn.

In solemn aisle of Abbey, gray and old,
In palace-hall, with roof of dusky gold,
And, where the scars of battle rend the plain,
In all their glory, they return again.

Bayard's pure plume still nods in foremost fray,
Brave Jacques de Lalain shakes his pennon gay,
And lustrous, moon-white armour clashes still
As poor Quixote strikes the whirling mill.

Though all that rests of a once-beauteous maid
Is a mute spinet and some pale brocade,
Still, when the fireflies shine like golden glass,
Bright-eyed Rowena trips across the grass.

A thousand shadows come, on silent feet,
To where Today and Yesterday may meet;
And, when the misty visions gather fast,
The Present seems no nearer than the Past.

The banner rots above the crumbling tomb,
Rusted the helmet, gone the azure plume,
But still to us, eternal as the sky,
Comes the sweet glamour of the days gone by!



"A RAINY DAY HEADING." BY SYBIL EMERSON, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE.)



"YOUNG CROWS." BY LOWELL PIERCE EMERSON, AGE 17.
(FIRST PRIZE WILD BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET SPAHR (AGE 12).
(*Gold Badge.*)

FRANCIS GURNEY, a great-great-grandfather of mine, was part owner of a merchant-ship which was captured by the French during the Revolution. This was probably a mistake, as France was a friendly power, but many such mistakes occurred.

After the close of the Revolution, those whose property had been taken by the French complained of this fact, and the United States asked France for the amount of all these claims.

Soon after this demand, the required amount was received from France and it was supposed that the distribution would be made.

But first the bill had to go through Congress and the time for doing this was put off again and again, as there was such a lot of more important business. Also, many extravagant claims were put in and speculators bought many more, so Congress felt that the money would not go to the true claimants, if it were distributed.

Meanwhile the money was placed in the treasury of the United States.

Later, a firm of lawyers undertook to get the claim through Congress, but as the bill was "laid upon the table" every time, there was no result.

. . . . . .

When mother was a little girl, "The French Claim" was a very real thing. If it should be paid, there would be money enough to send them all to college, for a trip to Europe, and countless other things beside. All their "castles in the air" were founded on "The French Claim." If only the money would be paid!

It might be said that the value of the ship was not as great as it would seem from what I have just said. It was counted that compound interest would be paid on the money.

. . . . . .

Last fall, mother received a letter from a firm of lawyers, and this said that "The French Claim" had gone through Congress at last and that my mother, my uncles, and my aunt would each get a forty-eighth of the claim of Francis Gurney, this share amounting to—*between six and seven dollars!* Lawyers' fees had been taken from the claim and *no interest had been paid!*

The money has come and it is to be spent in France, since it is from "The *French* Claim." But all my mother's "castles in the air" have fallen over her ears. As one of my uncles said, "We would rather have the splendid dreams than the meager reality."



"MOOSE SWIMMING." BY HAROLD S. WOODHOUSE, AGE 15.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"A SKETCH HEADING." BY EMILY W. BROWN, AGE 10. (GOLD LABEL.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY JANET MACLEOD GOLLEN (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ONCE upon a time, way back in the middle ages, the clan MacLeod was a very strong clan in Scotland, and the fairies or "little people" favored it much. So the Queen of the fairies gave to the chief a wonderful flag which possessed the quality of granting them three wishes, but only in time of great need. The flag was carefully laid away and not brought out for a long while.

At last there was great woe at Dunvegan, the castle of the MacLeods, for the heir was lost. Then some one thought of the flag and it was used, and soon after the boy was found.

A second time it was used to save the chief from death, and carefully laid away again, but, alas, so carefully that it could not be found till, in 1799, an iron chest that seemed keyless was broken open and found to contain an inner case in which was a scented casket, in that the fairy flag.

Now, before the finding of the flag a seer had predicted that when the third Norman son of an English lady should perish accidentally, the "Maidens" (three large rocks in the ocean belonging to MacLeod) should be sold to the Campbells; a fox should litter in the castle; and the fairy flag be found. The glory of the MacLeods would then depart, but to be more than recovered in the future when another chief called Ian Breac should arise.

In 1799 all these things happened, but at the present time the heir presumptive is called Ian Breac, so it is to be hoped that the glory of the MacLeod's will return.

The fairy flag is still shown at Dunvegan Castle, on the Isle of Skye. It is of fine yellow silk and has many so called "elf marks" on it in red silk thread.

Lovers of Scott's poems will recognize these lines of his translation of "Mackrimmon's Lament," an old song composed by a piper of the clan MacLeod:

> "MacLeod's wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,
> The rowers are seated,
> Unmoored are the galleys."

I have before me as I write a letter from the twenty-third chief of the clan, in which he tells me that though the belief in fairies is probably gone, the flag is still there to convince people of this tradition.



"FLY HERON." BY GERALD KAUFMAN, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"AN OLD FARMHOUSE." (BRITTNER'S HOMESTEAD, ERIE, PA.) BY CLAREN E. CARLSON BREWSTER, AGE 12. (SILVER LABEL.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY great uncle, Isaac N. Arnold who wrote the "Life of Lincoln," was one of President Lincoln's most intimate friends. His daughter and one of my aunts, were, at the time of which I am going to write, young girls of about sixteen years of age.

Uncle Arnold had just received an invitation from President Lincoln to one of his afternoon receptions,

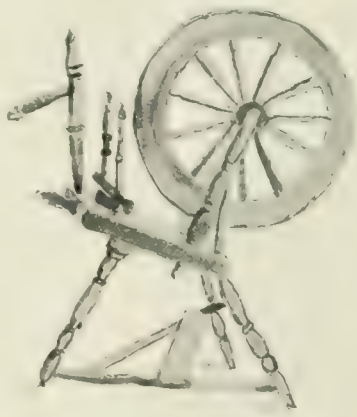


"AN OLD LANDMARK" (HASTING'S CHAPEL, ENGLAND.)
BY HELEN PARFITT, AGE 14.

and, as these two young girls were very anxious to go Uncle Arnold asked Lincoln for an invitation for them.

The day of the reception dawned bright and fair, and, as the afternoon approached, the two girls were very much excited at the thought of going to meet Lincoln. They started off, and when they got into the drawing room of the White House, they saw Lincoln smiling and speaking to each person who walked past him. The two girls walked up to him and he spoke to them for a few moments.

It is often said that the great men who meet so many people, are the ones who remember faces and names best. Evidently these girls had not heard of that saying, for they thought that Lincoln would not remember them and they wanted to speak to him again; so they decided to join in the levee and to pass before him once more. As they stopped to speak, Lincoln said with a smile on his face, "Young ladies! I think I have had the pleasure of shaking hands with you before." This trite saying had come true, and the girls were rather crestfallen, though Lincoln who always appreciated a joke was quite amused. Later on, they had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of this great man and he always teased them about their first reception.



"AN OLD RELIC." BY ELEANOR COPENHAVER, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING." BY LEONARD OCHTMAN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE day we once thought counted as to-morrow,
And gave no heed, but deemed it far away,
Comes on us quickly, bringing joy and sorrow,
Before we know—another bygone day.

On toward us come the minutes, ever flying
And make the hours that fade before our gaze;
They quickly pass us; slowly they are dying,
And then to us they are but bygone days.

For they are gone forever, not returning,—
We see them only through a gath'ring haze;
Somehow it takes us long while we are learning
That they are mingled with the bygone days.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY GRACE E. MOORE (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My Great-Great-Great Grandmother was visiting Mrs. Livingston, her sister, in the Livingston Manor House on the Hudson, which has since been sold for a gas factory. In honor of Sara Beekman's visit Mrs. Livingston gave a party at which George Washington was present. He was then a young man already ranking as high as a lieutenant in the English army.

During the party some wild young guest suggested the childish game of Hide-and-go-seek. As the party was in honor of Sara she had to be "it."

George Washington wanting to find a good place to hide chose a big spacious closet on the third floor.

After finding all the hiders, Sara could not find George but in some way or other she managed to find the place in which he was hidden. As Sara always enjoyed a good laugh and George was always so sober she wished to play a good joke on him, so stealing up to the closet she turned the key and left George a prisoner.

Sara still pretended to be hunting

for him for no one had suspected his being locked in. She kept on hunting for him until everyone was thoroughly frightened. Then Sara thinking it about time to close the joke went and let George out.

George Washington was much embarassed, and was angry at Sara for a while but soon got over it.

A large picture of Sara Beekman by Sully now hangs in our drawing room, painted at about the time of the party.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY [illegible] (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

Oh, George, do you remember
How we acted, that September,
How we sang those songs and lays,
Long ago, in bygone days.

When we wandered by the brook,
Always with our line and hook,
And the sun's best, brightest rays
Reached us in those bygone days.

When the doctor came to see us
And we acted like grown men,
Oh, George, my little brother,
We were always happy then.

How we 'd feed and watch the calf,
And at its antics laugh.
Oh, when I 'm old, in many ways,
I 'll ne'er forget those happy days.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ALICE FARLEE CRATHERN. (AGE 11).

Long ago in the age of chivalry, there were two Scottish tribes, who were sworn enemies. They were continually having small and trifling battles.

But one day they decided on a final battle, to take place between two rivers, the Crath and the Ern.

About a week before the planned battle, the daughter of Chief Wallace strayed from home, and met the son of Chief Douglas.

They fell in love with each other, at first sight. And after talking of love, they found that their fathers were sworn enemies.

They then plotted a scheme of which we will now hear.

They went home and planned with their parents, that, instead of a bloody battle, they form a truce, and exchange hostages.

The day came, and, greatly to the surprise of Douglas, his son offered to go as hostage.

Wallace was greatly shocked when his only child, his daughter, asked permission to go as hostage, but finally consented.

Once over, they talked with each other's parents about marriage.

Now Wallace was charmed with this bold and heroic young man, and readily consented

On the other hand Douglas was struck with the girl's beauty, and the winsomeness with which she pleaded her cause, and he thought it would be excellent.

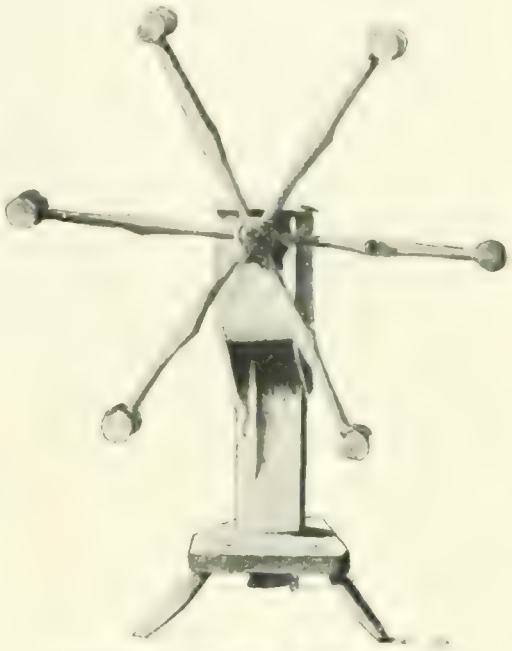


"AN OLD LANDMARK." BY FRANCES W. HARRIMAN, AGE 13.

But neither chief wanted to give up his name.

So they decided, that in honor of the place where they were brought to friendship, between those two rivers, where the deadly battle was to take place, but never did, they would name the young couple Crathern.

And from this has sprung my unfamiliar name Crathern,—the only one in the United States.



"IN THE REED." (THE REED IN THE LANDSCAPE.) BY [illegible], AGE [illegible]. (SILVER BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY KATHARINE [illegible] (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

My wig is lost, my eyes are out,
My arms and legs are gone,
Upon a dirty rubbish heap,
Deserted and forlorn,
I lie and think of better days,
When, cared for with much love
A little maiden cherished me,
And I was held above
All others who inhabited
The nursery regions fair.
My eyes were blue, my dress was white,
And golden was my hair.
Each night I lay 'neath covers white
In my own little bed.
Each day my mistress wheeled me out,
All dressed in white and red,
To see the world, and taste the air.
Yet oh, alas! one day
A great big dog, all brown and black,
Ran right to where I lay.

He snatched me up, and tore me quite,
And left me lying so,
And now I 'm here and contemplate
From day to day my woe.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY LILLIE H. VANDERVEER
(AGE 12).

WHEN the English came to Flatbush in August, 1776, all the women and children fled from their homes to their friends in New Jersey.

After Cornelius Vanderveer had taken his wife and children to a safe place, he went home to get his gun. He found the English in possession of the town. He went to his home, got what he wanted, and started on a long trip to the American lines.

On the way he was captured by a British soldier and taken before a high officer who said he must be hung.

They had the rope around his neck and even began to tie it to a tree when one of the officers who had known Vanderveer before proposed they should wait and take him before Lord Cornwallis.

This was done, and Lord Cornwallis sent him to New Utrecht where some of his friends secured his release and an order, saying that he was under Lord Cornwallis's protection and was not to be disturbed.

Vanderveer was sure this order would make him safe, and went home.

He found a company of Hessians, stabling their horses in some of the rooms, using the bureau drawers for feeding troughs.

They took every stitch of clothing from Vanderveer, and he lived several days with only an old overcoat to wear. This happened in the old homestead which still stands on Long Island, at Flatbush. Cornelius Vanderveer was my three times great-grandfather.



"LONELY WE WANDERED, MY FRIEND AND I"
(SEE POEM BY DORIS M. SHAW)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY DORIS M. SHAW (AGE 15.)
(*Honor Member.*)

OH, for the bygone, joyous days
When we walked with the wind and the sun
Over the fields, and the tangled ways
Where the wood-born rabbits run;
Under the gleaming, wind-swept sky,
In the throb of the harps of the wind,
Lonely we wandered, my friend and I,
Till we left the world behind.
And when the dawn was grey and wild,
And the winter's songs were long and chill,
And spring was but a grey-eyed child,
We fled across the rain-sweet hill
To where the wheeling peewits ride,
'Neath the wingéd galleons of the sky—
Scattered on fallows, grey and wide—
The welkin giving back their cry.
And often in the early spring
We stood and, spellbound, listened long
(Where the shining-handed ivies cling)
To the thrushes ringing song.
And when the day was bright and fair,
Oh, for the song and the soul of the wind
As it flew in her whirling yellow hair
In the years that are left behind!



"A HEADING FOR SPRING." BY DOROTHY STURGIS, AGE 14.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY GERALD JACKSON PYLE (AGE 12).

A CAMP-FIRE in the Canadian woods,
A tent set between two walnut trees,
The sun fast sinking into the lake,
And the forest stirred by the evening breeze.

Two boys that are standing near the fire,
One lazily watching the setting sun,
One gazing anxiously into a pot,
In doubt as to whether the coffee is done.

A pile of sticks near the blazing fire,
A pack that is hung on the limb of a tree.
These memories are of bygone days,
Loved memories of the forest free.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

MIRIAM ALEXANDER (AGE 13).

(*Honor Member.*)

IT was in the early part of the nineteenth century, when there was so much trouble with the Indians in Georgia and the neighboring States, when a fresh massacre or murder took place nearly every day, that the news was brought home that a member of our family, Cuthbert Steele, had been captured by the Indians.

This probably meant torture and death. But fortunately his courage and manliness won him favor in the chief's eyes, and an Indian council was called to decide his fate.

The great braves met and seated themselves on the ground in a large circle around the fire. At last it was determined that the prisoner should be given one small chance of life, off-set by many great chances of a cruel death,—he should "run the gauntlet" on the morrow. Then the mighty warriors and the wise men of the tribe dispersed.

Few ever escaped with their lives from this harrowing ordeal. It consisted in compelling the prisoner to run between two long rows, about eight feet apart, of Indians standing facing each other, each armed with various weapons such as tomahawks, clubs and knives, with which they were to strike at the captive as he fled past. If he ran through successfully, he was free; but if he should fall or cease running for one moment the Red-Skins would pounce upon and destroy him.

. . . . . .

The following morning Cuthbert Steele was led out to a level stretch of ground. Even his brave heart quailed as he looked down the two long lines of would-be executioners, eager for their ghastly fun. Never before had life seemed so dear to him.

The signal was given. He leaped forward like a deer to the chase, dodging to right or left as necessity demanded. Tomahawks grazed head and body, while blows from heavy clubs fell upon him, one striking him full upon his back with terrific force, still his speed never slackened; his stout legs carried him on, though a trail of crimson marked the path he had trod, though his strength was almost gone. The goal was very near. But in spite of everything his limbs were fast failing him. With one final frantic effort born of the frenzy of despair, he tore past the last savage face, and reeling, wounded, and blinded with blood, he staggered forward—but into freedom.



"AN OLD FELLOW." BY WILLIAM BROWN, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"WINTER." BY MARGARET L. RAFTER, AGE 12.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY LEWIS S. COMLEY (AGE 9).

(*Honor Member.*)

I HAD a dog in bygone days,
His name was Duffy dear;
I loved him for his funny ways
His ways that were so queer.

I'd put his meat up in a tree,
To see what he would do,
And he would jump up after me,
Before I could count two.

He went with me up to the store,
To buy things for mama;



"AN OLD RELIC." BY MARION H. TUTHILL, AGE 17 (SEE LETTER-BOX.)

He always waited at the door,
Until he saw a car.

And he would chase the car along
Until he saw a cat,
Then he would bark so loud and strong
Her heart went pitapat.

And she went flying up a pole,
And sat and watched him bark
Until he saw a rabbit's hole,
And then another lark.

Dear Duffy dog has gone away
Where all good doggies be;
And now I cannot play with him,
Nor can he play with me.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 14).

OVER the brow of the distant hill
Is the village where once I dwelt,
The little lake and the dancing rill
Made when the snow did melt.
The beautiful church with ivy grown
Stood far back from the village street.
The smooth green lawns were carefully mown,
The gravel paths had borders neat.

Once I returned to that village fair
Over the brow of the hill so blue,
But the little lake and the rill weren't there,
But only a pool and ditch in view.
The little old church with ivy dead
Behind the leafless trees stood bare;
The uncut gardens before me spread,
The weed-grown path showed lack of care.

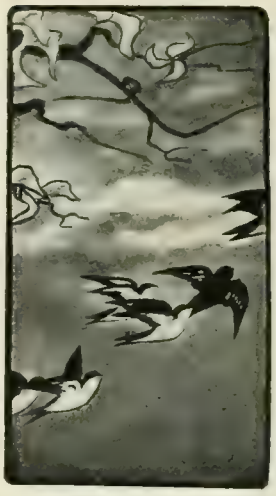
A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HORACE G. STUSSER (AGE 16).

WE hear many tales of the daring and endurance of the early pioneers, but surrounded by modern luxury and convenience, find it hard to put ourselves in the place of our forefathers, and their traditions seem far away and unreal to us. This feeling came over me as I heard my father relate this adventure of my great aunt, thrice removed, Carrie Graham.

It was in Revolutionary days, and at the time of the story, Carrie, her husband Edward Graham and their little child, were living in North Carolina. Edward was a soldier in Greene's army, holding some small command, and he had brought his wife down from Schenectady, New York, during the campaign.

In the battle of Guilford's Court-House, Edward was mortally wounded, and though his wife nursed him as best she could, in a few days he died, leaving Carrie all alone with her child, five-hundred miles by direct line from her home in New York, and in a country desolated by war.



"SPRING." BY MARY SCHAEFFER, AGED 17.

Here was a situation hard enough to try the most sturdy pioneer, but she met it with true pioneer spirit. Undaunted by the dangers ahead, she set out to cover the entire distance on foot, stopping only for rest and assistance at the cabins of patriot pioneers along her way. Many of these helped her on her way as much as they could, but in spite of all this aid, her journey was a terrible one. Many times she slept under the stars in lonely places, or alone with her child, trod the ridges of the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania. She suffered much from hunger and pure weariness, and the continual anxiety of the difficulties in her way, weighed heavily on her.

At last her courage and perseverance prevailed, and in the middle of the month of September, she reached her home in Schenectady, after a journey of five months through a country disordered by war and through places where the wilderness reigned supreme. As is often the case, after the strain of danger and hardship was over, she gave way entirely, and it was months before she was herself again.

Her journey may still be traced, from Greensboro, North Carolina up through Virginia and Maryland, over the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania to Schenectady in New York.



"OLD LANTERN." BY C. EVA HARRINGTON, AGE 17.

GRANDMOTHER'S BYGONE DAYS.

BY PRIMROSE LAWRENCE (AGE 14).

SOMETIMES, as I sit by the fire
And watch the pine-logs glow,
I think of all the differences
'Twixt now and long ago.

The children of this modern land,
Dear me! how boisterous they.
The little girls especially
Do nothing else but play.

But when I was a little girl,
My daily stint I 'd do,
Then help my mother make the beds
And darn an hour or two.

And then for just a short half-hour
A game I 'd gayly play,
But dear me! nothing of the kind
They play this present day.

But yet, if folks are happy now,
Perhaps it does n't matter
If they are noisy, bold, and gay
And all the children chatter.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY LENA ANDERSON (AGE 12).

(*Honor Member.*)

My mother spent her childhood days in Sweden. The square, low-roofed house in which she lived, with its gabled fronts and latticed windows was a genuine Swedish mansion, and naturally such a house, with its rambling, old-fashioned interior, which had sheltered so many generations, was connected with countless traditions.

But one tradition interests me most of all. This has been handed down from one generation after the other, and has often been told to me by my mother. A brownie was supposed to inhabit the kitchens of the old house, and this was counted a very good omen.

For nearly every old house in Sweden had its fireside brownie, or, as it is called in Swedish, "elfva." My mother's home, in particular, was inhabited by one of these strange beings, and was supposed to bring happy prosperity upon the household.

The people of this old mansion lived always in peace and plenty, and as the crops never failed the people were in a habit of saying, "Ah! the elfva sleeps at their hearth, and is pleased with them." The brownie had stayed at this old mansion for many generations, and, although no one had ever seen him, the kitchen-maids shook their heads wisely, and every evening put a jug of rich cream by the hearth for the elfva's consumption.

Hitherto, the people had been very careful not to displease the elfva for if they offended him, he would leave the house forever. After the elfva had lived at the mansion for many generations, a kitchen-maid, out of spite to the family, placed a jug of sour cream by the fire, instead of the sweet cream, and of course the elfva was offended by this.

He left the mansion, the jug of cream, and the warm hearth-stone, and directly after his disappearance, the mansion and the farm began to fall to rack and ruin. The mildew attacked the rye, the wheat dried up and the cattle died. What once was prosperity was now adversity, and the household knowing that they could do nothing with the elfva against them, abandoned the mansion. It soon fell to decay, and is now nothing but a gray heap upon the smiling Swedish landscape.

As for the elfva, I do not know what became of him, but this is the family tradition, handed down to me from my fore-fathers.

NOTICE

Lost or damaged League badges will be replaced free of charge. This does not apply to the gold and silver prize badges. These cannot be replaced.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN LESLIE TOLLANSBEE (AGE 15).

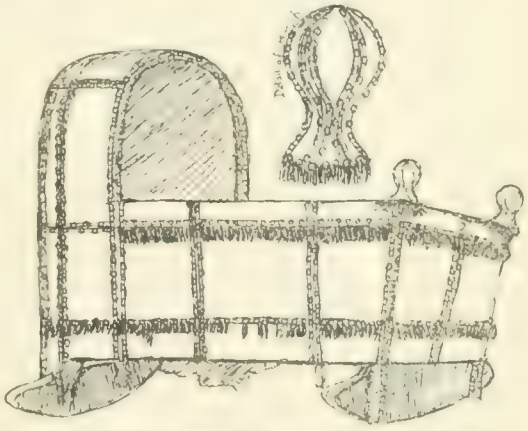
In a suburb of Boston lives my great-aunt, a dear old lady who has the honor of being the first foreign woman to enter the walls of China. She made the journey with her husband, a sea-captain, on his ship, the *Logan*.

She reached Hongkong, June 16, 1838, where she remained a fortnight, going ashore only for sightseeing. The natives were very kind. They brought seats for the visitors, and pans of brown sugar and chopsticks with which to eat it. They examined her dress, and said her hands were "muchy white—no could work."

The journey up the river to Hwampoah, the port of Canton, was full of danger. The pirates who infested those waters had heard in some manner that this ship, with its rich cargo, was coming, and they were lying in wait for it. Fortunately heavy seas and typhonic winds kept the pirates away and saved the ship.

They reached Hwampoah July 4. Here the temperature ranges from 120 degrees to 150 degrees F., and typhoons are common.

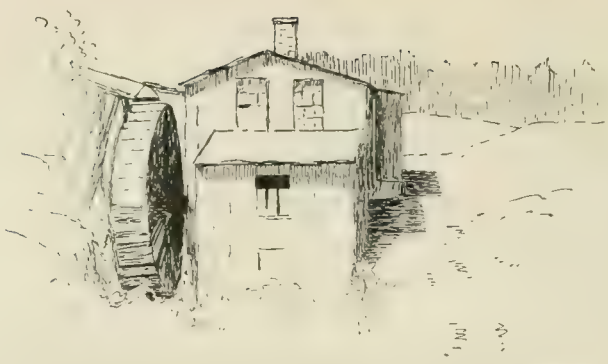
My aunt's first child was born here, August 2. It was a boy, and the natives came miles to see him, for



"AN OLD LEG" (HENRY V'S CRADLE). BY ELSA LARK, AGED 11. (HONOR MEMBER.) SEE LETTER BOX.

this was the first white child born in China. The authorities entered the birth on the records. If the child had been a girl no attention would have been paid, as Chinamen think very little of women. This child died three months later and was buried in China. Just at this time news came that the British were to bombard Hwampoah; so, August 12, aunt sailed for Macao on another ship. She waited there until affairs were settled between China and England; and, as the weather was cooler, she had a very pleasant visit with a friend, the wife of the sea-captain. Her husband joined her September 8, and they left for Hongkong where they again embarked on the *Logan*. They sailed for Manilla, September 11. Later on this voyage they went to Russia and several years later aunt sailed on a packet-ship to Havre.

My grandfather sailed as second mate on the *Logan* when he was about nineteen years old. Later he commanded several ships himself and on one of his voyages my grandmother and father went around the world with him. My father made this voyage before he was six years old.



"AN OLD LANDMARK." BY DOROTHY OCHLMAN, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Maude Dudley Shackleford
Alice Shirley Willis
Bernard F. Trotter
Dorothy Mercer
Cuthbert Vale Wright
Margaret Crawford Keeling
Katharine L. Carrington
Elizabeth Toof
Marjorie Peck
Kathryn Sprague DeWolf
Clement R. Wood
Aileen H. Barlow
Clara P. Fond
Gladys M. Adams

VERSE 2.

P. Boyd
Blanche Leeming
Gertrude Flower
Agnes Menary
Frieda M. Harrison
Margaret B. Smith
Lucie Clifton Jones
Ethel Louise Knight
Zena Parker
Marjorie Hill
Helen Janet Smith
Bessie Emery
Camilla Ringhouse
Albert Hart
Jessie Morris
Florence Kenaston
Frank Loughran
Ruth A. Dittman
Minabelle Summy
Ellen Tierney
Alma C. Jones

PROSE 1.

Esther P. Turner
Ida C. Kline
Ruth J. Turner
Eloise Tanner
May Richardson
Eleanor Hathorne Bailey
Leila Evelyn Tupper
Jean L. Brown
Frances L. Hayes, Jr.
Eleanor Scott Smith
Dorothy Smith
Marie Knap
Dorothy Gardiner
Joe Curtis DeLong
Margaret Belt
Helen Lathrop
Mary Virginia Golding
Sophronia Morre Cooper
Louise E. Grant
Inez Overell
Corinne Benoit
Madelaine F. H. White
Allen Grant Brewer

PROSE 2.

Ellen Low Mills
Eleanor Mason
Agnes Holmes
H. K. Peasé
M. Louise Smith
Henry B. Dillard
Ruth A. Spalding
Margaret Mary Steele
R. M. Hubbell
Dorothy H. Warren
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Anne L. Murdock
Isadore Greene
Nan Pierson
Alice G. Peirce
Helen Noyes
Marian Torrey
Winifred E. Hulbert
Caroline E. Allport
Marion Peterson
Helen Shaw
France Fuqua

DRAWINGS 1.

Henry J. Thompson
Emily W. Brown
Heather Baxter
Webb Mellin Siemens
Frederick Dixon
Grant Whitney
Josephine Bell
Priscilla Bohlen
Irene Loughborough
Walter Oehrle
Marjorie S. Harrington
Oliver Margetson
Raphael N. Hamilton
Leanora Denniston
Adeline Kull
Hazel Halstead
George S. Marshall
Kathleen Buchanan
Alfred W. Pond
Dorothy C. Jordan
Margaret Reeve
Marian Rubins
Seth Harrison Gurnee
Virginia Sandford McKee.

DRAWINGS 2.

Amy O. Bradley
Pauline Locket
Henry Scott
Frieda Funck
Marion S. Phelps
Charles H. Gould
Alma Ward
Dorothea Bean Jones
F. D. Pemberton
Alice N. Very
Hilda M. Hichens
Adelaide Nichols
T. Burdick Frank
Mary Klauder
Dorothy Schaffter
Sylvia Sherman
Virginia Davis
Duncan G. McGregor
Esther Christensen
Gay H. Reboul
Maud Spear
Anna B. Osborn
Ida F. Parfitt
Irving Beach
J. Donald McCutcheon
Andrew Soderlund
Eleanor F. Conant
Robert Wolf
Anne Duryea
Allie W. Miller
Isabella B. Howland
Esther Foss
Scott Fitzgerald
Adrienne Williams
Helen Foss
Robert T. Young
George William Hall
L. Paton McGilvary
Thomas Turnbull, 3d.
Josephine VandeGrift
Adele Sidney Burleson
Ellen T. Wood
Alice Beller
Marion Hamliton
Helen Walker
Marion Fitch
Marie Atkinson
Elizabeth H. Chew
Martha Oathout
Charles Vallée
Mabel Alvarez
Louise K. Kennedy
E. L. Kastler

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Frederic S. Clark, Jr.
Marie Armstrong
F. B. Kugelman
Alice L. Cousens
Dorothea Jones
Fritz V. Hartman
Gardner H. Fisk
Eleanor H. Hill
Allan MacRossie
Carl Stearns
Rosamond Codman

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Marion Leonard Decker
Marguerite Hyde
Clara Stoveken
Dorothy D. Kirkham
Starling L. Buell
James Bruce
Katherine B. Decker
Norman W. Averill
Therese R. Robbins
Gabrielle Elliot
Fannie Bean
Marianna Kroehle
Zana Richardson
Cuthbert W. Haasis
Paul Cartwright
John Franklin Carter, Jr.
Grant Gilbert Simons
Agnes Dorothy Shipley
Margaret B. Ussher

PUZZLES 1.

Elizabeth Crittenden
E. Adelaide Hahn
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Morton L. Mitchell
Florence Alvarez
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Frederic P. Storke
Clara Beth Haven
Clarice Rose
Fritz Bjorkman

PUZZLES 2.

Albertina L. Pitkin
Helen F. Searight
James P. Garfield
Willa M. Roberts
Arthur Albert Myers
Dorothy Rutherford
Gwen Swinburne
Marian Tyler
Alice Lowenhaupt
Evelyn Duncan

LEAGUE LETTERS.

24 ST. MARY'S STREET, SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a copy of Henry V's cradle. (See picture, page 665.)

This king was born in the town of Monmouth where a great deal of property belongs to the Duke of Beaufort. This cradle is now in his possession, and he recently lent it to an exhibition in Southampton, where I saw it about twelve times.

Every part of the outside except the rockers is covered with red velvet, which is fixed down in irregular panels by little bands nailed on with brass studs. Even the knobs are covered. The velvet is so shabby that I did not know how to draw it, but have done all the fringe and trimmings.

I have a picture of the cradle which I copied many times before I drew it from memory, but at last it is right.

Your little friend,
ELSA CLARK
(League Member).

1084 BEDFORD AVE., BROOKLYN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The subject this month being "An Old Relic," I thought that I would send you a picture of a Peruvian Cow Idol. (See drawing, page 664.) My father has the idol from which the picture is drawn. It is supposed to be over a thousand years old. It is made of clay, which is brick red in color. On one side is spotted with white, as if it had been moldy. It is, I think, even uglier than my picture of it. Hoping, if ugliness has anything to do with prize awarding, to see my cow idol in print, I remain,

Your constant reader,
M. H. TUTHILL.

Here is a letter from a League member who strove faithfully and did creditable work, yet who did not succeed in winning a prize. For all, he has been benefited by his effort, and his appreciation of this is the best guaranty of a successful future:

LANCASTER, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My last contribution to the League has been sent, and today I pass beyond that privilege so long enjoyed by me. And though I have not achieved all that I have striven for, yet I have gained much. And so let me extend my sincere gratitude to you for the work you have done. For all that I have gained I can truly record to the efforts, the encouragements, and the enthusiasm due to your helpful influence. And so, with a thankful heart, I remain,

Yours truly,
CARL B. TIMBERLAKE.

3800 POWELTON AVE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: We, Chapter 862, want to thank you very much for the badges, leaflets, and certificates which you so kindly sent us. All the members like them very much and they wear their badges very much every meeting.

At our meeting just before Christmas Mrs. Pile, our "extraordinary" member, who pays double fines and dues, gave us candy pull. As it snowed all afternoon, only eleven of our sixteen members were present, the others being afraid of getting wet, I suppose. We made the real old fashioned molasses candy. Some of the candy was pulled almost white and some was hardly pulled at all. Mrs. Pile has a colored cook and as we did not pull the candy fast enough to suit her, she began to pull some herself. She was about half done when several of us went out to the kitchen for a fresh amount of candy. She gave them some of that which was already half pulled. They came back with this and showed the rest of us how white it was, but we soon discovered the trick and went for some ourselves.

We ate, and ate, and ate the candy, but it did not seem to hurt us, for we all appeared at the next meeting.

Wishing all the other chapters great success and many good times,

Yours sincerely, CHAPTER 82,

Per ELIZABETH LEWIS, Sec.

[illegible], Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I do not know how to thank you for the cash prize you sent me. When I saw the gold beige I said I would try for the cash prize, only I had no idea I could win it.

The League has been a great help to me. If ever I [illegible] anything in the line of writing I will [illegible]. Never, never will I forget the League and my first, no matter what happens.

Thanking you for the prize as well as for all the good you have done me, I am, as ever,

Your friend, CHESTER SMITH.

Other welcome letters have been received from Marion B. Phelps, Winnie Stooke, Faith Goss, Edward Juntunen, Margaret Whitcomb, Rebecca Levin, Noel S. Symons, Morris Levin, Margaret C. Bl[illegible], Bertha Kessler, Hildegarde Tiger-huber, Ida C. Kline, Russell McNair Talbott, Dora Mitchell, Jack W. Steele, Sara Mabel, Barnes Wright, Vera Hornbeck, Faith A[illegible], Edith Perring, Gertrude M. Stardee, Arthur Albert Myers, Elizabeth H. Crittenden, Lorraine Ransom, Margaret Scott Cornell, Christine Fleisher, Nellie Shane, Alice Braunlich.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Chapter 858 (Sec. Ethel C. Irwin, Quincy, Ill.) would like to correspond with one or two other chapters.

[illegible] badges) will be replaced free of charge.

[illegible] those members who are away on the other side of the world time to [illegible]. [illegible] people in Japan, South Africa and Australia and such far away lands have felt that they were "left out."

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 870. "S. L. C.": Helen S. Work, President; Meta Brunig, Secretary; eight members. Address, [illegible] Manhattan Ave., N. Y. City.

No. 871. "Jolly Eight": Arthur Gude, President; Russell H[illegible], Secretary; eight members. Address, [illegible] Fabyan Place, Newark, N. J.

No. 872. "The American Trio": Anthony Winco, President; three members. Address, 9 Fifth St., Passaic, N. J.

No. 873. "Fleur de Lis": Hilma Hobbs, President; Madeline Tracy, Secretary; three members. Address, 107 High St., Danvers, Mass.

No. 874. "Golden Star Club": Thomas Gren, President; Edward Lat[illegible], Secretary; three members. Address, Box 772, Laurium, Mich.

No. 875. Lorraine Ransom, President; Caroline Allport, Secretary; six members. Address, 35 Bellevue Place, Chicago, Ill.

No. 876. "Y. M. S.": Conrad Reinheimer, President; Edith Younghem, Secretary; nine members. Address, 823 West End Ave., N. Y. City.

No. 877. "A Little Club": Anne Heidenheim, Secretary; two members. Address, 721a Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 878. Claire Edwards, President; Vera Kins, Secretary; fifty-one members. Address, Stanley, Wis.

No. 879. Helen M. Lewis, President; Mary L. Langdon, Secretary; eight members. Address, 5 E. King St., Rhinelander, Wis.

No. 880. J. H. Metzler, President; six members. Address, 24 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S., Can.

No. 881. Jack Wendt, President; Newton Rhodes, Secretary; seven members. Address, 202 W. 74th St., N. Y. City.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 79

Competition No. 79, for September, closing **May 20** and **25,** will be a repetition of No. 75 for the reason that only a small part of the No. 75 contributions were used (those in the April number). The subjects are as follows:

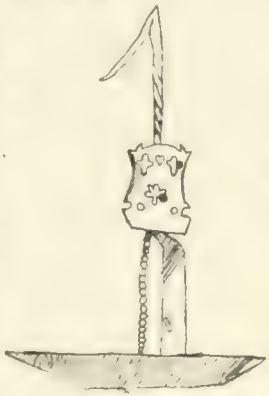
Verse. Title to contain the word "Mountain" or "Mountains."

Prose. Subject, "The Story of a Word" (giving the history of its origin and meaning).

Drawing. "Study of a Child" and Heading and Tailpiece for September.

Photograph. "The Hills" and the usual puzzle and puzzle-answers.

Those who competed in No. 75 need not send again as we have preserved their contributions.



"[illegible]"
BY [illegible]

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 80.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 80 will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, to contain the word "Forest."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Camp Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Picnic Party."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Fisherman's Luck" and a Heading or Tailpiece for October.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize,* five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize,* three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize,* League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied,* but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.



"GOODBYE APRIL" BY
KATHARINE L. HAVENS, AGE 13.

BOOKS AND READING.

MEANING IN BOOK-PLATES. AMONG the letters that come to us, a fair proportion send us the writers' book-plates and ask to have the pictures of them published in this department. A number of these little designs are very charming, but many of them may be criticized for lack of purpose. For instance, there is little meaning in a plate showing only a picture of a tree or a ship or a column and the name of a child. The purpose of a device is to declare the feeling or belief of the owner, just as knights of old made their shields show forth their fortune or their intents. Unless there is some such purpose declared in a design, it is sure to become tiresome to the owner.

We invite those who have book-plates with a meaning to send them to this department, and provided attractive ones are sent, we shall print some of them.

A LOVER OF GREECE. FROM Vermont we are delighted to receive an inquiry for a good list of books that will tell the young writer something of Greek life in the early days. Our correspondent says: "I am very fond of Grecian mythology and history, and want to know more about it." She is fortunate to be, in her early teens, already seeking to learn about one particular subject, and as she grows older she will find that following up this one subject will result in leading her to all knowledge, as following the course of a brook downward will lead a traveler to the great ocean.

She does not only ask, but gives, information, kindly recommending to beginners Browning's poem, "Pheidippides" and Tennyson's "Œnone" and "Tiresias." We share her admiration for certain qualities in these poems, but we think that many of our young readers will find at least "Pheidippides" rather difficult to understand, though the main facts of the story are easy to gather. Though the three poems may be puzzling the first few times they are read, yet the beauty in them will be evident to every reader, and gradually what is not understood will become clear. We think it wise for young readers to practice themselves in reading good things that they cannot yet understand, until they have strengthened their minds so much that they can comprehend all of which their mature strength is capable.

A METAPHOR. WHEN a traveler has once found out that he has taken the right train, and is aware that the bringing of him to his destination can in no way be helped by himself, he is wise to extract all the pleasure possible from the few hours of idleness that he must pass. It seems to me that the secret of good reading may be suggested by a comparison with the traveler on the railroad. He should be at the same time doing two things: advancing steadily towards his destination, and finding all possible enjoyment on the way.

Young readers should have in mind some object or purpose in their reading and studies, but while they are steadily advancing towards this, they should remember that there are times and seasons which may be devoted to recreation and amusement of the mind. Of course the comparison is not exact, but there never was a fable capable of more than suggesting a moral.

TRUTH IN TASTE. NOT long ago, the writer of this paragraph met a reader who, in speaking of a well-known author, said that she had finished none of that writer's books, giving as her frank reason that after a fair trial they were found to be very stupid.

There are advantages in such frankness. In the first place, there is the universal advantage of honesty; secondly, it is only by the confession of such a lack of appreciation that one may learn its cause and the remedy, if any there be. If the writer is in fault and is thought to be great, without right claim to greatness, the surest way to put an end to unearned fame is for honest people to say that they see no reason for it. Consequently, whether to improve one's taste, to increase one's knowledge, or to see

that poor authors are not bolstered into fame and that good authors come into their own, frank statements of our tastes in reading are best, if made at the proper season.

THE BEST WAY. An anecdote of which I am very fond, since it serves as an illustration to so many things, is that told by a traveler in Japan and a collector of objects of art. In packing to come home, being unable to speak Japanese, he had to trust much to the good sense of his servant. But every time he came to see what had been done, he was shocked and horrified to find that his servant insisted upon putting some sharply carved iron nails with fancy heads into a beautiful lacquered box that was one of his greatest treasures. Since he feared the lacquered box would be scratched, he took out the nails again and again, only to find that upon his return the servant had replaced them in the polished box. At last, in despair, the traveler brought an interpreter and the matter became clear, for the servant explained that the old lacquer was the best lacquer in the world, that even the iron nails could not possibly scratch it, and that anywhere else he feared the nails would do much damage.

The little moral to be drawn from this fable in regard to the box is the recommendation of the very best binding for the books that are meant to stand hard usage. If the book is to be read once or twice and put away, the ordinary cloth binding will do; but if it is a reference book to be consulted over and over again, only the finest leather binding will be of any avail. Our young readers can make many other applications of the story.

A POCKET NOTEBOOK. It is not the usual custom of young people to take notes, but as they grow older and their interest in the affairs of life widens, they will discover that a number of matters will come to their attention and will slip away again unless there is something to help the memory. While the suggestion may not be of use to many of you, for the benefit of the few who like to be systematic, the habit of carrying a little notebook with an alphabetical index is strongly recommended. In this put down at least a brief note regarding what you wish to remember, in each case entering it under the letter beginning the most prominent name or word connected with it. If you cannot put down the exact item you wish to remember, at least note where you found it. The amount of time saved by this habit as you grow older will enable you to read a large number of excellent books; for to seek in vain a bit of information is not only extremely irritating, but exceedingly wasteful of time. Particularly in reading will a little notebook prove a great help. It is better to choose a tiny book, so that it will never be in the way.

A number of years ago it was a common habit to keep what was known as a "Commonplace Book," and you will find that old-fashioned writers for the young recommend the copying out of such passages as strike the fancy. We believe that this is not wise, nowadays, when knowledge is so much more available and books are so much commoner. It is becoming more important every day to know where things are to be found rather than to know them.

HOW AUTHORS LIVE. As this item is being written, the writer can see upon the wall of his study a photograph of the author of a popular ST. NICHOLAS serial, who is also a personal friend. It shows him walking over the rough pasture-land of a plantation, carrying a large tin pail and a watering-pot, and with hat pulled well down over his eyes to keep out the sun.

It used to be the fashion to make portraits of authors that showed them either at their desks or discussing literary topics with a crowd of admiring friends, while sheets of manuscript lay strewn around. But we think that this little snap-shot of an author striding towards us in true farmer guise, is quite as characteristic. In order to write delightfully, an author must know the world. He cannot tell us about it unless he cares for it, and he cannot care for it unless he really lives in it. Read the lives of authors, and you will find that very few of them withdrew from daily affairs.

HOW YOUR BOOKS ARE ARRANGED. We should be glad to hear from any of you who have a book-shelf of especial favorites, if you will write and tell us in what order you arrange the volumes. Possibly they may be upon a study-table instead of upon a shelf.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The editor of ST. NICHOLAS would like to be put in communication with any near relative of the late Helen Thayer Hutcheson, of Washington, D. C., a former contributor to this magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After reading the stories of this magazine I thought perhaps you would like to hear how much I enjoyed them. I am greatly interested in the "Crimson Sweater," I also enjoyed "Queen Zixi of Ix," and "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy." I have taken you for about *five* years, and think you are just the best magazine for children ever published; and I suppose everyone else does that ever has read ST. NICHOLAS. I am thirteen years old and I look forward to your coming with great pleasure every month.

I also like the story called the "Maids and the Motto," very much indeed, and enjoy the "Letter-Box," immensely.

Your interested reader,
BLANCHE HOGELAND.

523 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you before, so I thought I would write this month. When my mother was a little girl she subscribed for you and she enjoys you now as much as she did then. Our family have taken you for fifteen years and have enjoyed you immensely. I am very much interested in "Pinkey Perkins, Just a Boy," and "From Sioux to Susan." We have had you bound for three years. When you come each month I look forward with great pleasure. Even my father too.

Your interested reader,
JOSEPHINE B. WELLS (age 10).

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought of writing to you because I just finished your magazine. So many of our children from the Orphan Asylum were writing I thought I would too. The snow in Cleveland is very high; at least around our place. The sleds are everywhere going up and down. The boys skate after every hour of school. I like the story "Flapjack" and "The Rowena O'Toole Company."

Your affectionate reader,
REBECCA HELBEIN.

SLINGERLANDS, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your magazine very much. I have taken it ever since I can remember. The story that I now enjoy is "Pinkey Perkins." I live in the country and have four cats. Their names are Lea, a yellow cat with light yellow eyes; Nig, our black cat, with dark green eyes; Rowdy, our gray kitten, with dark blue eyes. Paint, our kitten's mother, has blue eyes. We named her Paint, for when she was a kitten she fell in a pot of red paint. The girl who lives two doors away from us has a pony. His name is Captain, he is very spunky, and when you ride on his back if you sit too far back he kicks, and kicks you off.

I remain yours truly,
HELEN EDWARDS (age 11).

THE SMELTER, EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live at one of the largest smelters in the world. It is a very pretty place, three miles from El Paso. We all go to school there, as the pupils at the school here are Mexicans. You have been in our family ever since you were first published. I am very much interested in "From Sioux to Susan," and "The Crimson Sweater," and can hardly wait for each number.

Your affectionate reader,
META ORMSBEE (age 13).

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old and I have taken you for two years, and think you are very interesting. I have read many stories, but like "Pinkey Perkins" and "Queen Zixi of Ix" about the best. I also enjoyed reading the other children's letters very much. I am in the fifth grade and love school very much, as also my teachers. In Cleveland we did not have much snow this winter, but on January 8 we had as much as we wanted. Wishing you a long and prosperous life, I remain your interested reader,

LILLIAN JACKSON.

HONESDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of ten, living in the town of Honesdale. I have only taken you since Christmas, but judging from some old copies and the new ones I think you are the best children's magazine I have ever seen. The stories I like best are "Queen Zixi of Ix," which I read in the public library; "Pinkey Perkins," and "From Sioux to Susan." I was also very much interested in the story about the Stroubridge Lion, as I live in the town it made its first journey from.

Your sincere reader,
LOUISE H. KRAFT.

NEGAWNEE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year, and this is my second year. I wait for you every month, and every month I think you get better. My favorite story is "Pinkey Perkins." And every month I read the league stories, too.

We have about four or five feet of snow on the ground here and it is very cold.

On Washington's Birthday we are going to have a ski tournament and we have a slide built for it. Sometimes the men jump one hundred and twenty-five feet.

I think my letter is getting pretty long.

I remain your constant reader,
PAUL BELL (age 12).

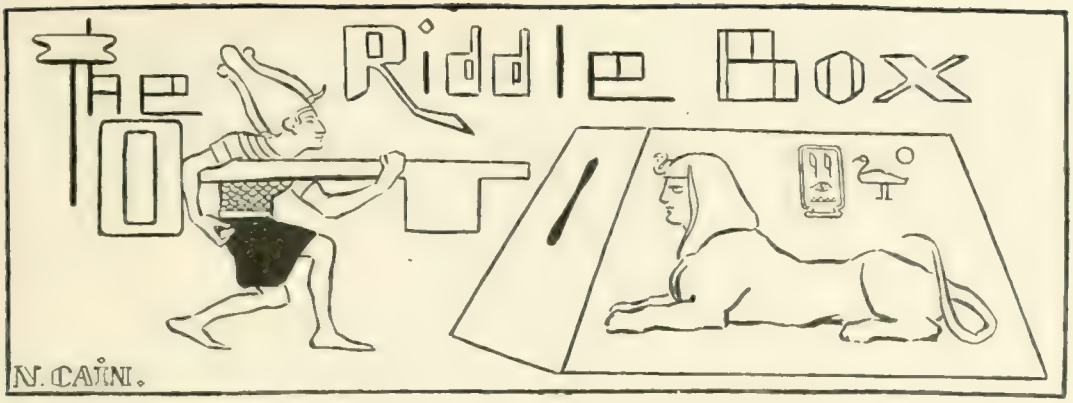
WINCHESTER, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can hardly wait till my ST. NICHOLAS comes. The stories are so interesting. My parents say that if I once get hold of the ST. NICHOLAS it is hard to coax me from it until it is entirely read.

I am the oldest of four children, Madeline seven, Richard and Virginia, twins, two years old.

What a fine thing it will be for the children when they grow up to read all my bound volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS!

Your admirer,
DOROTHY HAINSFURTHER (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. All Fools' Day. Cross-words: 1. Flail. 2. Colon. 3. Polar. 4. Fifty. 5. Stool. 6. Stove. 7. Bales. 8. [illegible] 9. Mail. 10. Cane. 11. Dwell.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. 1. Stupid. 2. Heavy. 3. Aisle. 4. Water. 5. Fortune. 6. Desert.

Metamorphosis. Neptune. Pygmalion.

To stone the gods have changed her not in vain
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

[illegible] Hannibal; 2. [illegible]; 3. [illegible]; 4. [illegible]; 5. [illegible]; 6. [illegible]; 7. [illegible]; 8. [illegible]; 9. [illegible]; 10. [illegible]; 11. [illegible]. Seine: 4 to 8, David; 3 to 7, label. Included Square: 1. Carl. 2. Alan. 3. Lane. 4. Send.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE. Across: 1. Rive. 2. Adam. 3. Roam. 4. Ella.

Metamorphosis. Neptune. Pygmalion. "[illegible] given unsought is better."

CHARADE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

To *first* at misfortune is *second third*. My whole is worn by Indians. LOBERT T. MOORE (age 9).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *first* is in yellow, but not in blue;
My *second*, in brave, but not in true;
My *third* is in snake, but not in toad;
My *fourth* is in highway, but not in road
My *fifth* is in light, but not in dark;
My *sixth* is in night, not in the ark;
My *seventh's* in gate, but not in fence;
My *eighth* is in great, but not in dense;
My *ninth* is in row, but not in swim;
My *last* is in trunk, but not in limb.

My whole is a state,
And a president great,
And a street in Boston town;
'Tis the name of a man,
Who many risks ran,
But it brought him great renown.

BRUCE T. SIMONDS (age 10).

DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell a festal season.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A comrade. 2. That science which treats of the composition of substances. 3. Not heathen. 4. A final proposition. 5. Steatite. 6. Not material. 7. One who hunts and fishes. 8. Everlasting. 9. Briskness.

JOSEPH S. BOUDWIN.

DIAMOND. 1. R. 2. Lea. 3. Leave. 4. Reasons. 5. Avoid. 6. End. 7. S.

REVOLUTIONARY ACROSTIC. Fifth row, Cornwallis. Cross-words: 1. Pinckney. [illegible]. 4. Lafayette. [illegible]. 7. Lincoln. 8. Ethan Allen. 9. Delaware. 10. Germantown. 11. Charleston. 12. Hamilton. 13. Bennington. 14. King's Mountain.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Sheridan, Tennyson, Whittier.

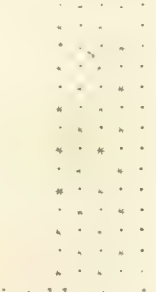
BIBLICAL ACROSTIC. Simon Peter. Cross-words: 1. Simon. 2. Isaac. 3. Moses. 4. Omega. 5. Naomi. 6. Peter. 7. Elias. 8. [illegible] 9. [illegible] 10. [illegible].

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Art. 3. Arian. 3. Trimmed. 5. Tamed. 6. Ned. 7. D. II. 1. D. 2. Dew. 3. David. 4. Devised. 5. Wiser. 6. Der (mal). 7. D. III. 1. D. 2. Daw. 3. Dosed. 4. Dastard. 5. Weary. 6. Dry. 7. D. IV. 1. D. 2. Sow. 3. Squad. 4. Doubled. 5. Walls. 6. Des (ign). 7. D. V. 1. D. 2. Yes. 3. Yelps. 4. Deltoid. 5. Spout. 6. Sit. 7. D.

PERPENDICULARS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competiiton.)

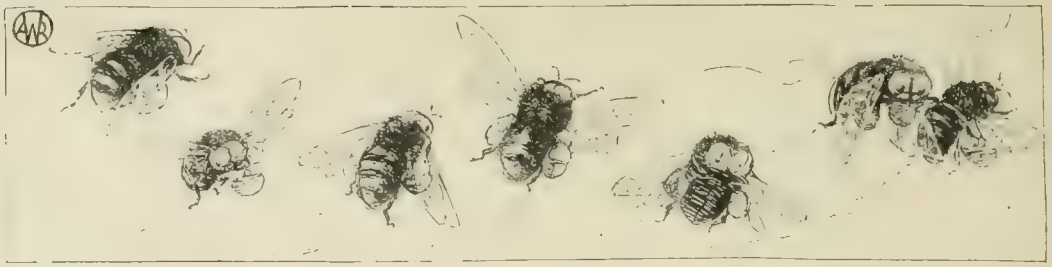
1 3 2 4



The letters indicated by stars in columns numbered 1 and 2 spell the name of a famous American who was born in February; the letters indicated by stars in columns 3 and 4 name another famous American who was also born in February.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Windy. 2. Carelessly. 3. Often given before an operation. 4. Boiling. 5. The emblem of peace. 6. A place of public contest. 7. A large grazing farm. 8. To seize with the hand. 9. Pledges. 10. A shout. 11. Consumed. 12. To trifle. 13. Entire. 14. To correct. 15. To add.

GERTRUDE IOVING.



A HIVE OF BEES.

EXAMPLE: Take bee from to fetch, and leave a circle. Answer, B-ring,

1. Take bee from to boast, and leave a fragment of cloth. 2. Take bee from a boy's nickname, and leave not good. 3. Take bee from the staff of life, and leave to peruse. 4. Take bee from a curve, and leave termination. 5. Take bee from lively, and leave to endanger. 6. Take bee from to whip, and leave to consume. 7. Take bee from part of a tree, and leave a famous place of refuge. 8. Take bee from a sable hue, and leave to need. 9. Take bee from a sudden calamity, and leave vulgar.

ALBERTINA L. PITKIN (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals give the surname of a president of the United States, and also a name by which he was called; my finals give another name by which he was called.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. An instructor. 2. Since. 3. A pronoun. 4. Lengthy. 5. A covering for kitchen floors. 6. A large country of Europe. 7. A vegetable. 8. Of a lead color. 9. A hearty meal. 10. A girdle. 11. A place of public contest. 12. Frank. 13. Convenient.

V. D.

CHARADE.

MY *first* is the name of a boy;
My *second* was used as a pen;
My *whole* is an early spring flower —
You see it again and again.

THEODORE W. GIBSON (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-one letters and form a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 10-15-7-8-21 is to set the foot. My 2-9-19-13 is to enlarge. My 12-17-4-16 are small, globular masses of lead. My 18-20-1-5 is pleased. My 14-6-11-3 is one of the United States.

V. D.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

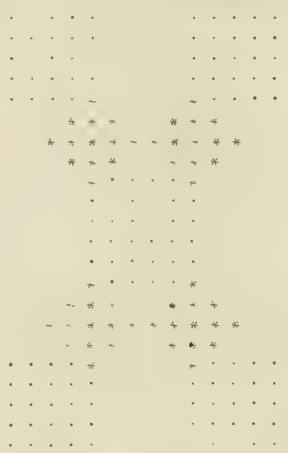
. 16 . . 2 .
. 7 . . 11 .
9 . 5 . . .
. . . 6 .
. 12 . 4 . .
10 . . 8 .
15 . . . 14
. . . . 13
. . . 3 . .
. . . . 1 .

MY primals spell the name of a State; my finals, its capital; and the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 16, one of the things for which the State is famous.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Long periods of time. 2. A continent. 3. Pertaining to stone. 4. To injure. 5. Starch or farina. 6. The heaviest substance known. 7. A baby's toy. 8. An idea. 9. To give. 10. A position of the arms.

MARGARET L. LOVING (League Member).

SQUARES AND DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To embrace. 2. Tardier. 3. To expiate. 4. Dispatches. 5. To squeeze.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Vigor. 2. A very large body of water. 3. To act again. 4. A hole in the ground for concealing provisions. 5. To penetrate.

III. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In starched. 2. A wager. 3. A brown coloring matter. 4. A bond. 5. In starched.

IV. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In starched. 2. To tap. 3. The edges of a roof. 4. A drink. 5. In starched.

V. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Ascends. 2. To withdraw. 3. A kind of type. 4. Taciturn. 5. The sea holly. 6. Part of a circle.

VI. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In starched. 2. A cold substance. 3. Meagre. 4. Conclusion. 5. In starched.

VII. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In starched. 2. A large serpent. 3. Harsh. 4. Period. 5. In starched.

VIII. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To suit. 2. A benefactor. 3. A point where two lines meet. 4. A dance. 5. To negotiate.

IX. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The seat of the affections. 2. Blunder. 3. To mount. 4. Certain flowers. 5. A lock of hair.

ELIZABETH BEAL BERRY (Honor Member).



85-86.



"'THE YOUNG RASCAL,' MUTTERED THE HERR PROFESSOR."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII. JUNE, 1906. No. 8

The Master-Hand

By Caroline Dale Parke

It was four o'clock. School was out and the sunshine had gone. Klaus came into the sober front parlor, his round cheeks red with the cold, and lit the candles for his practice hour. Wonderful the candles were to Klaus, for father and mother had brought the silver candlesticks from Germany in that dim past before the dawn of things, when little Klaus was not.

Time was, a year ago, when Klaus had hated his fiddle to the very pegs. But it had happened late one afternoon, when Klaus was watching the strange, slow boats on the canal, that he had heard somebody playing in an upper room near by, — playing so softly that Klaus had to creep into the alley to hear. From there he could catch a glimpse through a window of a white, powerful hand sweeping in soft, sure curves, a motion that seemed part of the sound itself.

Of a sudden the hand quivered like a bird hovering, and a great shower of notes came fluttering down into the alley. That was "bouncing-bow," the impossible feat to Klaus, whose bow drew so slantingly over the strings or became so cramped in his fingers.

Then there was a moment's pause, and Klaus was turning to go home when a wonderful melody rang out in the twilight. It was so real, so lovely and full of a gentleness all new to Klaus, that he stopped, trembling. Poor little Klaus! he listened and listened, wondering at first, then forgetting even to wonder, so tender of heart was he.

Long after the music had ceased, Klaus stood there in the narrow place against the wall. When he came out, the canal lay like smooth gold between straight banks, and the very air was filled with golden motes out of the setting sun. The old City Hospital looked like a castle against the light; and down the canal a few blocks away a boat floated upon the gold, so still, so strange, it seemed to Klaus as though it, too, could think and listen even as he went home scarcely knowing when he turned the corner.

When we have lived in this wonderful world awhile we find that to each of us comes an hour like the hour of sunrise. Such to Klaus — though he did not know it — was that evening hour when he listened against the wall. He did not know why he began to practice more carefully, or why he slipped away from other boys, to listen to the string quartette that rehearsed on Saturdays in his father's room.

But his father, who played the 'cello so many years to give Klaus bread and butter — the

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wise father saw and understood; and because he was wise he said nothing, until one day he came in and caught Klaus playing very sweetly and clearly on his fiddle. Then he took him by the hand and led him over to the great professor at the Music College, who received him without a word into his class. And it became Klaus's one ambition to hear the old professor say thoughtfully and slowly, when the lesson was finished: "Good! good! Now do better next time."

But the praises were few and the frowns came almost every day. So it was that on this winter afternoon Klaus came in haste to light the fire and the candles. He set his fiddle against his knee and pulled its little black ears to put it in tune. Then he began to practise bow-exercises before a mirror, carefully and with that patience which is given just to certain years of our life. The Herr Professor had called him "stupid, stupid!" and the cold boyish fingers trembled on the finger-board remembering it. "Practice is to think," he had added with wise uplifted finger— "to think, so fine, so clear! Lessons do nothing — only that." And so Klaus set his face hard toward the task.

Presently he was roused by some one brushing along the narrow hall, and two of the orchestra men pushed slowly in, leading his father.

"He slipped on the ice," said one. "It 's his left wrist."

Klaus seemed to be dreaming. His father sank into the big chair, while one of the men carried the 'cello over to the corner, setting it down in silence. As he did so the father looked up and made a gesture that frightened Klaus. Could it be that he would not play again — his father, who had played always?

It was a busy evening. Grandmother brought down the liniment which she had made herself, so much better than any doctor's; mother with pale, set face ran hastily up and down the stair. But upon the subject of the 'cello they kept silence. It stood in its corner, its polished scroll curving nobly, its graceful back, of which father was so proud, glimmering with elusive lights and shadows. Klaus passed its corner by with averted face and swelling tears.

That night Klaus found his mother sitting pale and wearied-looking by the kitchen fire.

"You are tired," he said; "you must rest now a little."

"Oh, Klaus, what shall we do?" She spoke suddenly, dropping her two hands together upon her lap. "There is so little money now."

"Oh, don't, mother," he said, as she bent her head and hid her face from him. "Don't! I will help you."

"I will help you," he said again in a new voice. And his mother rose and laid her head against his shoulder as if he had been a man. Then they went up-stairs together.

Next morning Klaus went stamping down the street, blowing his fingers for the cold. He found his way to the office of the bandmaster.

"What can you play?" he asked, looking doubtfully at Klaus's red face.

"I can play — anything!" Klaus felt that he could — that morning. "Just try me once," and Klaus's face lighted with a smile. "Well," said the bandmaster, slowly. "Perhaps — Could you play the cymbals?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then come this afternoon at two. There is a funeral."

Surely never beat so happy a heart at a funeral as that of Klaus as he marched along the street behind the glittering bass-horn. Klaus played with a will, striking the cymbals past each other with the same free movement that men had used before him in old Egypt, before the days of Christ. The powerful sound of them seemed to surround him and to shiver through his very veins. But every few moments the edge of the disks in his unskilled hands came striking sharply against his wrists, so that they bled from the cuts.

That night Klaus dropped two shining silver thalers into his mother's apron.

But a reckoning came on the morrow when Klaus must go to his lesson, for the cuts on his wrists grew stiff and sore in the night, and his hands were swollen.

"Never mind the bow-exercise to-day. We will take first the *étude*," said the professor, as he tuned Klaus's violin to save time.

Klaus began —

"*Sapristi!* The bow is slanted," cried the Herr Professor, striking Klaus's stick off the strings, in a temper. "So, again!"

And Klaus began again at the beginning, only to play worse than ever.

"It 's my hands," he said, with a little struggle in his throat.

"Not the hands merely, but a stupid care



lessness," returned the Herr Professor, striding scornfully up the narrow room.

"No, truly it is the hands," pleaded Klaus. "I cut them yesterday on the cymbals."

"On the cymbals!" repeated the master, stopping directly before Klaus. "Dreadful, dreadful! Put up the fiddle," he continued, sternly, and Klaus obeyed in trembling haste. He had known pupils who were sent home from the lesson, but it had never happened to him before. As he opened the door the master called to him:

"I will come soon to thy house. I will see thy father." But Klaus paid no heed to further disgrace or rebuke. He turned for hiding into a vacant room. The tears were mastering him, and he was far too miserable to take up at once the thread of his childish day.

Presently he heard the master's heavy, emphatic step go down the hall and away. Klaus longed to run after him to beg for just five minutes — for a single moment, even — of trial. But the footsteps died into silence while he hesitated. Then Klaus, tenacious little German that he was, crept back into the master's room, determined to wait for his return and beg his lesson once more.

The Herr Professor had no thought of returning, but went briskly along the bank of the canal and up the crowded ways. At Klaus's door-step he stood quite still, rubbing the back of his head, and saying between his teeth, "*Blockhead! Fool! What am I doing?*" Then he turned away. At the corner he met the horn-player who had helped to bring Klaus's father to his home.

"Are you going to Herr Kunckle's?" he demanded. "What can you say to him? What can you say to that poor fellow? He has broken his left wrist. Why, man, he will never play again! Do you understand?"

"Yes," said the horn-player, moving his big feet uneasily, as if he had been caught in mischief. "But one must say something. You would n't — "

"Say something! *Ach Himmel!* That is a worse stupidity than mine. But go — go! Perhaps you understand to comfort. Never to play — and such a tone — such good, wholesome playing! *Ach Himmel!*" and with a great gesture the Herr Professor strode back to the Music College.

Klaus had crept back into the master's alcove, musty with old German books and music. He was silent as the master came in. He had no wish to spy, but how could he speak when the master was striding up and down? Klaus quite

lost his courage and forgot all that had been in his heart to say. Presently, without warning, the master whipped open his double fiddle-case and took from it his precious Guarnerius. Was Klaus to hear him play, indeed! In the lessons, he had given only fragments in burning tones, runs clipped thrilling from the fingerboard, or again only a word or a gesture that showed the heart of things. Now he was to play! The violin trembled and rang under the attack of his opening chords, and then the clear "first melody" soared forth, rich as the color of tulips in the sun — the very melody that had uplifted the heart of Klaus long ago in the spring twilight, when he had listened in the alleyway — that had held him, flitting now, now coming to him in full light. Long hours had Klaus himself wrestled with it when he was alone — now remembering and again filling in the lost spaces with his own musical thought, playing, humming, crying sometimes with eagerness and vexation. Why had he not known before? That white hand, that tone, they all were his master's.

Klaus came out of his corner as if he had been called; his face had upon it a look of wisdom and wonder, as of something hidden away in the heart that cannot speak.

The master saw him and stopped.

"Klaus, child, art thou still here? What is it with thee? Wilt thou play?" for Klaus's eyes were fixed upon the violin.

"Yes — oh, let me try," said Klaus, breathlessly, quite forgetting the injured hands.

He tucked the precious Guarnerius under his chin. His bow wandered a little, for he could not master the chords; then from him also floated the marvelous melody. The boy's tone was different from his master's, very crude at times, but ever and again struggling out of its bands into glorious fulness and individuality. It was the heart of Klaus, and none other. The Herr Professor had sometimes seen its faint forthshadowing, but never anything so full and complete, for Klaus had never before played for him anything he could love supremely. The melody came to a close, and Klaus went on with his own improvisation, threading his way to the second melody which remained in his memory.

"The young rascal!" muttered the Herr Professor.

He walked to the end of the room, nodding his head, listening with closed eyes, or following with uplifted finger the trend of a modulation. As Klaus stood there the music possessed him, swaying his body never so lightly, as if it were breathing upon a flame, giving to his head now and then a motion of emphasis in which were both joy and power. Klaus had forgotten the master's presence. It was only when he had closed the music with full, slowly declining notes that he became shy again, and longed to lay by the violin and run away.

But the Herr Professor laid his hands on his shoulders, looking down into his face as Klaus had never seen him look before.

"Klaus, dear child, dear child," he said softly, "you are to play. Remember, it is a God-gift to you. Do not imagine it is yourself."

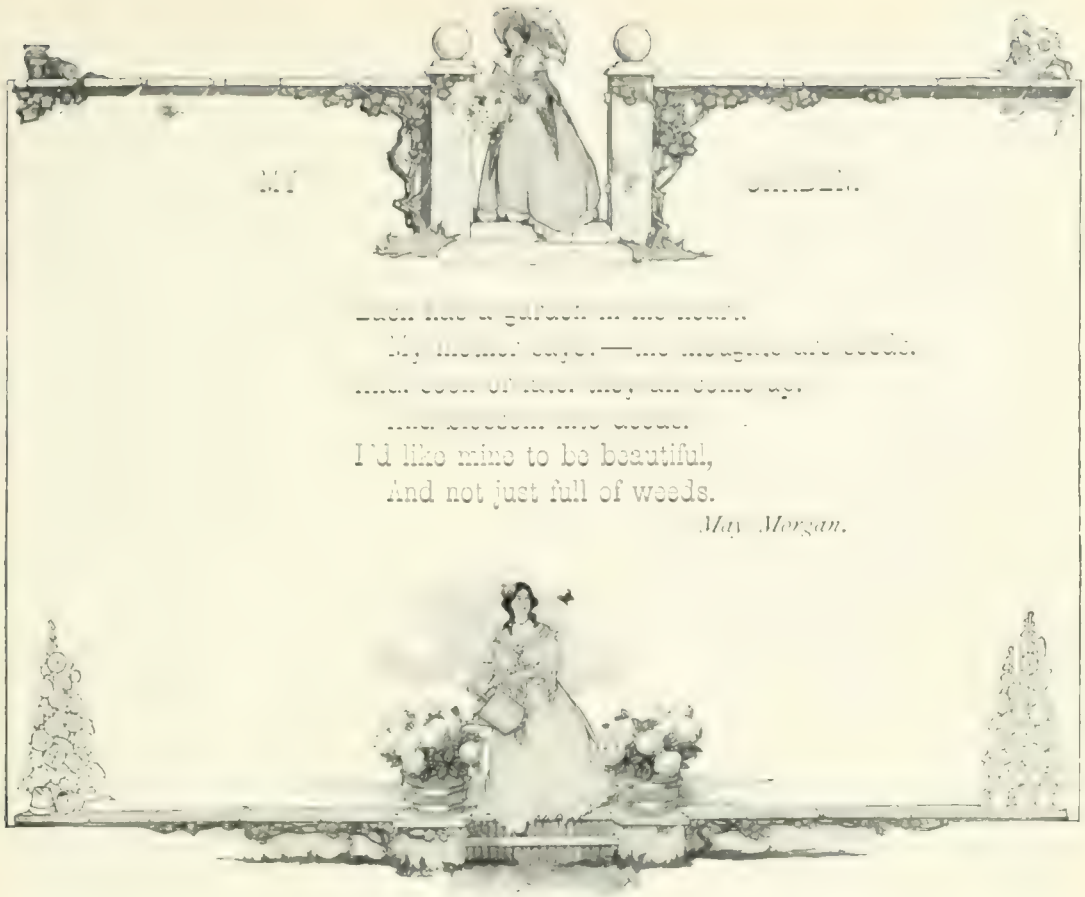
He still held him, looking at him, and Klaus had no words to answer.

Suddenly the Herr Professor's face brightened. "Come," he said. "Let us go to that good father of thine. He shall play again in his son. I was an old *blockhead* before."

Klaus watched him, wondering, as he bundled himself again into his greatcoat with its broad fur collar. Then the master took Klaus by the hand and they went out together.

People who passed them on the street wondered where the great musician had found the shy, rosy-cheeked boy, and why he smiled so lovingly upon him, as if he were his own.





I'd like mine to be beautiful,
And not just full of weeds.

May Morgan.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By Dorothy Brooks.

Miss Amy Bradford, teacher of the sixth grade of the Bellamy grammar school, stood before the blackboard, and upon its dark surface there appeared in her clear, upright handwriting the names,

Pauline Dinsmore	Gladys Hamilton
Doris Follansbee	Mildred Davidson
Marjorie Clifford	Mary Ann Bean.

There was an audible titter among the girls, but one little head in the front row drooped, and on the instant a crimson flush mounted up to the roots of the owner's pretty auburn hair.

It was hard enough to be born a Bean, but as that was a matter of inheritance and had to be, it did seem as if the name given her might have been chosen a little more kindly. Mary alone, she would have welcomed gladly; Ann, she would have borne without complaint; but the two combined made Mary Ann cringe when any one spoke to her. Had her mother lived, perhaps she might have been allowed to write it Mary A., but Aunt Harriet was inflexible.

Once her schoolmate Doris had sent her a note addressed to Miss Marian Beane. But

Aunt Harriet took it from the postman, held it at arm's length and studied it severely.

"There is no one of that name here," she said calmly, giving it back.

"O Aunt Harriet, it's from Doris. She means me! She — we — thought you wouldn't mind, just for once."

"Mary Ann," said her aunt, and the name had never sounded so portentous, "It was my mother's name. You should feel it an honor to bear it. If you ever come to be as good a woman as your grandmother, your name will deserve and will have the respect of every one who knows you."

Mary Ann was subdued but not convinced. That ended it as far as any attempt to soften this affliction went. But her name was not poor little Mary Ann's only cross. There were her hair, and her clothes. It was really too bad about the hair, for if treated kindly it would have been the loveliest in the Bellamy School, of that reddish gold tint so dear to artists; long, abundant, and rippling from the roots. But Aunt Harriet brushed and combed, and combed and brushed so vigorously, and braided so tightly, with ends securely tied, that the ripple almost straightened out in despair.

And now as the warm days approached, ginghams blue, and ginghams pink, ginghams plaided, and ginghams striped, all made with pretty yokes or guimpes, made the school yard look like an animated flower garden, and Mary Ann in her dark brown linen (made over from one of her aunt's) like a dull little grub in the midst of a flock of butterflies.

"A fine material!" declared Aunt Harriet, holding it up to the light; "not another girl in school will have a dress of such quality. It will wear forever."

"I'm sure it will," said poor Mary Ann with unconscious irony, as she donned it the third season.

But to-day it seemed worse than usual. A sense of injustice, of being different from the other girls and at a disadvantage, welled up from her heart and overflowed the blue eyes. By a strange chance, the prettiest, most musical names in the class were those that preceded hers. Miss Bradford had not meant it unkindly. She had simply indicated the pupils in her room who would take special parts in the afternoon exercises, for it was a great day for the sixth grade of the Bellamy School.

"You have all heard," said their teacher, "of Miss Sybil Harrington, the authoress."

Of course they had. Within a few years her name had become known wherever the English language was read, and old and young alike delighted in her genius.

"She is an old college friend of mine," said Miss Bradford, "and as she is the guest of some friends near here this week, she has promised to come in and visit my class this afternoon. Now, girls and boys," with an anxious glance towards the more strenuous side of the room — "I depend upon you, one and all, to do credit to our class and the school."

Mary Ann's keen little face, all alive with delighted anticipation, responded eagerly to every word the teacher uttered. Not one there was so familiar with Miss Harrington's writings as she; not one cherished so intense an enthusiasm for the writer. Indeed, at this period, Mary Ann's admiration for literary ability amounted to a passion. To write, to be able to put into words all the lovely thoughts that came into one's mind so that the world would like to read them,—that seemed to her a summit so high that while she never expected to reach it herself, she could look up with awe to all who had worthily won their spurs. She had never seen a live authoress, and to think that one was to be in their midst that day!

"There is not time to prepare anything new," said Miss Bradford, "but Pauline and Doris will repeat the recitations they gave us Memorial Day; Marjorie and Gladys will play their duet; Mildred will sing; and Mary Ann," with an affectionate glance at the eager little face, "will read her last composition."

Mary Ann gasped. It was an honor, but rather an appalling one, to read anything of her own before the distinguished visitor; but Mary Ann was not lacking in courage, which rose to the occasion now; and it was with trembling hands but determined spirit that, when school was dismissed, she remained behind and took from her desk the composition, to see if it could in any way be improved before the ordeal of reading it that afternoon.

But as she did so, her eyes fell again upon the blackboard, and the despised name stared her in the face.

Miss Bradford had stepped out into the corridor and was busily talking with the principal, and the little girl was alone in the room, save for one boy, a new scholar, who had come in that morning.

As she looked, the Y of Mary and the A of Ann seemed to dwindle in size, and the final N to vanish altogether. How easy it would be to change Miss Bradford's writing just a little, and then behold! The names transformed danced before her eyes in couples,

PAULINE AND DORIS.
MARGERY AND GLADYS
MILDRED AND MARIAN!

"I'll do it!" declared Mary Ann aloud.

She slipped from her seat and ran swiftly to the board. The eraser was in her hand; it rested on the Y, when a voice exclaimed,

"I say! I would n't."

Dumbfounded, Mary Ann turned to see the new boy standing beside her. He was not a handsome boy, but he had a strong face with frank brown eyes and a good chin; a face that promised well for the man he would be by and by. But Mary Ann eyed him indignantly.

"What is it to you?" she demanded, "can't I do as I please with my own?"

"Why, I suppose you can," said the boy slowly, "if—if it doesn't hurt anybody else; but somehow, with names, you know, it most always does."

Mary Ann dropped the eraser and hid her face in her hands, but she could not shut out a vision of Aunt Harriet's accusing eyes, and Grandmother Bean looking just like the portrait in the front parlor, only the face wore such a grieved and hurt expression; and worst of all, she seemed to see herself, a little four-year-old girl, led into a sick room where her father lay, and she felt his hand stroking her hair as he murmured,

"My little Mary Ann, you were named for one of the best women in the world. Try and be like her."

"O dear, O dear," she cried, looking up at the boy beside her, "You don't know, you never *can* know, how wicked that name has made me!"

"Don't I? Well, you'd better believe I *do* know. That's what made me speak. My name's—" he looked down in some confusion, grew red in the face, hesitated, then—squaring his shoulders, said bravely:

"My name's Hezekiah!"

"Oh!!" said Mary Ann.

And then, as a twinkle of amusement came into the brown eyes, the blue ones responded, and boy and girl went off into such a peal of laughter that Miss Bradford came hurrying back into the room in alarm.

Mary Ann skipped home from school quite merrily that noon. Somehow a companion in misery made the burden of her name so much lighter.

Aunt Harriet relaxed so far as to allow her small niece to wear her Sunday muslin for the great occasion. It was made to the ankles to allow for growth, and was guiltless of ruffle or furbelow of any sort, but its tint was a lovely lavender, and Mary Ann was secretly conscious that she looked uncommonly well in it. The white hair ribbons were all in evidence this afternoon, making the room look as if a flock of white doves had settled upon the heads of half its occupants. But Mary Ann, as she left the dressing-room, smoothed down the lavender muslin with satisfaction, gave her hair a savage little pull which brought down two stray locks on either side, and as she took her seat was almost content.

To tell the truth, she was a little disappointed that Miss Harrington looked so very much like any other well-bred young woman. I don't know just what she expected, but I think at least she looked for an inky forefinger and rather dishevelled hair; whereas Miss Harrington, in immaculate white from head to foot, her fluffy Pompadour in as good order as Fashion allows one to be in these days, and her slender white fingers with their manicured nails and glittering rings, was suggestive of anything but the typical bluestocking. The frank delight she took in all the efforts put forth for her entertainment showed her to be quite unspoiled, though so famous, and everything on the program was carried out remarkably

well. The Memorial Day recitations with their mingled patriotism and pathos were almost as thrilling as on the day for which they were written, and as usual caused the tender-hearted among the girls to sniff audibly, and the boys to square their shoulders and shuffle their feet uneasily under the desks to hide their feelings. The musical portion of the day's program went with unusual spirit, and Marjorie, Gladys and Mildred returned to their seats covered with glory, and the envy of all their classmates. Miss Harrington appeared pleased with all, but when Miss Bradford said,

"Now we are to listen to a composition," and the quaint little figure in the old-fashioned muslin mounted the platform, her face lighted with a new interest, and she leaned forward and listened with eyes that never left the young reader until it ended.

"The dear!" she said softly to her friend. "They were all interesting, but she is unique! May I say a word to them, Amy?"

And then, turning to the rows of expectant young faces before her, in a few appreciative words she told them how much she had enjoyed their pleasant entertainment.

"Where all who took part have done so well," she said, "perhaps it would be ungracious to praise any one especially, but I cannot refrain from telling the writer of that composition that in my judgment it was an uncommonly good one. It was well expressed, well read, and—best of all—it was original. We shall look for more some day from the pen of—of—" she glanced at the list of names on the board.

She was coming to it! She would see it,—the queer little name, so different from the others! And the owner of it shivered as she waited.

But suddenly Miss Harrington uttered an exclamation which sounded very much like one of delight, and then—to the astonishment of



the whole room—she stepped down from the platform to Mary Ann's seat, put both arms around the little girl, and exclaimed,

"Mary Ann Bean! Tell me, dear, where did you get that name?"

"It was my grandmother's," faltered Mary Ann, apologetically, as one who would say, "I did n't choose it. Please don't blame *me*."

"I knew it!" cried the young lady, delight-

edly, "and her name before she married was Mary Ann Thatcher? And she lived in the City of S— in Massachusetts? And she taught school there?"

"Yes, yes. It was. She did," said Mary Ann, nodding a wondering assent.

"And one day — perhaps you have heard the story — a fire broke out in the school-house. It was before the day of fire-drills in schools; but Miss Thatcher's room was up at the top of the building, and she — always fearful of just such a peril — had her scholars well in hand. Her coolness and presence of mind reassured the other teachers, who at first were panic stricken, and under her lead the children were all marched out safely before the fire had made much headway. All? No; one little girl who had been naughty that afternoon had been sent into an attic room to stay an hour as a punishment. In the excitement of the time she was forgotten until the others were in the street. Then the young teacher missed her; and although the men tried to hold her back, she rushed up the burning stairway, up to the attic where lay the little culprit, utterly unconscious of danger, fast asleep! Yes, they were both rescued, else you and I, Mary Ann, would not be here to-day, for the little girl was my mother. We have tried for years to find a trace of that brave teacher, for after a while she married and left S—, and her pupils knew nothing of her afterwards.

"It seems to me, Mary Ann," added the young lady, whimsically, "that you and I will just *have* to be friends. We can't escape it!"

After this exciting interruption in the exercises of the afternoon, what a change of atmosphere there was, to be sure! Before she left the school-house, Mary Ann had been invited to share a cocoanut cake with Gladys, to try Pauline's return-ball, and to take a ride with Doris in her father's new automobile the following Saturday. I am glad to say that she was very sweet and gracious towards all these friendly advances, so that we must forgive the bit of elation with which she answered Mildred's invitation to walk home with her,—

"I am to take Miss Harrington home with *me*, to call on Aunt Harriet."

When that call came to an end, Miss Harrington turned to her hostess,

"My mother must see this little girl of yours, Miss Bean, and as she is not well enough to come here, I see no other way than for Mary Ann to come to Boston and spend the Christmas vacation with us. We shall be away from the city until October. We will take very good care of her. Will you come, Mary Ann?"

Would she? Words quite failed the child to answer this lovely proposal, but she just looked up into her new friend's face with such rapturous eyes that the young lady felt her own grow dim. She glanced about her. At the good woman, who — no doubt — had done her best by the child, but who — it was plainly evident — never came near the real Mary Ann; at the well-furnished room, where a speck of dust would never be allowed to settle, nor a young creature to frolic. And she bent to kiss the child.

That evening when Mary Ann had taken her candle, said good-night, and left the room, some impulse prompted her aunt to follow her. A flicker of light came from the little-used front parlor. Miss Harriet went softly to the door, and looked in.

On the old claw-footed sofa stood Mary Ann, her candle held high in her hand. It lighted the portrait of Grandmother Bean above, and shone down on the red-gold hair and quaint little figure beneath. Suddenly, standing on tip-toe, Mary Ann gently kissed the face of the old portrait, and murmured under her breath,

"Grandmother, dear Grandmother Bean, forgive me! I'll *never* be ashamed of our name again!"

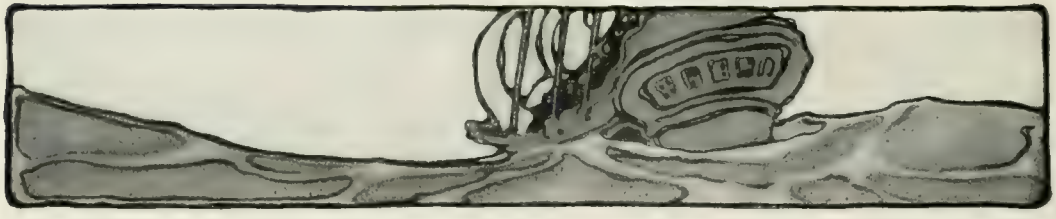


THE PIRATE

HELENA SHARPSTEEN

I WANT to be a pirate
And sail upon the Sea,
And wear a sword so no one dare
Say "do" and "don't" to me.

I want to take a hundred men
And step upon the shore,
To meet a hundred thousand there
And "leave them in their gore."





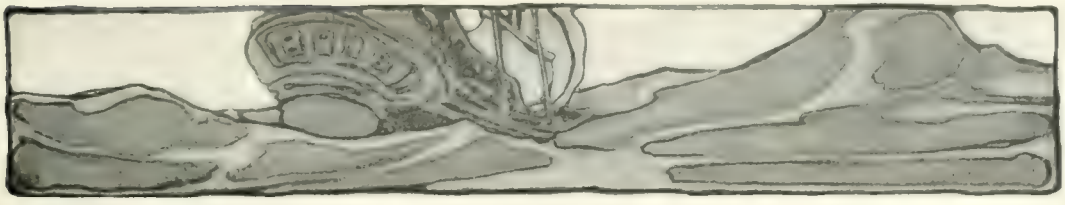


I want to find a cave of gold,
And, after fighting hard
With "might and main, set sail again"
And hide it in our yard.



I want to have a great big ship
And sail before the breeze,
'Till everyone shall say I am
The "Terror of the Seas!"

But I am sure that Captain Kydd
Would have grown up a lamb
If his mamma had been like mine
And caught him "looting" jam!



A HOME-MADE FLAG

By Hattie Vose Hall.

Pierre Michaud was learning to be an American. The busy city with its great cotton-mills, where his father had come to work, was a change indeed from the green Canadian fields where he and his sister Marie had played so happily, but he had one great pleasure,—he went to an American school, and he loved Miss Sargent, his American teacher.

Miss Sargent had to teach her little pupils to speak English as well as to read and spell, for none of them were little American children. There were François and Xavier Tetrault, who lived next to Pierre; there were Antonio and Christina Polidori, two little Italians who lived across the street; there was chubby Hans Baumgärtner, who lived around the corner; there was Rebecca Michelson, who wore scarlet ribbons on her black braids, the smartest child in Miss Sargent's room—and Miss Sargent was trying to make little American citizens of them all.

It was the day before Memorial Day. Miss Sargent was asking questions.

"Now, children," she said, "what day is to-morrow? You may answer, Xavier."

"C 'est le jour," began Xavier.

"He speaks the French," interrupted little Antonio.

"We speak English in this school," said Miss Sargent.

"You may answer, Rebecca."

"It is the day of memory," said the little Jewess.

"Yes," said her teacher, "Rebecca is right. It is the day of memory, the day when we remember the men who fought for this dear land, and those who died for their country. And what do we use to decorate with on this day of memory?"

"C 'est le drapeau!" cried Xavier again.

"Who knows in English? What is our American word for this beautiful thing we all love?"

"The flag! The flag!" cried all the children.

"Well," said Miss Sargent, "I want every one of you to-morrow to have a flag flying from your window, to show that though your fathers and mothers are Italians, or French, or German, or Russian, you respect the memory of the men who saved this country of ours, and want to grow up good American citizens. School is dismissed."

Pierre walked slowly home. He was trying to think how he could keep this memory day. He was still thinking, when his mother crept softly from the house, bringing bread and milk to the children, that they might eat on the door-step, for their father, who was ill, was asleep and must not be disturbed. Pierre looked down at his worn shoes, at Marie's faded hair-ribbon. There was no money for flags in that family; since the father had fallen ill, six weeks before, their mother had done laundry-work at home, that the children might have bread. Pierre wished he could earn a little money. But people did their own errands in the foreign quarter, and his mother would not let him go away from home. She feared the crowded, busy streets, the hurrying trolley cars, the swift automobiles. Little Marie finished her bread and milk; she did not go to school, but Pierre was teaching her to be a good American citizen too. A man carrying a small flag walked up the street.

"What is that, Marie?" cried her brother.

"C 'est l'homme," answered the child.

"Speak the English!" cried her brother.

"C 'est le man!" said Marie, laughing.

"A man with a flag," corrected her brother.

"Hello, there 's Rebecca!" Rebecca Michelson was carrying proudly a bright new flag.

"See, Pierre!" she cried, "the red, white and

blue' I shall it from my window hang. Where then is thine?"

"The money I have not," said Pierre, slowly. "Our money goes to Monsieur the doctor."

Rebecca nodded and passed along. Across the street Christina and Antonio were hanging tiny flags from their fourth story window. "Me,



"PIERRE AND MARIE SAT PROUDLY BENEATH IT."

I would not have one so small!" cried Pierre. "Marie, why can we not make (fabriquer) a flag like Rebecca's?" Marie nodded, "Oui! yes, we can. Is there not my old skirt of scarlet and thy blouse of blue?"

Memorial Day dawned clear and bright. Sergeant Eben Howe, on his way to Mount Hope, to decorate the graves of some of his comrades, with a detail of eight men, bearing wreaths and flags, stopped short before the door of the Michauds' home. Something was draped over it. It was fearfully and wonderfully made. The stripes were of different widths and very crooked, and some of the stars, made of old cotton cloth, were five-pointed and some six, and they were pasted into an irregular field of blue, but Sergeant Howe knew what it was. Pierre and Marie sat proudly beneath it, and the gay colors glowed in the morning sun.

"French Johnny's kids, boys," said Sergeant Howe. He halted his little squad. "Attention! Salute the colors!" The kind-hearted Grand Army men gravely saluted, not a smile on a single face. Pierre stood up, his face glowing.

"O, thank you!" he said. "We made it, the flag; we have not all the stars put in, there was not cloth, some are not quite straight, nor all the stripes. We are Americans, Marie and I, but we could buy no flag, my father is sick!"

"That's too bad," said the Sergeant, kindly; "you did well to make a flag."

"What do you with so many flags?" asked Pierre. Eben Howe looked at him in astonishment. Was there a child in the United States who did not know the customs of Memorial Day? Then he remembered. "That's the way we keep the day, sonny," he answered gently. "We mark all the comrades' graves with a flag and a wreath, so as to show we have n't forgotten them. We 're going to Mount Hope now,—Want to come along? You can carry some of the flags if you want to." Pierre needed no second invitation.

"Yes, go, Pierre," cried his little sister, "I of the flag will take care."

It was a long walk to Mount Hope, but to Pierre, bearing flags, the proud progress was all too short. Sergeant Howe sent him with five of the squad across the street to St. Bernard's, while the others performed their gracious errand at Mount Hope. Pierre's companions were four men with long white beards and beautiful white hair, thick and curling under the soft slouch hats, and Henry Owen, a watchman at the mill, whom he knew in his working garb, but whom the Sunday clothes, and the hat with the cord about it, and the G. A. R. button on the blue coat, seemed to transform into a different person.

The sun shone brightly on the simple crosses above the quiet sleepers, and as the old soldiers removed the frayed and faded flags which had bravely fluttered under a year's storm and sunshine, and placed the beautiful fresh colors in their stead, Pierre felt a strange pride in these men of his faith who had heard and heeded the call of duty in the hour of the nation's need. He touched the white-bearded man gently on the sleeve. "Were you with General Washington?" he asked. Nathan Talbot threw back his head with a hearty laugh, in which Owen joined, but seeing the boy's embarrassment his mirth ceased abruptly, and he answered, "No, lad, I 'm not quite old enough for that; I was with General Grant." "And I with General Sherman, 'marching through Georgia'," said Owen, proudly. The strange names held no significance for Pierre. The Civil War was "farther over in history" than Miss Sargent's little pupils had studied, and his knowledge of the Father of his Country was a recent acquisition.



"'SEE, MR. OWEN,' HE CRIED, 'FORTIER' HE WAS FRENCH, LIKE ME!"

"There, Nate, I guess we 've remembered all the Irish comrades," said Owen, as he placed his last wreath on Terence O'Brien's grave. "Poor Terence! He was fighting next to me at Gettysburg when a minie ball struck him in the head, and he never knew what hurt him."

"All these men are strangers to me,—I went from Maine," answered Talbot, "in the old Nineteenth, same regiment as Howe. We were at Gettysburg, too. There were n't many Irish with us, but there was a lot of 'em in the army, and brave fighters, too. Well, there's one Revolutionary soldier, over in the northwest corner, and then we 're through. The Daughters have just put up a tablet for him." The men led the way and Pierre followed slowly. Were all these graves of the Irish, then? Were not the

French brave? or did n't they love this so beautiful country enough to fight for it? He must ask. "Do you have here to French to your flag above? Did we never for the country fight?" he asked.

"French?" asked Talbot, turning around. "No, you folks wa'n't here then; there were French in the South. Beauregard was, but I guess we did n't have any on our side." Pierre felt himself a foreigner again. No reflected glory shone upon him. This was only the American's country, after all. Suddenly his eye caught the name upon the tablet which marked the resting-place of the solitary soldier of the Revolution. "Edouard Fortier" was the name on the shining marble. The blood rushed to Pierre's face, his pulses leaped with joy.

"See, Mr. Owen!" he cried, "Fortier! he was French, like me—O, please read the rest!

"'A soldier of the Revolution,'" read Talbot. "'Born in Paris, France, 1755; died in this city, 1815. A brave soldier of the Count de Rochambeau, he was at Yorktown at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.'" Pierre's eyes danced.

"Then we were brave, some of us French!" he cried triumphantly.

"O, yes; there were French in the Revolution," said Talbot. "Lafayette, and the Count here. Eben Howe can tell you all about it. His folks were in the War of Independence."

Howe and the others were waiting for them at the cemetery gate, and Talbot took Pierre to Howe. If the walk up had been a triumphal progress to Pierre, the walk home was ecstasy. Eben Howe was the third of the name. His grandfather, the first Ebenezer, was a "Minute man" in the Lexington Alarm; his father, Ebenezer second, was a seaman under Captain Hull, on the "Constitution," when she fought the Guerrière." He himself was the first private to enlist in his company, in the little Maine village which was his birthplace, and he served through the whole Civil War. The fourth Ebenezer was under Roosevelt at San Juan Hill, and received a word of commendation from his colonel—a fact of which his modest father was more proud than of all his own faithful service.

Howe was a quiet man, and a great reader of history, and the story he told little Pierre on the long walk home of Lafayette and de Rochambeau, of the French troops, and the French money and sympathy, all so freely furnished, made the child supremely happy. "I don't really think the war would have ended when it did," said Howe, in conclusion; "at least we could n't have taken Yorktown without Rochambeau on land, and DeGrasse and DeBarras and their fleets in the Chesapeake. And we Americans owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the French, and we must n't forget it, for they helped make our country free." They had reached the Michauds' home, and Pierre held out his hand to Sergeant Howe with a grateful smile.

"Thank you," he said simply, "if my people helped to free it, it my country is also, and if it ever needs me I will fight, moi, aussi!"

Little Marie was sitting happily playing with her doll, on the step beneath the gay flag. Across the street fluttered the little flags from the Italian tenement house. The Sergeant looked again at the pathetic product of unskilled little fingers, then at the bright face by his side. "Run into the house," he said, "and tell your mother I'm coming in to see her." Pierre obeyed, and Howe turned to the men behind him: "Boys," he said, "it always seems as if these colors were ours—just ours. But when little French children think enough of the flag to make one, it shows us it 's theirs, too. And lads like this one are going to love it, and defend it, if there 's need. Let 's help him along a bit. They 're poor, and his father 's sick."

"Right you are," said Henry Owen. "I 'm glad to help John, he's a good fellow, down on his luck."

"I rather guess we all want to help," said Nathan Talbot. When Howe turned over his collection to Mrs. Michaud, the little Frenchwoman looked the gratitude she could not express. And as Howe joined his comrades they all raised their hats again in salute to the two happy little children under the home-made flag.

When Miss Sargent asked her little pupils how many displayed a flag on Memorial Day, no hand went up more proudly than Pierre Michaud's.

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

By Ralph Henry Barbour.

Chapter XVI.

A DEFEAT, A VICTORY AND A CHALLENGE.

It 's a peculiar fact that no matter how glad a chap may be to get home he 's equally delighted to get back to school. At least, that 's the way with most fellows, and it was the way with Roy. Vacation seemed over almost before it had begun, and then, one bright, snowy January morning, when the new year was but a few days old, he woke up to find himself snuggled under the yellow comforter that adorned his bed in the Senior Dormitory. And before he could gather courage to slip even one foot out into the cold there was a rush on the stairs and Chub, all blue pajamas and grins, was on him like a small tornado, had thrown the coverings in all directions and had dragged him out upon the unsympathetic floor. Jack bore down to see justice done, and Tom Forrest, holding a bath robe about him, paused on his way back from the wash-room to watch and give encouragement. Roy and Chub had it out on the next bed, and Chub eventually begged for mercy from beneath a feather pillow. And subsequently they dashed down stairs together and reached the dining room just on the nick of time, feeling like hungry colts.

Yes, it was mighty good to be back again, even though mid-winter exams were due in a few days. Roy had missed Chub and Jack and the others, and even his brother's breathless narrative of the Yale-Harvard game from the point of view of a Crimson right-tackle who had become next year's captain had n't seemed half so wonderful as it would have a year before. Chub's slangy letter regarding the outlook for the Ferry Hill Hockey Team had been much more interesting.

The rink was flooded that afternoon, a round two dozen boys working with a will at the pump which drew water from the river and ran it through an iron pipe into the enclosure. It was a cold day — the thermometer read eight degrees above at four o'clock — and although the river was frozen only along the banks and out near Fox Island, there was no doubt but that they would have a nice sheet of ice for the morrow's practice. Chub borrowed a thermometer from the kitchen window — without telling any one about it — and hung it outside his own casement. Sid solemnly affirmed that Chub was leaning out of the window reading the thermometer by moonlight every time he woke up. And as Chub observed scathingly that Sid was never known to wake up from the time he went to sleep until he was pulled on to the floor in the morning, Sid's statement doubtless held some truth.

Chub was at Roy's bedside the next morning long before the rising bell had rung. As he had no business there at that time he moved and spoke very cautiously.

"It' s four below, Roy!" he whispered.

"Huh?" asked Roy, sleepily.

"It 's four below zero, you lazy chump!"

"Who? What?"

"The thermometer! What did you think I was talking about?"

"Thought you might mean the dormitory," answered Roy, now thoroughly awake, drawing the bed clothes closer about him and shivering.

"Pshaw, you 're not cold! Come on, get up!"

"Bell rung?"

"No, but it will in a minute."

"Then you 'd better sneak out of here before Cobb sees you. There 's Ferris got his eye on you now."

"If he tells on me I 'll break his neck—tie," answered Chub from between chattering teeth. "What time is practice?"

"Four o'clock."

"All right. Guess I 'll sneak back. I 'm going to play cover-point, eh?"

"Yes, I guess so — as long as you last."

Then he dived under the clothes for protection.

That afternoon the hockey team got down to real business. It was rather confused business, to be sure, for many of the two-dozen candidates had never played the game before, and some few of them were none too sure on their feet, or, rather, skates. But Mr. Cobb was on hand, and Roy explained and instructed, too, and soon some order grew out of chaos.

After that every week-day afternoon saw the candidates at work on the rink, save once or twice, when thaws softened the ice. Hockey took hold of the school with a vim, and those who were not entitled to use the rink secured sticks and pucks and went at it on the river. At the end of two weeks of practice a first and a second team had been chosen and games between them occurred daily. Three candidates dropped out; the others, not of first choice, were retained as substitutes and always got into the game for a short while at least. Meanwhile Roy's temporary captaincy had been made permanent by unanimous vote, Jack had been elected Manager and Chub Treasurer. A challenge was drawn up and delivered to Hammond Academy, was accepted and three games were arranged to settle the ice hockey supremacy. The first was scheduled for January 20th, and although a thaw had set in the evening before and made the skating surface far from perfect, the contest came off at three o'clock on the date set.

The team which started the game for Ferry Hill was made up of Rogers, right end, Warren, right center, Kirby, left center, Porter, left end, Eaton, cover-point, Bacon, point, Hadden, goal. But almost all of the substitutes had their chances before the game was over. Roy, Warren and Chub played finely, and Hadden, considering the fact that he had never before played goal in a hockey game, did excellent work and stopped some difficult shots. But Hammond's players were all experienced and the result was not long in doubt. Ferry Hill really deserved commendation for keeping Hammond's score down to eight and for getting two goals herself, the latter in the last period of play. There were many faults to correct and that game served an excellent purpose if it did no more than show up the weak places on the Ferry Hill team. The stick-work was still pretty ragged, the forwards let their overeagerness get them into many an off-side play, they failed to follow up as they should have, and Bacon, at point, continually allowed himself to be drawn out of his position. But every fellow played hard and the faults were all such as could be largely remedied in subsequent practice.

A few days later a challenge to play a game with Prentice Military Academy on the latter's rink came by telephone and Jack accepted. The team, attended by fully two-thirds of the school, journeyed down to Prentice the following Saturday afternoon and won its first game by a score of 6 to 4. This sounds better than it really was, for Prentice could n't boast of a very strong team. However, the result of the game encouraged Ferry Hill, and the fellows went to work again on Monday afternoon with redoubled vigor. Jack Rogers, who had not been playing as well as he was capable of, found himself about this time and developed rapidly into a hard, fast forward, passing brilliantly and making an excellent team-mate for Warren, who, next to Roy, was the best member of the team. By the time the second Hammond game arrived many of the more glaring faults had been eliminated. Bacon had fallen back to substitute, his place at point having been won by Gallup.

Ferry Hill crossed to Hammond that afternoon for the second game of the series, resolved to even things up by winning one contest at least of the three. And, in spite of the fact that she was on unfamiliar ice, and that the cheers of Ferry Hill's handful of supporters were quite drowned out by the throng of Hammondites, she succeeded. The first half ended with the score 3 to 1 in favor of the Cherry and Black, after Ferry Hill had played on the defensive almost every minute of the time. But in the last period Ferry Hill took a brace, got the puck away from her opponent a few minutes after play began and scored her second goal. She followed this less than two minutes later with a third, so tying the score. After that play was fast and furious. Ferry Hill forced it hard.

The next try-at-goal was by Hammond, and although it looked as though the puck entered the cage and bounded out, the goal was not allowed. Hammond had a good deal to say about that and play came to a standstill for several minutes. But the referee, a gentleman of their own choosing, held to his decision. But even had that goal been awarded to Hammond the game would still have gone to Ferry Hill, for Jack Rogers and Warren, playing together like veterans, took the puck down the rink when play was resumed and shot a goal that could n't be questioned. That goal was Jack's second. Hammond made it interesting for the Brown and White after that, making try after try, but Hadden stopped everything that reached him. With only a very few minutes to play Kirby stole the rubber from a Hammond forward, passed it to Roy across the rink and followed up in time to receive it back again near the center. He lost it for an instant, recovered it, shot it against the boards ahead of Roy, who found it as it carromed away, checked the Hammond point and gave Roy a clean chance at the cage. Roy took the chance and lifted the puck past goal's knees. There was no more scoring and 5 to 3 were the final figures. Ferry Hill went home very well pleased with herself, and no one received more praise than Hadden, whose steady, brilliant work at the goal had contributed more than anything else to the victory.

The final game of the series was not due until two weeks later and during those two weeks Ferry Hill worked like Trojans. But before that final contest was decided Ferry Hill and Hammond had again met on the ice and tried conclusions, and although there was no hockey in this contest it was quite as exciting while it lasted. It came about in this way :

Hammond's right-end and captain was a big yellow-haired chap named Schonberg, a brilliant player and a wonderful skater if the tales one heard of him were true. Possibly the fact that in the recent game Roy, who opposed him, had outplayed him, wounded his vanity. At all events, a few days after the game, Horace Burlen approached Jack Rogers one morning with an open letter in his hand and a frown on his brow showing evident anxiety.

" Look at this thing from Hammond, will you, Jack ? " he said. " They 've challenged us to a skating race on the river. Any time and any distance we like, they say ; hang their cheek ! "

Jack stopped and read the letter.

" Well, I guess they 've got us there," he said. " I don't know of any fellow who would stand the ghost of a chance against that fellow Schonberg."

" Well, I hate to refuse," replied Horace importantly. " It seems to me we ought to accept the challenge even if we get beaten."

" I suppose we ought," said Jack, " but you'll find it pretty hard to find a fellow willing to try conclusions with Schonberg."

" I 'd try it myself," said Horace, carelessly, " but I 'm terribly out of practice ; have n't been on the ice more than two or three times this winter."

" You be blowed ! " answered Jack, impolitely. " Why Schonberg would leave you standing still ! Me, too, for that matter. I 'll talk the thing over with Roy Porter."

" Think he would stand any show ? " asked Horace.

" Roy ? I don't know. He 's a pretty good skater on the rink, but I don't know what he can do at any distance."

" Well, if he likes to try, he may," said Horace magnanimously.

" I 'll tell him so," replied Jack, dryly. " You need n't send any answer for a day or so, and meanwhile we 'll see what can be done. It seems too bad not even to try ; I 'd hate to have Hammond think we were afraid of her or that we were n't willing to risk a defeat. Yes, I 'll speak to Roy and see what he suggests."

" Well, of course you understand," said Horace," that the matter is in my charge. If you can find anyone, all right ; only you 'd better let me know about it before you call the thing decided ; I might not approve of the fellow."

" Oh, that 's all right. Maybe, after all, you 'd better find a chap yourself. I 'm rather busy just now with exams—"

" No, you go ahead," interrupted Horace, quickly. " What I was trying to get at was—Well, you understand, Jack; Porter does n't like me, you know, and I don't know what he

might do; you spoke of consulting him, you know."

"Well, if we find any fellow he'll probably be one of the hockey men, and, since Roy's the captain, it seems to me—"

"Oh, all right. You see what we can do."

Half an hour later Jack was talking it over with Roy.

"I don't know what you can do at racing," he said, "but if you think you'd make any sort of a showing, I think you ought to try. But you can do as you like."



"I wouldn't stand any chance with that Dutchman," answered Roy, "but if you can't find anyone else I'll race him. I don't mind being beaten."

So the matter stood for the rest of the day, in fact until the next forenoon. Then Roy was paying a call on the menagerie between examinations at the invitation of Harry, who had just become the very proud possessor of a litter of three Angora kittens. Roy's advice was wanted in the delicate matter of deciding which one of the three was to be kept and which two were to be given away to friends at Miss Cutler's. That momentous question decided and the attractive points of the three little bunches of fur having been set forth by Harry, Roy made the rounds of the "cages," as he called the various boxes and receptacles which held the pets. Methuselah had long ago recovered the full use of his voice and was willing to prove the fact on any occasion. He had become quite attached to Roy and would sit on the edge of his box with eyes closed in seraphic bliss as long as Roy would scratch his head. To-day he talked incessantly from the time they entered the "winter quarters," which was an old harness room in a corner of the smaller stable, until they left to walk back over the ice-crusted boards to School Hall. It was during that walk that Roy chanced to tell of Hammond's challenge. Harry was intensely "patriotic" and the situation worried her for several minutes.

"There is n't a boy here that can skate," she said, scornfully. "They 're all duffers. Unless—" she shot a glance at Roy—"unless you can?"

"Not much," answered her companion. "I can work around a rink all right enough, but I never skated in a race in my life."

"Then we 'll be beaten," said Harry, dolefully. "And I hate that Iceberg boy."

"Schonberg," corrected Roy laughingly.

"Well, some kind of an old berg. I wish—" Harry paused and walked for a minute in silence. Then she turned with sparkling eyes. "I know!" she cried.

"What do you know?"

"There's just one—person here that would stand any chance with Iceberg."

"Who is he?"

"It isn't a he," answered Harry, mysteriously.

"Not a he? Then who — what —?"

"It 's me, stupid!"

"You? But —!"

"Now don't you go and make a lot of objections," cried Harry. "I know I 'm not a boy, but I belong to the school—and I can skate; you ask any of the boys; ask Chub or Jack—or Horace. So it 's all settled. All you 've got to do is to write and tell Hammond that we 'll race them any afternoon that the ice will bear. But you need n't say it 's me, you know. See? Tell them we have n't decided yet—No, that would n't be the truth, would it, for we have decided; at least, I have. Just tell them that—that we 'll race them, and don't say anything more."

"That 's great," laughed Roy, "and if Jack — and Horace — are willing, I am. And I hope you 'll beat him, Harry. How far do you want to race? They said any distance."

"Then we 'll decide that when the time comes," answered Harry. "Maybe a mile, maybe a quarter; we 'll see how the ice is, and the wind and all that. And you 'd better arrange it for a week from to-day, and I'll just practice up all I can. That 's all settled then, is n't it?"

"It certainly sounds so," laughed Roy. "And," he added as the clock in School Hall tower rang eleven, "I wish you 'd settle my Latin exam as easily!"

CHAPTER XVII.

JUST FOR THE SCHOOL.

THERE was a stiff, biting wind blowing straight down the river, nipping the fingers and toes of the crowd about the landing and whirling away the smoke from the chimney of the boat house. Overhead, the winter sky was leaden and sullen clouds were driving southward. Underfoot the ice rang hard as steel, and save for a space in mid-river, was as smooth as a mirror. It was well on toward four o'clock and already the shadows along the banks hinted of coming night. Hammond and Ferry Hill were hobnobbing about the boat house stove or out on the ice in front of the landing. The terms of the race had been arranged and the big, yellow-haired Schonberg was idly cutting figures in and out of the group to keep himself warm. The race was to be a half-mile long, starting here at the Ferry Hill landing, crossing as straight as a strip of weak ice would permit to a point on the Hammond side of the river and returning again to the landing, finishing at a mark indicated by an empty nail keg and a broken soap box set some twenty yards from shore. All that remained of the preliminaries was for Ferry Hill to produce her entry. Mr. Cobb, who was to act as starter, timer, judge and everything else of an official sort, looked at his watch and announced that it was time to start. Schonberg stopped his capers, removed his sweater and skated to the mark, looking about with pardonable curiosity for a sight of his adversary. Just then Horace and also Harry, who had kept on her sweater, emerged from the throng and joined him.

"This is Mr. Schonberg, Harry," said Horace. "Schonberg, my cousin, Miss Emery."

Harry bowed gravely in her best society manner and Schonberg made a futile grab at his knit cap.

"Happy to meet you," he muttered. Then, possibly for want of something better to say, he turned to Horace and asked:

"When are you chaps going to be ready?"

"We 're ready now," answered Horace soberly. Schonberg looked about him. The crowd had surrounded the mark by this time and Mr. Cobb had his watch in hand.

"Where 's your man, Burlen?" asked Custis, Hammond's senior class president.

"Right here," answered Horace, indicating Harry. "Miss Emery is our man."

Hammond howled with laughter. Harry's cheeks reddened and her eyes flashed.

"You 're joking, are n't you?" asked Custis.

"Not at all," replied Horace impatiently.

"But, I say Burlen, that's poppycock, you know! We did n't challenge a girl's school!"

"That's all right," said Burlen. "We said we 'd race you, and we will. Miss Emery is Doctor Emery's daughter and she belongs to the school just as much as any of us. If you 're afraid to race her —"

"Don't be a fool! Of course we 're not afraid, but — but it's such nonsense!"

"Course it is," broke in Schonberg. "I did n't come over here to race a girl!"

"Then you should n't have agreed to our terms," answered Jack, joining the discussion. "We told you plainly in our letter that we would race you if you 'd allow us to name our entry any time before the race. We 've decided and there she is. If you have any idea, Schonberg, that you 've got an easy thing — well, just try it. Miss Emery 's our best skater, and she 's so good that we 're not ashamed to acknowledge it. And as we knew that Schonberg, was an A1 skater we thought our best would n't be any too good."

"Oh, all right," said Custis, with a shrug of his shoulders, "if you insist I guess we 're willing."

"I 'm not," said Schonberg, "I won't race a girl."

And Schonberg held out for many minutes and had to be argued with, and coaxed by, half the Hammond contingent. But finally he yielded, though with ill grace, and took his place at the mark.

"All right," he said, "I 'm ready."

Harry took her place a yard away, the throng pushed back and Mr. Cobb drew out his starting pistol. Those of the boys who were on skates, and most of them were, prepared to follow the contestants.

Harry wore a brown sweater and a short grey skirt. Her skating boots were securely fastened to a pair of long-bladed racing skates. Her head was bare and the wind blew her red tresses about her face as she awaited the signal. There was a little spot of intense color in each cheek and her blue eyes flashed venomously when Schonberg turned to glance at her half contemptuously. If she had needed any incentive to do her level best within the next few minutes Schonberg's pronunciation of the word "girl" had supplied it. Harry was insulted and indignant, and Roy, watching her from a little distance, guessed something of her feelings and took hope. No one really expected Harry to win. That a fourteen-year-old girl should beat a seventeen-year-old boy was out of the question. Schonberg, too, was known to be as good a skater as Hammond had had for many years. But every fellow had implicit faith in Harry and knew that she would give the Hammond skater as hard a race as he had ever had. Mr. Cobb raised his pistol.

"On your mark! Get ready! Set!"

Then the pistol spoke sharply on the winter air and the two contestants, the brown sweater and the red jersey, shot ahead in a mad scramble. The throng followed and for a moment the ring of steel on the hard ice was the only sound. Then the racers, having found their paces, settled down to work. They were side by side, a bare three yards dividing them. Just behind them skated the foremost of the spectators, Roy and Warren and Jack leading. If Schonberg had entertained any idea of having the race to himself he was disillusioned during the first fifty yards. Once he threw a glance at the girl. After that he settled down to work and wasted no time. He skated wonderfully well and even the throng of Ferry Hill boys behind could not but envy him his speed and grace. Body well over, legs gliding back and forth from the hips, head up and arms kept rather close in, Schonberg fairly flew over the ice.

And beside him sped Harry.

Harry was not the accomplished skater that her rival was. She was graceful and she had speed, but she showed far more effort than did the Hammond boy, her strides being shorter and her little brown-clad arms swinging back and forth like bits of machinery. Half way across it became necessary to hold well to the

right to avoid the patch of weak ice, but Harry was the last to leave the straight course and Schonberg had to either spurt ahead of her and bear up-river or fall behind. He chose the latter alternative, eased his pace a moment, shot behind her and made for the lowest point of safe ice. For a moment longer Harry clung to her straight course. Then she swung up stream a trifle and followed him a yard behind, seemingly paying but little heed to the streaks of snow-ice ahead.



"SCHONBERG MADE A LAST DESPAIRING EFFORT WHEN TWENTY FEET FROM THE LINE."

Schonberg rounded the danger point and made straight for the farther bank where the limb of a black birch had been placed a few yards from shore to serve as a turning mark. Harry had lost ground during the last few moments, in spite of the fact that she had held closer to the direct course between shore and shore, and was now fully twenty feet behind. Few of the audience went beyond mid-stream, but stopped there and watched the racers reach the farther mark, swing around inside of it and turn back across the river. From where Roy and Jack stood it looked as though Harry had made up a little of her lost ground, but it was hard to tell at that distance.

"He will simply skate away from her coming back," said Jack.

"She 's making a dandy race, though," Roy responded. I did n 't think she 'd do as well as she has, did you ?"

"Yes, but I 've seen Harry skate before this. Gee! Just look at the way that Dutchman is coming!"

Already Schonberg was half way across to them, heading for where they stood at the up-stream end of the snow-ice. Behind him, how far behind it was difficult to determine, came Harry, a brown and grey spot in the deepening twilight. Jack and Roy turned and followed the others slowly back toward the finish. When next they looked around Schonberg was almost up to them and Harry —

"Where the dickens is she ?" cried Roy.

"There," answered Jack, pointing, "What's she up to ? She can 't be going to try that weak ice!"

But plainly she was. Not one foot from the direct line between turning point and finish did Harry swerve. Schonberg was well up-stream from her, but no nearer the finish, for he had gone out of his way to avoid the weak ice. Roy shouted a warning and Jack waved wildly, but Harry, if she saw, paid no heed. Straight onward she came, her skates fairly twinkling over the ice, her little body swaying from side to side. Then, before any of the watchers could even turn back to head her off, she was skimming over the white streaks of soft snow-ice.

Roy and Jack and one or two others sped down-stream toward her. Roy strove to remember what it was best to do when folks went through the ice and wondered where there was a rope or a plank. Once his heart stood still for an instant, for Harry had stumbled and nearly fallen. But she found her pace again almost instantly and came on, skirting a black pool of open water. She was gaining on Schonberg at every ring of her skates, and that youth, who had now discovered her tactics, was making for the finish with all his might. Before Roy or Jack had reached the margin of the dangerous stretch Harry had left it behind her and was once more on hard ice. As she swept past at a little distance she glanced up and smiled triumphantly.

"Go on, Harry!" they cried in unison, and turned and sped after her.

She had gained many yards over Schonberg and as their converging paths brought them nearer and nearer together this gain became apparent. Roy and Jack skated as hard as they could go, and, being untired, were close up behind Harry when the finish line was a bare fifty feet away. Almost beside them came Schonberg, his head down and every muscle tense with his efforts to reach the line ahead of his adversary. But he was a good six yards to the bad. Hammond and Ferry Hill filled the twilight with their clamor and the wooded bank threw back the frantic cries of "Come on, Schon!" "Go it, Harry!" "Skate! Skate!"

And skate they did, the cherry-red jersey and the brown sweater. Schonberg made a last despairing effort when twenty feet from the line and fairly ate up the ice, but even as he did so Harry brought her feet together, pulled herself erect and slid over the finish three yards ahead, beating her adversary, as Chub said, "in a walk!"

The throngs surrounded the racers, and Harry, flushed of face, panting and laughing, was applauded and congratulated until the din was deafening. Then Schonberg pushed his way through the ranks of her admirers, his red face smiling stiffly. He held out his hand to Harry and removed his red cap.

"You 're a bully skater, Miss Emery," he said, "but I guess you would n't have won if you had n't taken a short cut."

"No, I would n't," answered Harry, with the magnanimity of the conqueror. "You 'd have beaten me easily."

Schonberg's smile became more amiable.

"Anyway, I can beat any of the fellows here," he said, recovering some degree of self-sufficiency. And no one contradicted him. "You took big risks when you came across that rotten ice," he went on. "I would n't have tried that for a thousand dollars!"

"You would n't?" asked Harry, opening her blue eyes very wide. "Why, I 'd do it any day — and just for the School!"

PUZZLING.

By Caroline Mischka Roberts.

"It 's odd," said Joe, "When Tom comes here,
We play what he likes best
'Cause Mother says I must consult
The wishes of my guest."

"Yet when I visit Tom, and plan
To play what I like most,
Then Mother says I must give in
To Tom, 'cause he 's my host!"



THE INVENTION OF SOAP BUBBLES.

By Grace Litchfield Jacobs.

It was the most beautiful land imaginable, for the sky was blue with cloudlets sprinkled here and there in snowy heaps; and the flowers never faded, but were always fresh, bright, and fragrant.

It seemed only natural, therefore, that when a wee princess was born to the good King, she should resemble a sweet tiny flower, with her sunny brown hair and great blue eyes softly fringed with long, dark lashes. They called her Pansy, and from her birth the dear little Princess gave no one any trouble, nor caused any disturbance in the royal house.

Now her father's kingdom was a large one, and difficult to manage; for in those days the age had come when people began to make inventions, bringing them to the King to earn money and make themselves famous; but their ruler was not always willing to hear them and grant requests made to him by foolish people who knew not how to invent something which would be of use in the world. For one particular invention, however, the King paid a large sum, and that one was a pipe. Now the King began to like smoking, and the rest of his subjects quickly following his example, the country soon embraced this new diversion.

The little Princess was, of course, very much interested in the invention, as the King kept her with him most of the time, and Pansy liked nothing better than to be allowed to enter his private study, there to examine with curiosity the pipes which fairly lined its walls,—pipes of wood and clay, and others with amber mouthpieces, or silver and gold handles; however, her own little play pipe pleased our Princess best of all. It was a very plain little one of clay, with only the moulded figure of a fairy on the bowl, but it was so clean and white and pretty that she had begged her father to let her keep it.

One day the Princess was being washed, for even princesses can get dirty after a morning's romp, and, after her little hands had been dried, she dabbled the pipe around in the soapy water. "I can smoke like daddy," cried the child, laughing gaily as she raised the pipe to her lips and blew through the hollow handle. To her surprise there came from the mouth of the bowl a beautiful filmy ball, through which gleamed colored lights, and showed a distinct reflection of the room, the window, the garden beyond, and the wondering face of little Pansy, as she blew and blew; while the bubble grew larger and larger, so soft and quivering with the air's slightest motion, so beautifully round and trans-

parent, that the Princess, in her delight and surprise, took the pipe from her mouth, laughing aloud with glee. But her smiles changed to tears, as a moment after the soap-bubble, rising and floating gently in the air before her, suddenly vanished away.



Never before had Pansy or her attendants seen a ball of water filled with air. The little Princess, in her disappointment at its loss, began to weep loudly. Her sobs, which no one could stop, brought the King from his council-chamber across the open court-yard; and, raising his little daughter to his knee, her father tried to quiet the child. Could he not, and would he not, give her anything she might desire? Finally the royal nurse prepared some soapy water, dipped in the fairy pipe, and blew once more. Again that soft, enchanting nothing appeared, and, waving to and fro again vanished as a puff of wind came through the open casement from the balmy air outside. Before the little Princess had time to cry out once more, the King fol-

lowed the maid's example to please his little daughter, and Pansy, finding it as easy to blow her bubbles as to weep over their strange disappearance, dried her eyes and, pushing back her curls, ran out into the garden with her dear plaything. For hours she blew and tossed the bubbles up into the sunlit air, delighting in their graceful, swaying motions, and their bright colors, as they reflected grass and flowers in beautiful harmony.

Tired, as evening came on, our little Princess ordered her supper to be spread in a rustic summer-house near by; and, lying down to wait for the maid's return, she rested her head on her small, plump arms, and gazed up at the blue sky above, then lighted with faint sunset colors of the west. She was tired out with the day's playing, and her new amusement; and, laying her precious pipe beside her on the grass, the little Princess fell asleep. Softly rustled the branches near, swaying in the light wind, and all was quiet, peaceful, and still, as the Princess slept on.

When she awoke it was no longer evening, and the bright sun shone over a beautiful meadow at the edge of a small wood. Pansy rubbed her eyes and smiled, sitting up to look about and admire the silvery streamlet running along not far off. Her next thought was for the pipe, and, turning, she beheld it lying on the grass, and still full of soapy water as she had laid it down. Thinking of her new discovery, Pansy raised it to her lips, and, as she blew gently, it seemed to the child that of all her bubbles this was the brightest, biggest, and best. All at once the bubble shook violently, till it almost broke, and through the mouth of the pipe appeared a tiny thread of gray, almost like a twig. It grew larger and formed itself into a slender figure clad in pink and silvery draperies that fell in graceful folds about the tiny form. The Princess, gazing in her bewilderment, caught her breath in a little gasp. It looked so like the fairy of the pipe which she had always admired and caressed so much. Could it be?

And then she realized that that other wee form had gone, vanished from the outside, and reappeared in the swaying bubble. It was the fairy! She waved her arms above her head as if imploring release, and Pansy, drawing the pipe, tossed the bubble off into the air. As she watched it, amazed and almost frightened, it rose slowly, swung aloft a moment, and then broke into glittering drops of spray, while the lovely fairy, spreading her silvery wings, flew straight to Pansy's side. As the shining drops of water struck the green grass of the meadow, there sprang up a hundred tiny forms like the other fairy, and joining hands they tripped to and fro before the Princess, who could not talk for her delight.

Then the dainty Queen by the child's side spoke: "Little daughter of the King, thou art not, as I see thou dost think, in the true fairy-land. This country is a land of soap-bubbles. Every bubble, though it seem to fall and vanish, is drawn up into the clouds and there preserved with every tint it first showed thee in the Palace Garden. Wilt come with me, Pansy, and see those which for thy pleasure we have already captured in our Palace of the Sky?"

As the child nodded, the Queen picked a tiny bluebell growing near, and, on her waving it, it gave forth a gay, ringing sound, at which a flock of butterflies flew up to them, and lit upon the ground. Lifting the Princess—who had grown very tiny while the fairy was talking—to the back of a gaudy black and yellow creature, the Queen herself mounted its mate, and away they flew, up, up into the air.

"Dear Fairy," cried Pansy, in her sweet little voice, "where are you taking me to? Where is your palace and the bubbles you have promised that I shall see?"

"Look ahead of thee at that bank of snow-white clouds, my Princess," called back the Queen, pointing before her with the bluebell she still held. "Doth it not resemble, as we draw nearer, a domed palace with many turrets?"

And as they approached, Pansy could see she spoke truly. The great transparent palace rose stately and beautiful, surrounded by rose-colored clouds of mist. As they left the butterflies and entered the vast portal, Pansy exclaimed in surprise, "It is a soap-bubble! It is certainly all a soap-bubble! How beautiful it is!" And she was right; from the topmost dome all the sun's brilliant rays sent misty tints of pink, blue, and yellow throughout the great room, which now appeared as the centre of a vast soap-bubble,

with no outlet. Hanging from the dome by filmy golden cords were all the beautiful bubbles blown from the fairy pipe. The places where they had been blown were also pictured on them. The Princess saw herself reflected,

"And will all the rest that I blow be brought here?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the Queen, "every one; for the Palace will grow larger if it cannot hold them all."



"FOR BOUNCE HE BLEW AND TOSSED THE BUBBLES UP IN TO THE SUNLIT AIR."

"IT GREW LARGER UNTIL IT ENCLOSED ITSELF IN TO A SILVERY GLOBE AND FLOATED IN THE AIR."

"HANGING FROM THE DOME BY FILMY GOLDEN CORDS WERE THE BEAUTIFUL BUBBLES"

sitting on the King's knee, while he blew and the maid held the basin of water near by. There were scenes from the garden,—her dog chasing the snow-white rabbit; her parrot perched on his swing with open beak, as if screaming loudly. Pansy laughed a delighted little laugh.

"And may I touch one—only one?"

"Ah, no," answered her companion quickly. "If thou, an earthly Princess, shouldst even by accident, touch one of these fairy things, thou wouldst destroy them utterly. Shouldst wish to visit us again, dear Pansy, or see the Bubble

Palace, gaze from thy casement in the castle at a bank of clouds like this. Perhaps, if thou think'st strongly on what thou 'st seen in our cloudland, thou wilt perchance get another view of our palace, or see me wave my hand to thee, which I will surely do. Come, my Princess, I have one other wonder which thou must see; be on thy guard, and touch no fairy thing."



"FOR MORE THAN A MONTH AFTER THAT SHE USED TO STAND AT HER ROSE-TWINED CASEMENT."

So speaking, the Queen led the way to one side; the great portal opened; and they passed through. But as she hurried after the fairy, the Princess slipped, and, falling, struck the threshold of the Bubble Palace, which on the instant vanished away.

Pansy, with a frightened cry, stumbled to her feet and gazed about her in dismay. What met her eyes was a daintily spread table, and her nurse and maid sitting at the other side of the rustic summer-house, which she had left so long —long ago. Or was it so long? And what had come between? All, her playing—and the pipe —and the dream—and then of a sudden little Princess Pansy began to weep. The kind nurse hurried forward, catching the child in her arms with fond caresses. Still she cried: "They have gone, they have gone—all the pretty fairies —all my bubbles—I shall never, never see them any more!"

When her father took her in his arms that evening, as he came to say good-night to the little Princess, he sternly forbade the nurses to laugh at the child's dream, which she believed had really happened.

"Perhaps it was a fairy, after all, my pretty Pansy, who put the idea into your little head. You, at least, my wee daughter, have made an invention of your own, more beautiful than any other I have heard of or seen," and the good King, kissing her tenderly, laid Pansy back in her little white bed in the royal nursery.

But the Princess was not satisfied; and for more than a month after, she used to stand at her rose-twined casement, looking off at the sky where the little clouds chased each other across its blueness, or piled themselves in snowy heaps. Sometimes she used to fancy that she saw the great shining dome of the Bubble Palace among them, or that a hand waved to her from the battlements; but when she turned her eyes away for a minute, to shade them from the sun's bright rays, and then looked back again, the palace in the sky, or what she had thought resembled it, would be only a white mass of floating clouds, and she would turn away from the window with a sigh of disappointment.

However, as the Princess grew older and began to study and read her books, the dream faded from her memory; but the pipe with the fairy figure on its handle has been preserved by her children, and, though I have never been so lucky as to see it, I feel sure of its existence, and that some day the fairy, spreading her wings, will fly away—up into the eternal blue, and show the way to the famous Bubble Palace in the clouds, visited in her childhood by the little Princess Pansy.

A BUBBLE-SONG.

I'LL make the soapsuds clear and strong;
And blow the bubbles, one by one;
Then we 'll sing our bubble-song —
Such a merry, foolish one.

We babble of bubbles like this, you know:
Bibbety-bobble the bubbles go;
Bubbling light,
Bubbling bright,
Bubbling bubbles blow.

Bubbles sparkling gay and fair;
Bubbles tossing in the air!
See them dance and float along,
As we sing our bubble-song.

Carolyn Wells.



ONE OF THE TRIALS OF BEING THE ELDER BROTHER.

LITTLE JIMMIE: "Say, Ned, mama says you can't go fishing with the boys unless you take me along."

A TRUE STORY.

By Katharine Clarke.

How many of the readers of this story have ever owned a Newfoundland dog?

I know of no more faithful animal.

My youngest brother and the dog who is the hero of my story were born on the same day. For this reason, the little puppy was presented to my brother when both were a year old.

At that time my father lived in a very large, old-fashioned house in a small Canadian town.

The place was originally settled by retired British officers who, having brought their families over from England, were living in and around the town, making a delightful social circle within so small a community.

The surrounding country was mostly farm land, the farmers cultivating the soil principally for pasturage, each man owning many head of cattle and numbers of sheep.

Constant complaints were being made by these farmers that the dogs of the town were worrying their cattle, but little attention was given to their complaints until, one day, a farmer whom my father held in high esteem came to tell him that our "Rover," who had now grown from a puppy to a very large, beautiful animal, had killed several of his sheep.

Sorry as my father was to hear this, he did not for one moment believe that Rover was really the culprit.

After some conversation with the farmer, the matter was settled by my father paying him the value of the sheep that had been killed, and promising to keep a strict watch over Rover's movements.

My brother and I were very indignant when told of the accusation; for, loving our dog as we did, we felt him to be quite incapable of such a deed.

The trouble was soon forgotten, however; and in our rambles through the woods the dog was always with us. Indeed, we were almost never seen abroad without him. My father always had a feeling of safety when Rover went along, especially as the shore of the Otonabee River, which flowed by the lower part of our large garden, was our favorite playground.

Rover was a splendid swimmer, and had any accident befallen either my brother or myself, he would have proved himself quite as useful as any human being.

One of his peculiarities may be worth recording, although it has really nothing to do with my story. On every week-day, as soon as we appeared on the veranda, Rover was always in readiness to accompany us on whatever jaunt we had in mind for that day; but on Sunday he seemed to realize that our walk to church did not include him, and so he remained dozing throughout the entire morning.

One day, as we were returning from one of our rambles, we saw our father coming toward us, looking very solemn; and to our great amazement we heard that Rover was again in disgrace.

This time the farmer would not be reconciled with payment. He demanded that the dog should be killed or sent away.

Our sorrow knew no bounds, for we realized that we and our pet must be parted.

It was suggested that Rover should be sent away for the summer months only, and that as soon as the sheep were housed in their winter quarters he might return to us.

The plan was to lend him to a lumberman, living about twenty miles from our home, who, having a large family, would be more than pleased to accept the dog as a household guardian while he was away cutting timber in the forest.

We knew this lumberman would be a good master, and that Rover would be well taken care of, and that if we persisted in keeping him

with us, he might eventually lose his life; for the law allowed that any animal doing an injury to property might be put to death.

So one day two sorrowful children said good-by to their beloved companion.

Rover was tied behind the stage that passed our house twice a week, and the stage-driver promised to be good to him and to leave him at the home of his new master the next morning.

All that day and the two days following we wandered about, feeling very lonely. Everything seemed dreary without our com[illegible].

On the evening of the third day after Rover's departure we were just saying good-night when, suddenly, a bark and a scratch at the front door brought a loud exclamation from us both —for whose bark was that if not Rover's!

Yes, there he was, our beautiful dog! Twenty miles he had traveled to reach his old home and friends.

What a happy reunion it was! Such bones as we begged of the cook! No dog fared better than did our Rover that night.

My father said nothing, although at the time we did not notice his silence; and little we dreamed how short-lived our happiness was to be.

Early next morning we were up and planning all sorts of fun. Rover, in spite of his long run of the day before, seemed ready for everything.

I think it was late in the afternoon of the same day, as we were returning from the boat-house, where Rover, my brother, and I had been playing, that we heard my father calling the dog.

Off Rover bounded in answer to the call; and as we neared the gate we saw a man, seated in a carriage, in deep conversation with my father.

Then it dawned upon us what it all meant. Again Rover must go!

My father got into the carriage, and off he and the man started, Rover running under the wheels in obedience to my father's whistle.



[illegible]

Oh, how we cried as we watched the carriage disappearing in the distance! We felt the world to be a sad place indeed.

The days came and went, however, and gradually we grew reconciled to our loss—per-

haps my brother and I became greater chums, having no third companion to share our fun. At all events, we began to think less and less about Rover and to enter into everything with the usual happiness of childhood.

On Sunday morning, about ten days later, my brother, who, after we returned from morning service, had been sitting quiet and in a listening attitude for some minutes, suddenly disappeared, and presently we heard him calling us from the garden to come quickly.



"HE WISHED TO GIVE US A PEACE-OFFERING, AND TO ASK US TO FORGIVE HIS SUSPICIONS OF ROVER"

What could it be? we wondered, as again he called to us. Through the large French windows and down the garden path we hastened to a clump of trees from which, as we neared it, a faint moaning also was heard.

There we found my brother kneeling on the ground, and beside him, licking his hand, was our Rover!

Around the dog's neck was a strong iron chain, and to that chain was attached the heavy block to which he had been fastened. His coat was covered with burs which stuck to his long black hair, making him a pitiable object to behold. His poor back was cruelly scarred where the chain had rubbed away the hair, and his glossy black coat looked like a dusty covering.

So tired and weak was the dog that all he could do was to lick our hands instead of giving the joyous bark with which he was wont to welcome us.

It was nearly half an hour before we were able to remove the chain and heavy weight which he had dragged so far in his frantic efforts to reach his home and friends; and after giving him the food of which he was so sorely in need, and making him as comfortable as we could, we left him to rest.

The burs had to be removed so gently that, knowing the poor dog had suffered so much already, we decided to wait until the following day before giving him further pain.

So in we went to talk over our dog's brave act with our parents.

We found our good father, quite overcome by the dog's faithfulness, waiting to tell us that Rover should not be sent away again.

The arrangement was that we were to try once more giving him his freedom, and if at any time he attacked the sheep, then he was to be chained at all hours when we were not able to be with him.

Perhaps Rover knew the reason of his punishment, or had learned his lesson through suffering; for, from that day until his death at the age of fourteen years, we never heard another complaint about him.

And no wonder!

For, six months later, as my brother and I were playing in the garden one morning, we saw walking toward us the farmer whom we had come to look upon as a personal enemy.

In one arm he carried a little lamb, and in his hand a queer-looking box, between the bars of which peered a pair of bright eyes.

The box contained a rabbit—a present for my brother, and the pet lamb was for me.

For a few moments my brother and I quite forgot our old-time resentment.

The farmer had come to effect a reconciliation.

In the first place, he wanted to tell us that at last the real culprit had been found; and, secondly, he wished to give us each a peace-offering, and to ask us to forgive his suspicions of Rover.

The dear old dog, as he watched us, did not appear to be at all surprised.

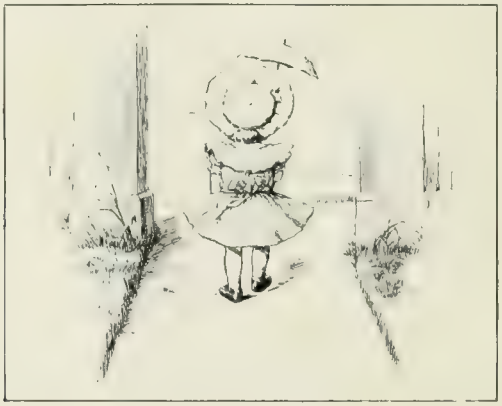




A MORNING CALL.

I was out in my garden, with basket and shears,
Adding rose after rose to my store.
When a-rat-a-tat-tat faintly came to my ears,
I ran round to reach the front door.
I arrived there too late; just a card on the mat,
Reading: *Mary Amelia Evangeline Pratt.*

I pictured her, dignified, prim and precise,
With a "prisms and prunes" sort of air.
Then I looked down the long gravel walk in a trice,
If perchance she might still linger there.
And sure enough right down, the path, pit-a-pat,
Trotted Mary Amelia Evangeline Pratt!!



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

HOW "PINKEY" BECAME A REFORMER.

"Pinkey" Perkins had passed through several serious attacks of the collecting fever, each time devoting all his energies toward the accumulation of the class of articles which were, for the time being, uppermost in juvenile favor.

He had, through purchase, trade and correspondence with collectors in other places, acquired a very creditable assortment of stamps. These had claimed his attention for several months, until he had come to consider himself quite an authority on all questions pertaining to stamps, and he conversed as familiarly on the subjects of "Javas," "Borneos," and "San Marinos" as he did on those of agates, crockeries, or chinas.

When the stamp fever wore off, coins came in for their share of attention, but, owing to their scarcity he soon abandoned his search for rare specimens of that order. For luck, he still carried a copper two-cent piece made in the year he was born, but the remainder of his limited collection he had put aside until a favorable opportunity should present itself to dispose of it to advantage.

Thus it happened that when Spring came Pinkey was without any special hobby in the collecting line. His steam engine, though still a source of pleasure, did not claim as much of his time as it had at first, and the weather was too fine for him to stay in the house and run his scroll-saw as much as he had heretofore.

Thus unoccupied, his mind was open for any new and alluring occupation which had to do with being outdoors. It is not strange, therefore, that Pinkey fell a victim to that undeniably wicked pastime of collecting birds' eggs.

With his customary ardor he took up with the prevalent custom and became a leader in its pursuit, as he did in all things where boys of his age were concerned. To begin with, he traded his entire stamp collection and all his coins, with the exception of his lucky piece for a very complete assortment of birds' eggs that had been collected by a boy who was moving away and feared the danger of packing such fragile belongings.

Thus started, he set about increasing his holdings, as usual with the intention of having something larger and better than any of the other boys. "Bunny" Morris, his chum, had also started a collection at the same time as Pinkey and together they operated on the juvenile Board of Trade, assisting each other in effecting profitable exchanges and in driving good bargains generally.

Pinkey kept his eggs in cigar-boxes, neatly partitioned off, with a piece of soft cotton under each one to prevent breakage. He said nothing to his parents about his new collecting fad and kept his cigar-boxes in his workshop with the remainder of his valuable possessions. It is doubtful if he knew just why he did not boast of his new interest and tell them of new acquisitions to his collection, but it seemed somehow that he did not feel that they would be properly interested in it. He did not realize that in reality the collecting of birds' eggs was a thing of which at heart he was not proud.

One Saturday, Pinkey and Bunny decided to go out to the country and endeavor to procure something entirely new and rare from the egg-collector's standpoint. Of robins', jaybirds', cat birds', blue birds', and sparrows' eggs they had a plenty and they longed for some kind that none of the other boys had.

After searching the woods over nearly all afternoon, and finding nothing except a few nests of the most common varieties, they started home unsuccessful. As they were passing through the orchard on their way to the main road, Pinkey's vigilant eye espied a small nest in the very top of one of the orchard trees.

"That's a new kind, Bunny," he declared. "Had n't ever thought o' looking in the orchard for birds' nests."

"Neither had I," agreed Bunny, "let 's climb up and see what's in it. If it *is* a new kind, It 'll pay us for comin' way down here, after all."

Together they climbed the tree, each striving to reach the nest before the other. When they had almost gained the top, a sudden whirr of wings and a glimpse of a small bright object darting away from the nest told them that the mother bird had stayed at her post as long as she dared, but at last, overcome by fear, her instinct of self-preservation had compelled her to seek safety in flight.

"Gee, Pinkey," said Bunny, dodging to one side, "she nearly knocked my cap off. Scared me, too. Some birds 'll pick your eyes out 'f you get 'em mad."

"She 's not mad," said Pinkey assuredly, "she 's just scared. She don't know what we 're here for. Thinks we come to catch her, most likely."

"Birds 're awful knowin' sometimes," insisted Bunny, "but I don't suppose they 're smart enough to miss an egg or two, now and then, do you, Pinkey ? "

"No, 'course not," observed Pinkey, not caring to discuss the details of the matter. "Gee, lookee at 'em; one, two, three, four, five; all white with blue specks on 'em." By now the pair had reached the nest and stood on a couple of bending limbs looking down into it with unconcealed delight.

"They 're new all right," said Bunny, gleefully, "nobody 's got any like that, I know. How many 'd you s'pose we 'd better take,—all of 'em ? "

"No, two 's enough," said Pinkey, decisively, "one apiece."

"But s'pose we 'd break one," urged Bunny.

"That's so," admitted Pinkey, "better take three, I guess," and he carefully lifted three of the tiny frail eggs from the nest and held them in the palm of his hand.

"Gee, but they 're pretty, ain't they Bunny," he exclaimed, "bet you we don't tell anybody where we got these, will we," and the boys inspected their new prizes very closely.

With much care, they made their way slowly to the ground again. It was growing late and they had no time for further search, so started home. As they left the tree, an excited chirping in the air above them grated severely on the ears of both, but neither had the courage to speak of it, or to let on that he heard.

Wrapping the eggs in his handkerchief, and holding them carefully in his hand, Pinkey set off by the nearest route to the main road, followed by Bunny, both in high glee at the ultimate success of their expedition.



"TOGETHER THEY CLIMBED THE TREE, EACH STRIVING TO REACH THE NEST BEFORE THE OTHER"

"I 'll keep these two," said Pinkey, as they reached the corner where they must separate, "I 'll blow 'em out and then 'f you should ever break yours, I 'll give you another. I 've got a better box to keep them in than you have."

"Wish you'd blow this one too," said Bunny, holding out his egg toward Pinkey, "you know I break 'bout half o' mine blowin' them, and I want to be sure not to have this one broken.

Blow it and bring it to School Monday and I 'll get it then."

" Blowing " an egg consisted in pricking a small hole in each end and then blowing gently at one end until the shell was emptied of its contents.

Pinkey took Bunny's egg and continued on his way home, carefully holding the eggs loosely in his handkerchief.

Entering the house, he started at once to his room, there to leave his latest and most valuable prizes until he should have time to arrange them in his collection. At the top of the stairs he met his mother, just starting down.

"What have you got in your handkerchief, Pinkey," asked Mrs. Perkins, with natural curiosity.

Never until that moment had Pinkey realized just why he preferred that his parents should remain in ignorance of his egg collection. He did not reply at once to his mother's question, but stood looking down at the floor in evident embarrassment.

After a few moments of oppressive silence, Pinkey managed to murmur the one word, " eggs."

" What kind of eggs ? " inquired the mother.

" B—birds' eggs," faltered Pinkey, still not daring to look up.

" Pinkerton ! " This one word and the way in which it was spoken told him that by this discovery his mother's feelings had been severely hurt, and what was still worse he felt that he had wounded her faith in him. The enormity of his offense was all the more emphasized by her use of the word " Pinkerton," which in itself was proof that the case was a most serious one.

After another painful silence, during which Pinkey grew still more uncomfortable, Mrs. Perkins continued:

" Pinkey, do you realize what it means to rob birds' nests, to take away from the birds the very object they have in view when they devote long and tedious hours of labor to building their nests ? "

There was no tone of scolding in her voice. He could see that she was too deeply hurt for that. He could stand scolding, for he was more or less used to it, but to be talked to in such a manner; that was worse than anything else she could have done.

" Birds would n't miss part o' their eggs, would they," argued Pinkey, weakly, "I did n't take 'em all."

" They would miss them just the same as any mother would miss part of her children, were they to be taken from her by some monster. Every egg taken from the nest means just one little bird less in the family bye and bye. How many eggs have you ? "

" I 've only got three here, but I 've got nineteen different kinds altogether. Lots o' the boys have collections and we trade around. I traded for most of mine, but some I got out o' the nest."

" I don't care if all the boys in town have collections, that does n't make it right. Now we won't say anything more about it, for I know you 'll never take an egg from a bird's nest again, and that is all I ask." She purposely avoided asking him to promise, for she knew his characteristics and knew that it was unnecessary. Besides, resolutions were not as hard for Pinkey to keep as promises, though he always held to both, once he had committed himself.

When his mother had gone down-stairs, Pinkey went to his room and sat for a time on his bed, thinking over what his mother had said and reflecting on the enormity of his guilt. He was seeing the collecting of birds' eggs in a light in which he had never seen it before and he was glad to have had it shown to him in its true meaning. He resolved then and there to do no more of it, and only regretted his inability to undo what he had already done.

Suddenly it occurred to him that it might not yet be too late to atone partially for the wrong he had committed. Again wrapping his eggs in his handkerchief, and without saying a word to anyone, he tip-toed down-stairs, took his cap from its hook in the hall and passed out into the yard. It was growing dusk and he knew his father might be home any minute, for it was already nearly suppertime. Holding the handkerchief in front of him, so as to avoid its being seen, he walked leisurely out to the barn, as though intending to do nothing more than his regular evening's chores.

He stopped at the barn, however, only long enough to feed old "Polly," the family mare, and to pump the trough full of water for her. This done, he again picked up his handkerchief containing the three speckled eggs, and departed by way of the back fence, bound for the country. He would have liked to ride old "Polly," but he hesitated to do so without permission and besides, he feared that if he did he might in some way break the eggs.

Part of the time running and part of the time walking fast, until he regained his breath, Pinkey made all haste to his uncle's farm where he had found the eggs. He did not know whether the fact that they had been removed from the nest for about two hours would hurt them or not. Anyhow, he proposed to return them just as soon as he possibly could, and thereby do his utmost to atone for his misdeed of the afternoon.

When he arrived at the farm, he gave the house a wide berth and went at once to the orchard. It was getting quite dark by the time he reached there, and he did not relish being alone and so near the woods at this time of night. But he had come for a certain definite purpose and he was determined to accomplish it.

When he reached the tree in which the nest was located, he placed the handkerchief containing the eggs in the crown of his cap and carefully placed it on his head again. Then slowly and cautiously he began climbing the tree, fearing every moment that he would strike his head against a limb. If he should, he dreaded to think of the result.

"'T would n't be any more than I deserve," he said to himself, "but I'd hate to have it happen, on the bird's account."

Luckily he reached the nest without mishap, for a second time frightening the mother bird away as he approached. Establishing himself on a firm footing in the fork of one of the upper limbs, he bent his head forward and,



"THEN, AS GENTLY AS HE COULD, HE REMOVED THE EGGS FROM HIS HANDKERCHIEF AND CAREFULLY LAID THEM, ONE BY ONE, BACK INTO THE NEST."

with both of his hands free, removed his cap. Then, as gently as he could, he removed the eggs from his handkerchief and carefully laid them, one by one, back into the nest beside the other two.

"There," he said, with a sigh of relief, "I hope the old bird 's as glad to have them back as I am to get rid of them. No more collectin' birds' eggs for me," and with a joy in his heart greater than he had ever experienced over the possession of his entire assortment, he descended from the tree and started homeward as fast as his legs would carry him.

Pinkey's unexplained absence at suppertime caused some comment, for his mother still thought him upstairs when she went to call him. When she found that he was not there and that he was nowhere about the yard or barn, and that his hat was gone she knew that there was no use trying to guess where he was.

His father called him in a voice which he would not have dared disobey had he been in hearing, so when it was decided that he was undoubtedly gone, the evening meal went on without him.

"Well, where on earth have you been," demanded Mrs. Perkins, as Pinkey out of breath and perspiring burst into the sitting room some time after supper was over.

"Been putting those eggs back in the nest where I got them," said Pinkey, proudly. "Thought maybe if I put 'm back right away they 'd be just as good as they were before," and then after a moment's pause he added unnecessarily, "supper over?"

While partaking of his supper, which his mother had saved for him, a few questions served to procure the whole story from Pinkey, how he had decided to put the eggs back and how he had not dared to lose a moment for fear it might be too late.

"And do you 'spose it 'll hurt," concluded Pinkey with much concern, "having them out o' the nest just that short time?"

"It may and it may not," said his father, "there is no way of telling, but anyway, you 've done your part to set matters aright, and that is all anybody could do." Any intentions which Mr. Perkins may have entertained to administer punishment for taking the eggs and for missing supper, changed to thoughts of pride in his son for the manly act which had been the cause of his absence.

When Pinkey had finished his supper, he went upstairs, got the cigar boxes containing all the eggs in his collection, and brought them down into the sitting room.

"What have you got there, Pinkey," inquired his father, glancing up from his paper.

"These are the birds' eggs I've collected. There 's no use puttin' any o' them back, even if I knew where they came from, 'cause there's nothing in 'em."

"Why, what *are* you going to do with them," asked Mrs. Perkins, curious to learn why Pinkey had brought them downstairs at this time.

"I don't want 'em any longer," he asserted, "and I'm goin' to fix 'em so nobody else will," and one by one, he began crushing in his fingers the precious trophies of many a shrewd bargain and many a hazardous climb. When the destruction was complete he closed the lid on his shattered treasures and put them aside, saying:

"I might have traded 'em off for something else," but I just wanted to show you that I 'm through with birds' eggs for always."

"Yes, perhaps you might have disposed of them for a few trinkets," said Mr. Perkins kindly, "but a clear conscience is worth a great deal more."

For a while, Pinkie sat silent, then he arose, picked up his cigar-boxes and went up-stairs without saying a word to any one. In a few minutes, his parents heard his scroll-saw buzzing away, a thing which was very unusual in the evening. The sawing continued for some time, without interruption, and was varied by intervals of driving nails.

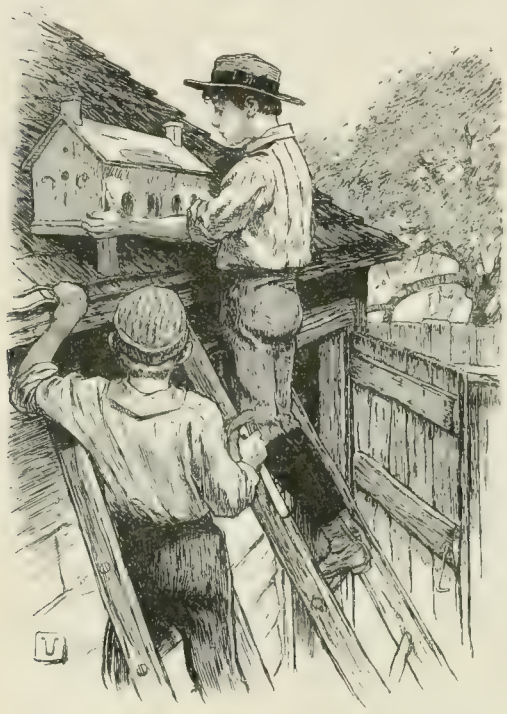
Presently, curiosity got the better of Mr. Perkins, and he went upstairs to see what was the cause of the activity in Pinkey's workshop at such an unusual hour.

"What are you making now, Pinkey," inquired the father as he entered the door.

"I 'm makin' a bird house," said Pinkey, holding up for his father's inspection the partially completed edifice. "I 've decided to

make some place for birds to build their nests, instead of robbing the ones they've already built. I believe it 'll be lots more fun and it 'll be fairer for the birds."

Mr. Perkins was pleased at the sudden turn Pinkey's ambitions had taken, and to encourage his son he offered a few suggestions in regard to the details of construction and gave some assistance in joining the more difficult parts.



"THE BIRD HOUSE PROVED TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS."

With the aid of his scroll-saw, Pinkey had sawed some small, arch-shaped openings in a couple of thin boards which were to serve as the sides of his bird house, and had made some fancy designs in the end pieces by way of ornament, as well as to admit air and light.

It delighted Pinkey to have his father take such a genuine interest in his new idea, and he stood by in eager impatience as his father fitted the partitions and roof and floor to the house. Before bedtime, he had the satisfaction of seeing the house completed, even to the chimneys, of which Pinkey insisted there must be one at each end of the roof, just to heighten the reality.

And do you 'spose they 'll build in it?" asked Pinkey, as he gazed at the box.

"Don't worry about that part of it," encouraged his father, "they 'll never overlook such a mansion as that when in search of a home."

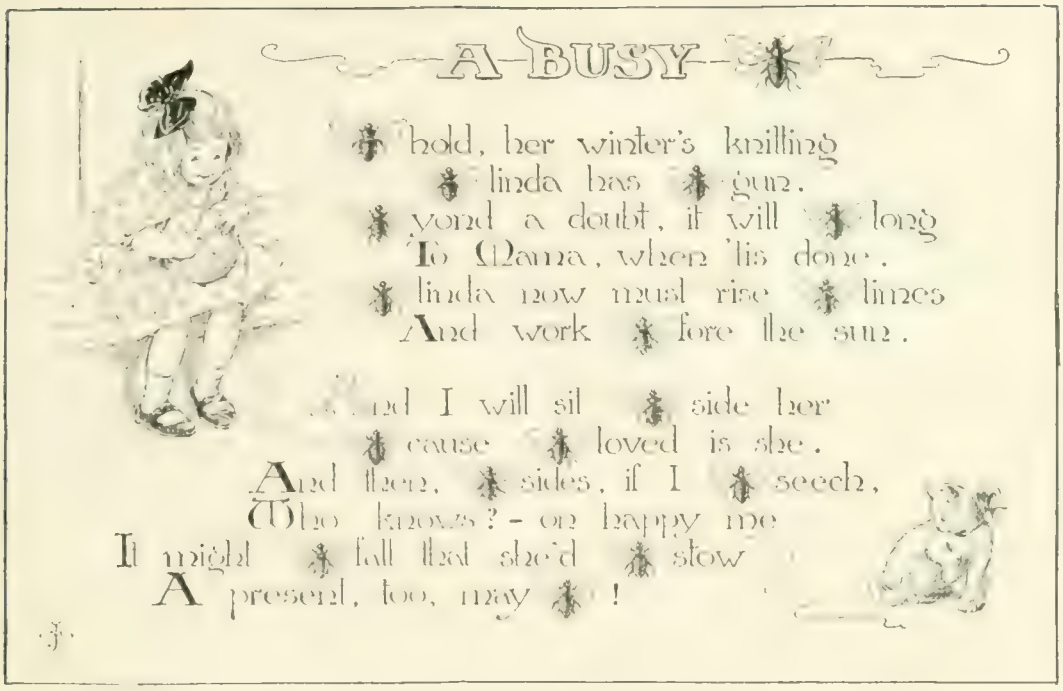
Pinkey went to bed that night just as deeply interested in the new line in which his thoughts were directed, as if he had never heard of the custom of collecting birds' eggs, and he was happy in the thought that what he was now doing would be a benefit for the bird family in general, now and in years to come.

The next morning at Sunday School, Pinkey took good care to start at once an enthusiastic conversation with Bunny on the subject of making some bird boxes and putting them out for the birds to build in, and to tell him immediately of the one he had made the night before. He said he had given up collecting eggs, and that he knew it would be much more fun to have a lot of live birds around than just a lot of eggs.

So thoroughly did Bunny approve of Pinkey's new idea that he never even thought to inquire about the speckled egg Pinkey was to bring, or if he did think of it, he no longer cared for it, and made no reference to it, whatever.

The bird house proved to be a great success and in less than a week from the time it was established in its place on the barn roof, three of the four compartments had busy occupants making their homes therein.

Pinkey's move proved to be all that was needed to stop effectually the habit of plundering birds' nests by the boys of Enterprise. The desire to own a populated bird house soon became as deep-rooted as that to possess a large collection of eggs had been in the past, so that instead of devoting their time to their former occupation, they had all set about following Pinkey's example, and in a short time the rivalry had become, not to see who had the most birds' eggs in his cigar boxes, but who had the most nests in his bird boxes.



LUCY'S DEFECT.

By Mary A. Gillette.

She is not blind,—she is not deaf,—
  She's straight, and strong, and pretty,
We think her so;—we know her mind
  Is clear, and quick, and witty.
And Lucy is a pleasant child;
  Her grandmama says of her,
"In warp or woof you'll not a trace
  Of selfishness discover."

Of gifts and graces Lucy has
  A goodly share conceded,
Yet something is amiss; her friends
  All see how much 'tis needed.
Grandpa allows she's true and good,
  And owns he loves her dearly;
And were it not for this defect
  He'd think her perfect,—nearly.

With face or form, with head or heart,
  There isn't much the matter:
But Lucy's ever busy tongue
  Will chatter, chatter, chatter.
Her brother Bert, this very day,
  With a boy's bluntness told her,
My little sis, the thing you lack
  Is just a *good tongue-holder.*"

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By Helen Nicolay.

Chapter VIII.

UNSUCCESSFUL GENERALS.

So far, Mr. Lincoln's new duties as President had not placed him at any disadvantage with the members of his cabinet. On the old question of slavery he was as well informed and had clearer ideas than they. On the new military questions that had come up since the inauguration, they, like himself, had to rely on the advice of experienced officers of the army and navy; and since these differed greatly, Mr. Lincoln's powerful mind was as able to reach true conclusions as were men who had been governors and senators. Yet the idea lingered that because he had never before held high office, and because a large part of his life had been passed in the rude surroundings of the frontier, he must of necessity be lacking in power to govern—be weaker in will, without tact or culture, must in every way be less fitted to cope with the difficult problems so rapidly coming upon the administration.

At the beginning even Secretary Seward shared this view. Mr. Lincoln must have been surprised indeed, when, on the first day of April, exactly four weeks after his inauguration, his Secretary of State, the man he justly looked upon as the chief member of his cabinet, handed him a paper on which were written "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." It was most grave and dignified in language, but in substance bluntly told Mr. Lincoln that after a month's trial the Administration was without a policy, domestic or foreign, and that this must be remedied at once. It advised shifting the issue at home from slavery to the question of Union or disunion; and counseled the adoption of an attitude toward Europe which could not have failed to rouse the anger of the principal foreign nations. It added that the President or some member of his Cabinet must make it his constant duty to pursue and direct whatever policy should be adopted, and hinted very plainly that although he, Mr. Seward, did not seek such responsibility, he was willing to assume it. The interest of this remarkable paper for us lies in the way Mr. Lincoln treated it, and the measure that treatment gives us of his generosity and self-control. An envious or a resentful man could not have wished a better opportunity to put a rival under his feet; but though Mr. Lincoln doubtless thought the incident very strange, it did not for a moment disturb his serenity or his kindly judgment. He answered in a few quiet sentences that showed no trace of passion or even of excitement; and on the central suggestion that some one person must direct the affairs of the government, replied with dignity "if this must be done, I must do it," adding that on affairs of importance he desired and supposed he had a right to have the advice of all the members of his cabinet. This reply ended the matter, and as far as is known, neither of them ever mentioned the subject again. Mr. Lincoln put the papers away in an envelope, and no word of the affair came to the public until years after both men were dead. In one mind at least there was no longer a doubt that the cabinet had a master. Mr. Seward recognized the President's kindly forbearance, and repaid it by devotion and personal friendship until the day of his tragic death.

If, after this experience, the Secretary of State needed any further proof of Mr. Lincoln's ability to rule, it soon came to him, for during the first months of the war matters abroad claimed the attention of the cabinet, and with these also the untried western man showed himself better fitted to deal than his more experienced advisers. Many of the countries of Europe, especially France and England, wished the South to succeed. France because of plans

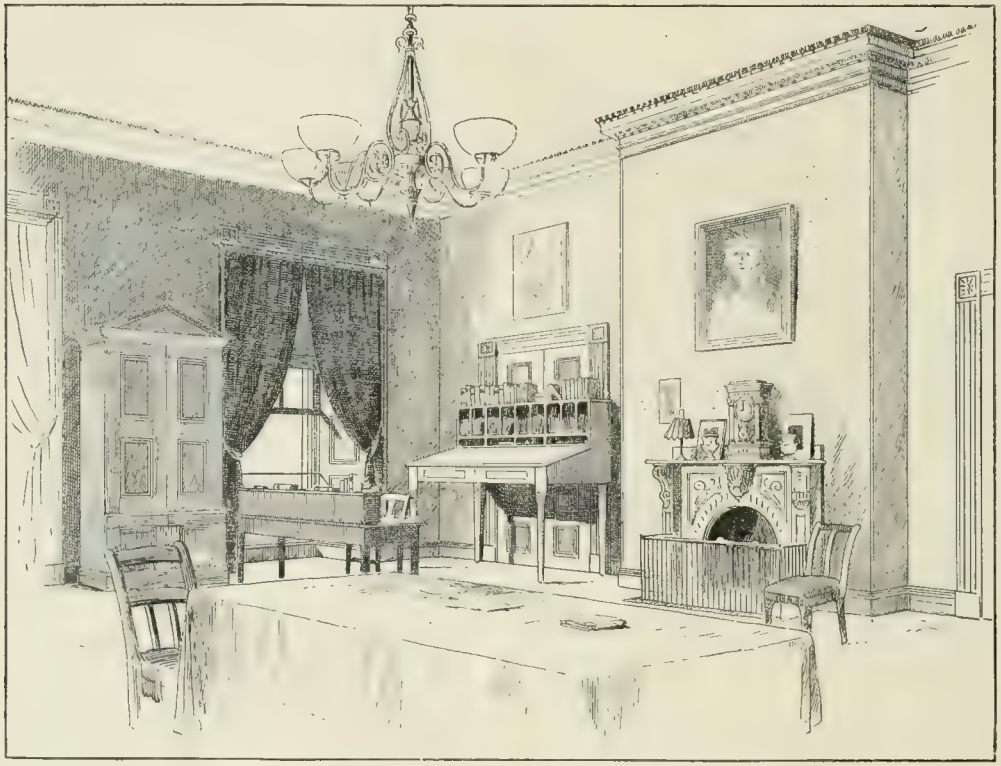
that Emperor Napoleon III had for founding French colonies on American soil, and England because such success would give her free cotton for her mills and factories. England became so friendly toward the rebels that Mr. Seward, much irritated, wrote a despatch on May 21, 1861, to Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister at London, which, if it had been sent as he wrote it, would almost certainly have brought on war between the two countries. It set forth justly and with courage what the United States government would and would not endure from foreign powers during the war with the South, but it had been penned in a heat of indignation, and was so blunt and exasperating as to suggest intentional disrespect. When Mr. Seward read it to the President the latter at once saw this, and taking it from his Secretary of State kept it by him for further consideration. A second reading showed him that his first impression was correct. Thereupon the frontier lawyer, taking his pen, went carefully over the whole despatch, and by his corrections so changed the work of the trained and experienced statesman as entirely to remove its offensive tone, without in the least altering its force or courage.

Once again, during 1861 the country was in serious danger of war with England, and the action of President Lincoln at this time proved not only that he had the will to be just, even when his own people were against him, but had the skill to gain real advantage from what seemed very like defeat. One of the earliest and most serious tasks of the Government had been to blockade the southern ports, in order to prevent supplies from foreign countries reaching the southern people, especially the southern armies. Considering the great length of coast to be patrolled, and the small size of the navy at the commencement of the struggle, this was done with wonderful quickness, and proved in the main effective, though occasionally a rebel boat managed to slip in or out without being discovered and fired upon by the ships on guard.

In November Captain Charles Wilkes learned that Ex-Senators J. M. Mason and John Slidell, two prominent Confederates bound on an important mission to Europe, had succeeded in reaching Cuba, and from there had taken passage for England on the British mail steamer *Trent*. He stopped the *Trent* and took Mason and Slidell prisoners, afterward allowing the steamer to proceed on her way. The affair caused intense excitement both in England and in the United States, and England began instant preparations for war. Lord Lyons, the British Minister at Washington, was instructed to demand the release of the prisoners and a suitable apology within one week, and if this were refused to close his legation and come home. It was fortunate that Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward were close personal friends, and could, in spite of the excitement of both countries, discuss the matter calmly and without anger. Their conferences were brought to an end by Mr. Lincoln's decision to give up the prisoners. In the North their capture had been greeted with extravagant joy. Newspapers rang with praises of Captain Wilkes; his act was officially approved by the Secretary of the Navy, and the House of Representatives passed a resolution thanking him for his "brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct." In face of all this it must have been hard indeed for Mr. Lincoln to order that Mason and Slidell be given up; but though he shared the first impulse of rejoicing, he soon became convinced that this must be done. Not only did England have the letter of the law on her side, through some failure of Captain Wilkes to follow all the rules governing such arrests at sea. War with England must certainly be avoided; and beside all else, his quick mind saw, what others failed to note, that by giving up the prisoners as England demanded, the United States would really gain an important diplomatic victory. For many years England had claimed the right to stop and search vessels at sea when she had reason to believe they carried men or goods hostile to her interests. The United States denied the right, and yet this was exactly what Captain Wilkes had done in stopping the *Trent*. By giving up the prisoners the United States would thus force England to admit that her own claim had been unjust, and bind her in future to respect the rights of other ships at sea. Excited American feeling was grievously disappointed,

and harsh criticism of the administration for thus yielding to a foreign country was not wanting; but American good sense soon saw the justice of the point taken and the wisdom of Mr. Lincoln's course.

"He that is slow to anger," says the proverb, "is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Great as was his self-control in other matters, nowhere did Mr. Lincoln's slowness to anger and nobility of spirit show itself more than in his dealings with the generals of the Civil War. He had been elected President. Congress had given him power far exceeding that which any President had ever exercised before. As President he was also Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. By proclamation he could call forth great armies; and he could order those armies to go wherever he chose to send them; but even he had no power to make generals with the genius and the training necessary to lead them instantly to success. He had to work with the materials at hand, and one by one he tried the men who seemed best fitted for the task, giving each his fullest trust and every aid in his power. They were as eager for victory and as earnest of purpose as himself, but in every case some misfortune or some fault marred the result, until the country grew weary with waiting; discouragement overshadowed hope, and misgiving almost engulfed his own strong soul.



LINCOLN'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND CABINET ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Then, at last, the right men were found, the battles were all fought, and the war was at an end.

His kindness and patience in dealing with the generals who did not succeed is the wonder of all who study the history of the Civil War. The letters he wrote to them show better than whole volumes of description could do the helpful and forbearing spirit in which he sought to aid them. First among these unsuccessful generals was George B. McClellan, who had been called to Washington after the

battle of Bull Run and placed in charge of the great new army of three years' volunteers that was pouring so rapidly into the city. McClellan proved a wonderful organizer. Under his skilful direction the raw recruits went to their camps of instruction, fell without confusion or delay into brigades and divisions, were supplied with equipments, horses and batteries, and put through a routine of drill, tactics and reviews that soon made this Army of the Potomac, as it was called, apparently one of the best prepared armies the world has ever seen—a perfect fighting machine of over 150,000 men and more than 200 guns. General McClellan excelled in getting soldiers ready to fight, but he did not succeed in leading them to fruitful victory. At first the administration had great hopes of him as a commander. He was young, enthusiastic, winning, and on arriving in Washington seemed amazed and deeply touched by the confidence reposed in him. "I find myself," he wrote to his wife, "in a new and strange position here, President, cabinet, General Scott, and all, deferring to me. By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land." His rise in military rank had equaled the inventions of fairy tales. He had been only a captain during the Mexican war. Then he resigned. Two months after volunteering for the Civil War he found himself a Major General in the Regular Army. For a short time his zeal and activity seemed to justify this amazing good fortune. In a fortnight he began to look upon himself as the principal savior of his country. He began a quarrel with General Scott which soon drove that old hero into retirement and out of his pathway. He looked upon the cabinet as a set of "geese," and seeing that the President was kind and unassuming in discussing military affairs, he formed the habit of expressing contempt for him in letters to confidential friends. This feeling grew until it soon reached a mark of open disrespect, but the President's conduct toward him did not change. Mr. Lincoln's nature was too forgiving, and the responsibility that lay upon him was too heavy for personal resentment. For fifteen months he strove to make McClellan succeed even in spite of himself. He gave him help, encouragement, the most timely suggestions. He answered his ever-increasing complaints with unfailing self-control. It was not that he did not see McClellan's faults. He saw them, and felt them keenly. "If Gen. McClellan does not want to use the army, I would like to borrow it," he said one day, stung by the General's inactivity into a sarcasm he seldom allowed himself to use. But his patience was not exhausted. McClellan had always more soldiers than the enemy, at Antietam nearly double his numbers, yet his constant cry was for re-enforcements. Regiments were sent him that could ill be spared from other points. Even when his fault-finding reached the height of telegraphing to the Secretary of War, "If I save the army now I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." The President answered him kindly and gently, without a sign of resentment, anxious only to do everything in his power to help on the cause of the war. It was of no avail. Even the great luck of finding a copy of General Lee's orders and knowing exactly what his enemy meant to do, at a time when the Confederate general had only about half as many troops as he had, and these were divided besides, did not help him to success. All he could do even then was to fight the drawn battle of Antietam, and allow Lee to get away safely across the Potomac River into Virginia. After this the President's long-suffering patience was at an end, but he did not remove McClellan until he had visited the Army of the Potomac in person. What he saw on that visit assured him that it could never succeed under such a general.

"Do you know what that is?" he asked a friend, waving his arm towards the white tents of the great army.

"It is the Army of the Potomac, I suppose," was the wondering answer.

"So it is called," replied the President. "But that is a mistake. It is only McClellan's body-guard." On November 5, 1862, McClellan was relieved from command, and this ended his military career.

There were others almost equally trying.

There was General Frémont, who had been the Republican candidate for President in 1856. At the beginning of the war he was given a command at St. Louis and charged with the important duty of organizing the military strength of the northwest, holding the State of Missouri true to the Union, and leading an expedition down the Mississippi River. Instead of accomplishing all that had been hoped for, his pride of opinion and unwillingness to accept help or take advice from those about him, caused serious embarrassment and made unending trouble. The President's kindness and gentleness in dealing with his faults were as marked as they were useless.

There was the long line of commanders who one after the other tried and failed in the tasks allotted to them, while the country waited and lost courage, and even Mr. Lincoln's heart sank. His care and wisdom and sorrow dominated the whole long persistent struggle. That first sleepless night of his after the battle of Bull Run was but the beginning of many nights and days through which he kept unceasing watch. From the time in June, 1861, when he had been called upon to preside over the council of war that decided upon the Bull Run campaign, he devoted every spare moment to the study of such books upon the art of war as would aid him in solving the questions that he must face as Commander-in-Chief of the armies. With his quick mind and unusual power of logic he made rapid progress in learning the fixed and accepted rules on which all military writers agree. His mastery of the difficult science became so thorough, and his understanding of military situations so clear, that he has been called, by persons well fitted to judge, "the ablest strategist of the war." Yet he never thrust his knowledge upon his generals. He recognized that it was their duty, not his, to fight the battles, and since this was so, they ought to be allowed to fight them in their own way. He followed their movements with keenest interest and with a most astonishing amount of knowledge, giving a hint here, and a suggestion there, when he felt that he properly could, but he rarely gave a positive order.

There is not space to quote the many letters in which he showed his military wisdom, or his kindly interest in the welfare and success of the different generals. One of the most remarkable must however be quoted. It is the letter he wrote to General Joseph Hooker on placing him in command of the Army of the Potomac in January, 1863, after McClellan's many failures had been followed by the crushing defeat of the army under General McClellan's successor, General Burnside, at the battle of Fredericksburg, on December 13, 1862.

"I have placed you," he wrote on giving General Hooker the command, "at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken council of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can, to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; And now, beware of rashness.



A VISIT TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN GENERAL McCLELLAN'S TENT.

Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

Perhaps no other piece of his writing shows as this does how completely the genius of the President rose to the full height of his duties and responsibilities. From beginning to end it speaks the language and breathes the spirit of the great ruler, secure in popular confidence and in official authority.

Though so many of the great battles during the first half of the war were won by the Confederates, military successes came to the North of course from time to time. With such fine armies and such earnest generals the tide of battle could not be all one way; and even when the generals made mistakes, the heroic fighting and endurance of the soldiers and under-officers gathered honor out of defeat, and shed the luster of renown over results of barren failure. But it was a weary time, and the outlook was very dark. The President never despaired. On the most dismal day of the whole dismal summer of 1862 he sent Secretary Seward to New York with a confidential letter full of courage, to be shown such of the governors of free States as could be hastily summoned to meet him there. "In it he said: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me," and he asked for 100,000 fresh volunteers with which to carry on the war. His confidence was not misplaced. The governors of eighteen free States offered him three times the number, and still other calls for troops followed. Soon a popular song, "We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong," showed the faith and trust of the people in the man at the head of the Government, and how cheerfully they met the great calls upon their patriotism.

So, week after week and month after month he faced the future, never betraying a fear that the Union would not triumph in the end, but grieving sorely at the long delay. Many who were not so sure came to him with their troubles. He was beset by night and by day by people who had advice to give or complaints to make. They besought him to dismiss this or that General, to order such and such a military movement; to do a hundred things that he, in his greater wisdom, felt were not right, or for which the time had not yet come. Above all, he was implored to take some decided and far-reaching action upon slavery.

(*To be continued.*)

PLANTATION STORIES.

By Grace MacGowan Cooke.

THE LAZY GOOSE.

America, the nurse-girl at Broadlands plantation, came running one morning to call the three children and tell them that a wild goose had stopped among the fowls in the barnyard. Pate, Patricia, and little Isabel pelted away down the slope toward the chicken-yard, where Aunt Viney, who always had charge of the fowls, was scattering cane-seed. There he stood, slim and dark and differently shaped from the other geese, yet plainly kin to them, and gobbling his share of the breakfast with evident relish.

"Oh, he 's a visitor," cried Patricia, "and they ought to be more polite to him"; for a big speckled rooster had just dashed in ahead of the newcomer and tried to eat up all the seed in sight.

"Never you mind, honey," Aunt Viney reassured the little girl. "Dat wild feller got strong wing; he gwine be de biggest frog in de puddle, long ez he stay hyer."

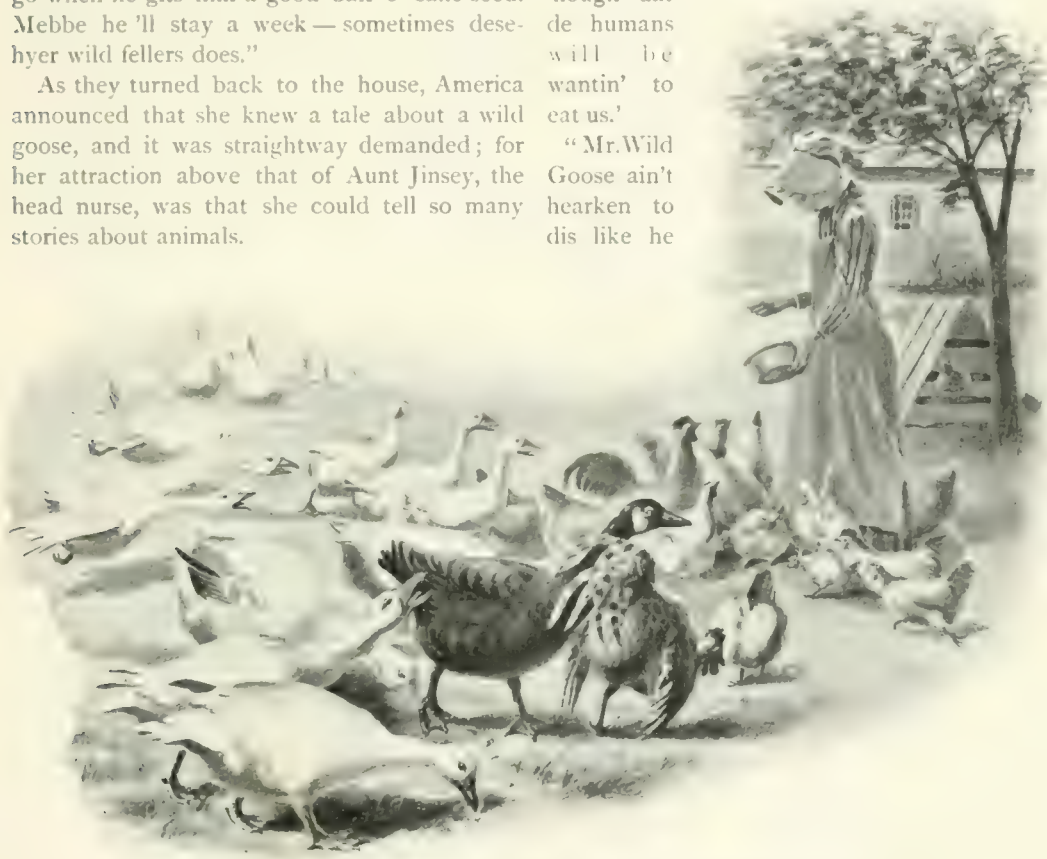
"He gets his strong wings from flying so far," said Pate. "If he was out in the open, father

or Cousin Bolivar would shoot him; but he 's home free here."

"Will he stay always, Aunt Viney?" asked Isabel.

"No, 'm, Miss Baby; I 'spect he pick up an' go when he gits him a good bait o' cane-seed. Mebbe he 'll stay a week — sometimes desehyer wild fellers does."

As they turned back to the house, America announced that she knew a tale about a wild goose, and it was straightway demanded; for her attraction above that of Aunt Jinsey, the head nurse, was that she could tell so many stories about animals.



"Hit was like dis," she began. "Dey was once a wild goose dat was lazy. Wild geeses is mostly de uppin'est an' a-doin'est folks what dey is; but dis-hyer Mr. Goose was ez slow ez molasses at Christmas. When dey got to fly a long ways, he set on de ground an' say he got de back-ache, an' de leg-ache, an' de toe-ache, an', more specially an' mostly, de wing-ache. Dis-hyer Mr. Goose ain't like to hunt for he rations. One day he come to a plantation where dey keep tame geeses, same as we-all do. He fly down 'mongst 'em, dest exackly like de wild goose fly down dis mornin' an' he'p hisself to what all de udder fowls had to eat.

"'Huh,' he say, well as he could for havin' his mouth full, 'you folks lives mighty fat.'

"At dat, ol' Mr. Gander he up an' whisper, 'For de gracious sake don't say fat! Hit 's de trouble o' our lives to keep from gittin' fat 'nough dat de humans will be wantin' to eat us.'

"Mr. Wild Goose ain't hearken to dis like he ort. He a great somebody to brag, like most do-nothin' folks, an' he sot in for to tell dem tame geeses o' all de whars he been, an' all de fine things he done seed; an' he keep on tell de woman come for to feed de fowls. She let on like she ain't see Mr. Wild Goose at all, 'case she ain't want to skeer him. When she gone, he squar' himself in de middle o' de pan o' dough, an' eat tell he 'most choked, an' den he say:

"'Is dat what you call a human? Do she wait 'pon you wid yo' rations every day? Well, I b'lieve I 'll stay hyer. I 'm plumb wore to feathers an' bones travelin' round an' wingin'

so far. Of course dis ain't no such place as I 'm used to, but I b'lieve I 'll stay.'

"Hit dest so happen' dat de very next day was goose-pickin' time. You mind how Aunt Viney an' Aunt Clorindy ties up dey heads an' picks off de geese's feathers to stuff yo' pillers an' beds?"

The other children remembered it well, but Isabel was to see that ceremony for the first time this spring. "Well, honey chillen, de woman come out wid her head tied up, an' drive de geeses into de pickin'-shed. An' huh, law! How dey all holler an' run when dey see what she gwine do!



"WID DAT HE FLOP HIS WINGS, HE DO, AN' FLY OFF TO JINE DE WILD GEESES."

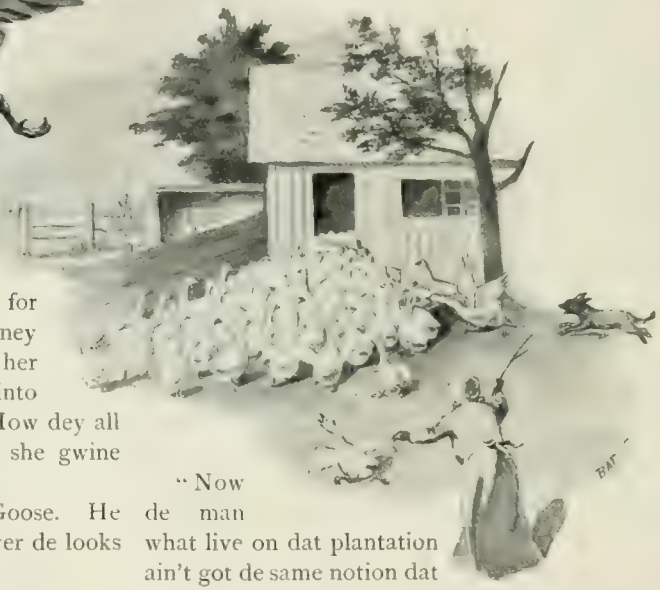
"'What now?' ax Mr. Wild Goose. He gittin' dest a little bit oneasy-like over de looks o' things.

"'She gwine pull our feathers out an' tote em off,' old Mr. Gander tell him.

"'Is dat so?' Mr. Wild Goose ax. 'I don't b'lieve dat would agree wid my back-ache, nor yit do any good to my leg-ache; I bound hit gwine be bad for my toe-ache, an' de very thinks of hit gives me de wing-ache.'

"Wid dat he flop he wings, he do, an' fly off to jine de wild geeses. But mind you, he ain't tell de wild geeses why he come back. He say to dem dat dis-hyer place where he stopped de folks was quality, for true; dat dey had a waiter for to serve dey meals, reg'lar; an' dey was so uppish dey change dey fedders every spring; an', more dan dat, dey had a body-sarvant to take off de old fedders for 'em.

"He git de wild geeses in sich a notion o' de place, dat when dey come a-past hit de next fall dey all light down in de barnyard, Mr. Wild Goose in de middle o' de bunch.



"Now de man what live on dat plantation ain't got de same notion dat yo' pa have — he shoot a wild goose wherever he can find hit. He turn loose on dem wild geeses wid he gun; but de onliest one he kill was de lazy goose what start de trouble — an' sarve him good an' right!"

THE 'SKEETER AND PETER.

(*A touching Limerick.*)

There was a bright fellow named Peter,
Who struck at an active young 'skeeter,
But the 'skeeter struck first
And slackened his thirst,
For the 'skeeter was fleeter than Peter.

Marie Bruckman MacDonald.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

By Annie M. Cleveland Davidson.

CHAPTER XV.

HOPE HALL.

THEY stood upon the broad stone steps of Hope Hall looking wistfully through the screen doors into the shadowy hall beyond. They could see girls strolling up and down, arm in arm, talking, laughing and now and then glancing with some curiosity in their direction. But no one came to admit them, though under Sue's impatient hand the bell more than once tinkled wildly, then died away in silence, leaving them gazing helplessly at each other.

"Well, of all things this is the 'beatin'est,' as Mandy says!" gasped Sue, setting her traveling bag down on the step and taking a firmer hold upon the bell handle, "I believe we have struck an asylum for the deaf and dumb. Oh, at last!" she sighed, as a colored boy in livery ran down the stairs at the end of the hall and came toward them.

"We wish to see Miss Hope," announced Virginia, giving the boy their cards. "I hope we can see her very soon."

"You 's some ob de new young ladies, I 'spects," said the boy, grinning cheerily and showing his gleaming teeth. "Walk right in to the 'ception room an' I 'll go an' tell Miss Rood. Miss Hope, she won't be here 'til tomorrow. She done gone to New York." He hurried away leaving the two girls in the big quiet room, dusky and dim in the twilight. Through the stillness they could hear the quick tripping of girlish feet, a low spoken word, and now and then subdued laughter as someone passed the door.

"I never felt so funny in my life, sort of queer and all-overish!" whispered Sue, nestling closer to Virginia, as they sat stiff and prim on the big sofa looking very little and forlorn in the gloom.

"I know, that is the way you always feel at a new school," comforted Virginia, slipping an arm around her chum. It was usually Sue who was the brave one, but the day had been very hard on poor Sue, the wrench at leaving home was much harder than she had anticipated. It had been so different, the pleasant talking and dreaming of going away, from the real leave taking; kissing her mother for the last time, looking into her father's eyes—and then saying good-bye to the children.

But now they were at Hope Hall and the bell boy was back again picking up their traveling bags and bidding them follow him. They went through the dusky halls up stairs, past long rows of numbered doors, many closed, but some open, giving glimpses of dainty, girlish belongings, while here and there a girl hurried by giving them greeting with a smile and bow.

"Dey ain't many ob de young ladies heah yit," explained their guide, "but by Wednesday we 'll be runnin' fine. Dis is Mis' Rood's sittin' room; she ain't in the office after fo' o'clock."

Mrs. Rood stood in the bay window looking with great interest at the two cards she held in her hand; one dainty and delicately engraved, the other written in little lame Jimmie's most flourishing hand upon yellowish cardboard with beveled edges. She looked up with a smile as Sue and Virginia in answer to her summons opened the door. Mrs. Rood was a large woman of perhaps sixty; her black silk gown and embroidered collar fastened with a jet brooch, and her fluffy white cap with wide strings that floated out behind her as she came to welcome them, made a pleasant setting for her broad, calm face and double chin. As Virginia's little hand was buried in Mrs. Rood's firm grasp she thought the large white hand, with its heart-shaped ring, could have belonged to no one else.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Rood in a full, throaty voice, "this is Miss Virginia Clayton, Professor

Clayton's daughter," and she turned her smiling face toward Virginia. "And this, I presume, is Mrs. Fulton's niece, Miss Roberts. I don't quite think I understand the first name, S-I-O-U-X! How very odd and original!" And she again studied intently Jimmie's flighty flourishes.

"Oh, you see," explained Sue, airily, "that's the way I spell it. My real name is Susan Plenty."

"Susan Plenty! Oh, I see! I understand.



"'I NEVER FELT SO FUNNY IN MY LIFE,' WHISPERED SUE, NESTLING CLOSER TO VIRGINIA"

S-I-O-U-X, Sue, to be sure. How very stupid of me! But, you see I had never known of it being used as a name for a young lady." And Mrs. Rood was plainly amused as she laid aside the card. "And now," she said, "the second tea bell will ring immediately, so I am afraid I can give you but a moment to prepare for it. This way, please. Be as quick as you can, young ladies. You may sit with me for to-night at least." The tone was short and imperative and the girls found themselves moving like soldiers to obey.

"She gives me the cold shivers," whispered Sue as Mrs. Rood left them for a moment.

"Nonsense, Sue. I like her ever so much. She is 'school marmy,' they all get like that, and so would you and I, if we were forever at it. But she is nice, and a lady, and I have had some I did not think were. Besides, she is n't the principal. It is Miss Hope I want to see. Is my hair all right?"

"Move your side combs over that way. There, that's fine! Bother, I can't do a thing with mine, but come along, honey." And Sue with a last pat to her curly locks opened the door. Then two meek little maidens followed in the wake of the rustling black silk and the floating cap strings.

"I never felt so goody-goody in my life," breathed Sue softly from the corner of her mouth, scarcely moving a muscle of her face and with her eyes set straight ahead, for all the world as if she were walking in a trance.

"Sue Roberts, do behave," breathed Virginia, also from the corner of her mouth, but gazing unwinkingly at the cap strings. "For goodness sake, *please* don't cut up any capers to-night, and O Sue, don't make me laugh!"

"Virginia, I 'm going to sneeze . . ."

"Sh-h-h, for mercy's sake." Virginia's eyes were fairly set in her head from trying not to laugh and in dread of what Sue might take it in her flighty head to do. "Sh-h-h-h, she will hear you, Sue! Don't disgrace us both the very first night. Mercy be, here is the dining-room, I hear the dishes rattle."

"Not many of our girls are back," remarked Mrs. Rood turning her placid face toward them, as Virginia and Sue followed her down the room. "These two young ladies at my table also arrived to-day. Miss Carr and Miss Wills, I bring you two new friends, Miss Roberts and Miss Clayton."

Sue felt the lump return to her throat the very first glimpse she had of Miss Wills. There was no doubt about Miss Wills, she was homesick already, and did n't care who knew it. Her plain, freckled face was swollen with weeping, her pale blue eyes swimming with tears, and she was making ineffectual dabs at the hot salt drops that insisted upon trickling down her scalded cheeks with a damp little wad of a handkerchief. Miss Carr, who proved to be Miss Wills's roommate, was a quiet, gray-eyed girl, and if she felt forlorn she showed no evidence of it, as she shook hands with Sue and Virginia. Miss Wills was too washed-out and limp with weeping to more than feebly nod, and Mrs. Rood, grown used to homesick girls during forty years of teaching, paid no attention to her dismal condition.

There were perhaps fifteen or eighteen girls scattered about the room, some of them sad and teary, the others evidently old friends and glad to be together, for laughter and the pleasant murmur of voices drifted to Mrs. Rood's silent table.

The laughter seemed so apart from her that Sue never felt more depressed in her life, while the placid calm of Mrs. Rood's unsmiling face—which, in spite of the fluffy cap, was like the face of the statue of Buddha, just as serene and unapproachable—only added to her desolation.

"It is a beautiful room," Virginia hastily whispered, seeing poor Sue's lips quiver, "I know we shall love Miss Hope."

What were they doing at home, Sue wondered, were they thinking of her? Were they—then a tear trickled out from under her lid and went sliding down her cheek.

"I am afraid you will never forgive me, Mrs. Rood, but I was so absorbed in my book I quite forgot tea. Oh I hope you have something good for me, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

It seemed to Sue that her tears evaporated at the very sound of that cheery, sunny voice, the lump in her throat vanished in a twinkling, the laugh that was usually in her heart sprang to her lips, her eyes shone, for there was Miss Burns Gribble smiling at her—it was really a case of love at first sight.

It did n't make the least difference to Sue that the newcomer was too tall, and too thin, nor that the face was plain, nor that she was no longer young, she only knew that she had found a friend. Who can explain the subtle thing that draws us one to the other. As to Sue, buoyant, wholesome Sue, she did n't give a thought whether it was because their "auras blended," or because they were born under the same sign of the zodiac, she just accepted a new friend with all her impulsive heart and went on her way rejoicing.

"Our vocal teacher, Miss Gribble," said Mrs. Rood, her own face lightening, for she was fond of Burns Gribble. Most people were, and the reason was n't hard to find. With tactful choice she seated herself between Sue and little Miss Wills, turning a smiling face toward the one while her pretty white hand stole into the other girl's lap to find the poor little cold hand with the damp ball in it. The gentle pressure of that kind hand had seemed to say, "Poor little girl, I understand." Then there was a brilliant flash of a smile toward Virginia, and a quick friendly word to Alice Carr, and that silent woe-begone table was galvanized into hope and joy again, and life was absolutely worth living.

"First nights are always so horrid," declared Miss Gribble in a vibrant whisper that included them all in an intimate friendship, "I can

remember just how I felt. But, girls, we are going to have the most beautiful time of our lives this year, I just feel it! Don't you, Mrs. Rood? And after tea we are going to get those two new girls over at that table, and those two over there, and that one by the window, and I 'm going to sing you the jolliest little



"VIRGINIA AND SUE OPENED THEIR DOOR AT THE FIRST TAP OF THE PREAKFAST BELL."

coon song you ever heard and then we are all going to get our hats and walk out to see the moon come up over the river. Pshaw, first nights can't last forever!"

By this time every one was smiling; even Miss Wills sent a watery little gleam toward Miss Gribble, and the violent pressure she gave in return to that kind hand left no doubt as to the state of her susceptible heart. In ten minutes more Miss Gribble had them all in a gale of glee—Mrs. Rood breaking into low chuckles now and then, as Miss Gribble told them of her youngest nephew's pranks, of her vacation and the delights of all sorts that had been hers during the summer.

"Let me see," she said at last. "Are n't you two girls Miss Roberts and Miss Clayton from Monroe? Then I believe there is another girl coming from your town, is there not? I met her aunt in Dexter this summer, a Miss Curtis, or something like it. Am I not right?"

"Oh, yes, Martha Cutting," replied Virginia, a little smile, in spite of herself, curling her lips, for Martha had refused to come so early, saying she did n't care to arrive with the mob, but wanted to make a dignified entrance. "She will not be here until Thursday."

"That is a pity," remarked Mrs. Rood, "as all the best rooms will be taken and the best hours chosen for practice. You came at the very best time, my dears."

"The early bird catches the worm at Hope Hall, you see, as everywhere else," laughed Miss Gribble. "Are you to be my girls? You look as if you were musical."

"I shall have piano, but Sue sings beautifully," replied Virginia with a gesture of pride toward Sue.

"And you two are the greatest friends, I can see that. Well I have Miss Carr and Miss Wills on one side of me, and Mrs. Rood, if you don't mind, I should like to take these two chicks under my other wing. That room next to mine with the bay window is empty, and you know I always like to choose my neighbors."

"O may we?" cried both girls at once, looking up with such pleading eyes that Mrs. Rood nodded indulgently.

It was with very different feelings that the girls climbed the long stairs the second time. Before they were strangers, in a strange land, now they had a friend and a room, and even if they had never seen the room it was sure to seem homelike with this cheery presence near.

"Is n't she bully?" whispered Sue to Alice Carr as they ascended the stairs together. Virginia was on one side of their divinity while

Miss Wills still clung to that rescuing hand as if she were afraid she might drown in the flood of her own tears should she let go.

"She is a lovely lady," replied Miss Carr a bit stiffly, though she had taken Sue's arm a moment before. "I hardly think I should describe her as bully?"

Sue bit her lip over this most unlucky slip and decided in her headlong way that Alice Carr was a prig, and that she was n't going to like her, but just then Miss Gribble paused before a door marked 21 and said cheerily:

"Well, my dears, here you are at home."

Chapter XVI.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

The sun was streaming into the big, bare, bay window, when Sue roused by the jangle of a bell opened her sleepy eyes. Slowly the feeling of strangeness stole over her drowsy senses and she sat up dazed and winking.

Virginia upon her knees before her trunk lifted a laughing rosy face from its depths as she heard Sue stirring.

"Good morning, sleepy girl," she said gayly, "I've been up and dressed an hour. But you don't need to hurry, that was only the rising bell."

"Goodness gracious, child!" gasped Sue, struggling with her hooks and eyes. "Why did n't you say a word? I did n't want to miss a moment of *really* being here!"

"O Sue, we are the luckiest girls, the view from our window is over the river and it is beautiful. It was so kind of Miss Gribble to get this room for us. You know it is only empty because some senior decided not to come back."

"Blessings on the senior, and, oh, won't Martha be hopping when she gets here and finds she 's left! Is n't it the biggest old joke. She was so high and mighty when she said that about not caring to arrive with the 'mob!' Won't it be fun to see her in some dinky little back room?"

"I—don't—know—" said Virginia, slowly sinking back upon the floor and clasping her hands about her knees. "I did n't mean to tell you, Sue, but you see, I really do like Martha, and even if I did n't—I knew she would feel horrid to come and have some unpleasant room—when I was here—and might have helped—so I asked Mrs. Rood last night to please arrange it. She said it was unusual, but at last she consented, and while you were singing for Miss Gribble I chose a room I am sure Martha will like. You don't care, Sue?"

"Care!" cried Sue, tumbling down in a heap beside Virginia. "Care, you precious! I 'm glad Virginia! I truly am!"

"And you don 't think I'm trying to act good-goody?" whispered Virginia with her head on Sue's shoulder. "I thought it would be lots of fun to see her dismay when I first thought of it, but really—"

"But really this is a hundred times better. I 'm not going to say I love Martha, but yet I 'm glad I did n't get a chance to act mean."

"And you don't think—"

"That you are trying to preach to me? Not a bit of it! But goodness, I 've got to hurry, or I 'll get my head taken off the very first day!"

Virginia and Sue—Sue very jaunty in her dyed jacket—opened their door at the first tap of the breakfast bell.

"Good morning, dicky birds, on time, I see," came in a cheery voice from Miss Gribble's open door. "One moment and I will go with you. Ah, here are Miss Carr and Miss Wills," went on Miss Gribble, coming out just as the two girls appeared. "I notice we never have any lazy girls the first morning. I hope you all slept well. This is going to be a glorious day. Good morning, good morning!" The girls were appearing from all directions now and trooping together down the broad stairway, and pretty it was to see how each face brightened at Miss Gribble's greeting.

"Good morning, young ladies. Good morning!" and a black-eyed, white-haired little woman who was standing just inside the dining-room door caught her gown and made a gay little courtesy to the whole group.

"Why Miss Hope, when did you arrive?" cried the girls.

"Did you really think I would let you get on without me?" laughed Miss Hope. "I

surprised our good Mrs. Rood that I might have the pleasure of breakfasting with you. How do you do, Miss Gribble. Ah, here are Miss Sargeant, Miss White, Miss Decker and Fraülein Prather. Now all our teachers are here except Miss Childs and our new teacher, Miss Thaw, who will arrive to-day. We are going to do exceptional work after our long vacation, I am sure. After breakfast I shall expect to meet the young ladies in my office. Miss Decker, I will take breakfast at your table, with your permission; I have not quite decided upon my guests for the year."

"Oh, Miss Hope, *please!*" cried a dozen of the older girls beseechingly.

Miss Hope laughed and waving them a gay denial took Miss Decker's arm and crossed the room.

"You see," said May Price, a Senior, to Sue, "It 's a very great privilege to sit at Miss Hope's table. But you new girls must n't think she is always gay like that. My, just you wait until you see those black eyes flash and that little figure stiffen up, and if you don't feel like creeping under the sofa you are a braver girl than I am!"

"Is n't she kind?" asked Virginia.

"Oh, so-so," replied May, shrugging her shoulders. "She 's strong on discipline, and somewhat capricious, I think, but most of the girls adore her."

As the girls filed into the office that morning it seemed to Sue that her heart had never beaten so hard nor fast in her life. Among the new girls she and Virginia were the first called. Miss Hope sat in her swivel chair before her desk. Sue felt that those black eyes saw and understood every fault within and without.

"So this is Virginia Clayton," said Miss Hope, offering her hand to Virginia. "You have a father to be proud of, my dear, and I hope you will do your best to make him proud of you. Miss Sargeant, whom you will see in the library, will attend to your classes and standings. Mrs. Rood tells me you have been given a room and a roommate, and Miss Gribble has asked that both you and your roommate be placed at her table, and as long as you are both good I have no objection. And this is Susan Roberts, Mrs. Fulton's niece. My dear, I first knew your aunt when she was Serena Roberts, the prettiest, liveliest girl at Madam Whitney's academy. I think she was the veriest madcap I ever knew."

"Aunt Serena!" gasped Sue in astonishment, in spite of her fear of Miss Hope. "Aunt Serena a madcap! Why I supposed she was a regular woolly lamb! She is always giving me Hail Columbia for every old thing I do!"

It was Virginia's turn to gasp now, although Miss Hope made no reply to Sue's startling speech except a sharp glance, but turning to her desk she searched a moment for a letter which she looked over hastily.

"Yes, I see, I see," she remarked. "I had almost forgotten. Well, Miss Roberts, as we grow older, there often takes place a great change in character, in mind and manner just as there does in appearance, or else all our teaching, studying, working and praying would be for naught. I am glad you two girls are to be together. Miss Sargent is waiting for you now and will attend to your placing,"—she dismissed them with an imperative wave of her hand and a keen smile that lightened her face without warming it. May Price was right, thought Sue, she could hardly believe this was the gay little figure with the sweeping courtesy.

"What do you think of her, Virginia?" asked Sue as the two girls passed out and walked down the hall toward the library. "Are n't you surprised? She is n't a bit as I expected from those violet letters. I would n't care to get on the wrong side of her."

"She is the most distinguished-looking small woman I ever saw, Sue, and I like her so much. When you said that awful thing about your Aunt Serena, though, I almost sank, for I expected to see you dragged off to a dungeon, but she never seemed to hear it."

"She heard it all right, honey, don't you doubt that, I felt a shiver down my spine the moment those words left my lips, and those black eyes said something I could n't quite make out, but it meant that it would be 'all day with Susie' if she did n't be good. But all the same I liked her, Virginia. She 's the sort you can tie to and I can't imagine any one away from my own home I'd rather have care for me or be pleased with me than Miss Hope."

"Well," cried May Price, skipping down the hall after them, "Did you fall under the prexy's spell? Isn't she fine! Frightened you out of your wits, I suppose, poor little firsties! I feel for you most deeply. I will admit I was trying to frighten you this morning, but she certainly is a Tartar if you once rouse her and let her know you don't intend to study, or be what she calls a 'tru-r-r-r woman.' I'd rather have Miss Hope call me a 'tru-r-r-r woman' than be knighted. But I never expect it, for that only comes to a very select few."

"Pets?" inquired Sue.

"No-o-o," mused May. "You could n't tell the truth and say Elizabeth Hope has pets. She is the sort you can win only by your inward grace. Oh, you can't beg, buy, nor borrow, or even steal your way into her favor! I have seen every one of those ways tried, too. You can get there by just one route, namely, to earn it and I'm here to tell you the way is long and stony. She is slow, but she 's sure, and there is n't any mothering in her, not a mite, for all she is so little, and pretty, and almost girlishly gay at times; so don't be expecting any sloppings-over."

"Any one can see that," assented Sue. "But I like her just the same."

"She has a mind like a man," went on May. "My, wait until you are in one of her classes, and then if you are n't enthusiastic it is because you can't appreciate a good teacher! But it is always discipline with a large D, and she never errs on the side of mercy, let me tell you. The best way to get on with her is 'never to let her strike the first discordant note in you, then you are safe to have your melody at Hope Hall sweep on in sweetest harmony,'" chuckled May, making quotation marks on both sides of her blooming face by snapping her fingers. "Don't think for a moment I was smart enough to get up that delicious epigram, that 's a bit from Anne Demuth who was graduated last year. Poor Anne, her melody did anything but sweep, but she was great fun, and did n't the feathers fly when she and Miss Hope met in the arena. But now you are going to meet the real mother of Hope Hall. Miss Sargent is good and dear and everybody loves her."

The whole day came out beautifully, Sue told Virginia that night as she stood brushing out her curls before her mirror. Miss Sargent had been very kind and by a little extra study Sue would be able to enter the same classes with Virginia, except that while Virginia had third year French, Sue was just beginning. Then Miss Gribble's table was the merriest in the dining room and the girls were so friendly and nice.

"I just love that Enid Fenno at our table. Don't you, Virginia?"

"You see, I never get acquainted as quickly as you do," yawned Virginia. "Ugh, but I am sleepy. I did like May Price though and that little Miss Crum. Did n't you?"

"That Crum girl! O Virginia, I just detested her!"

"Now, Sue, you know you don't mean that. Did you notice her lovely eyes, and she said such kind things of everyone."

"So ho, Missy, I 've caught you this time. The reason you did not feel acquainted with Enid is because she is such a dandy gossip, but she is awfully funny, and she can talk Irish as if she came from Cork. Did you notice the empty chair at Miss Decker's table right behind me?"

"Yes I did, and Miss Crum said it was for Miss Dempcy, of Kentucky."

"And, O Virginia, Enid says she is a regular cracker-jack of a girl! Her name is Nancy Jane Dempcy and all the girls call her Nancy Jancy Dempcy. Is n't that fun? And they say she is so awfully brilliant at her lessons that Miss Hope puts up with her, though she gives her particular fits once a week and does not trust her at all. Oh, it has been a lovely day, but, oh—and oh, I would—like—to—see—mother—and—little—Ben!" And Sue's voice trailed away in a half sob.

"Dear old slangy Sue," comforted Virginia, as she turned out the gas and raised the window shade. "See, dear, there is the same old moon that is shining just as kindly on Cherryfair."

(Continued.)



"TAKING TURNS"—ONLY ONE BABY CARRIAGE TO THREE DOLLS.

THE CURE OF JOE'S BEE-STING.

(Founded upon an actual incident.)

By Harry M. Graves.

Upon taking her leave for a week's visit Mrs. Mento's last secret instructions to her son were of hygienic character. While grandpa was looking after his daughter's baggage Mrs. Mento improved the opportunity to speak upon a subject forbidden in his presence.

"Now, Joe, in my absence don't forget what I have told you about Mental Science if you should be ill. You can treat yourself as effectively as I can, and do not forget grandpa is opposed to our way, and when you declare "the truth" be cautious, and do not let grandpa hear you or see you, for, being in the dark, as he is, he will, of course, check your further efforts, and the influence of his opposition will retard any cures you may attempt. Just remember that mind is all and matter is an error and no ills can hold you down."

"All right, mama, I 'll remember to—"

"Sh-h-h, grandpa is drawing near," and further conversation upon the forbidden topic was avoided.

Soon the train pulled up at the station, and after a minute of hurry and bustle and din and clatter the train steamed away and Joe and grandpa returned home.

After dinner, when grandpa had gone to the bank, of which he was president, Joe began to

develop the plans that were already hatched in his young mind as to the best manner of enjoying a week's respite from combined motherly and grandfatherly discipline. His young mind reasoned that bare feet were better for a boy's freedom of action, and so Joe cast off his shoes and stockings with gusto.

As nimble as a deer now, Joe ran out of the rear door of the house, and the housekeeper, looking at him from the kitchen window, could not tell which was head and which were feet as Joe turned somersault after somersault down the slope to the river-bank.

Arrived at the edge of the water, Joe flung himself down in the shade of a sheltering oak and paddled his feet forward and back in the cool water of the stream. Lying flat upon the soft grass, with his legs hanging over the verdant ledge, Joe watched the birds in the tree above him, and lent his ears to their songs and to the humming of bees and other insects and inhaled the fragrant breath that was wafted from the odoriferous flowers close at hand, and this care-free lad kicked and splashed the water till the birds chattered and scolded in angry disapproval of such a commotion. But the bees cared little about Joe or his water-churning. They buzzed from flower to flower in their life's occupation of gathering honey, and never heeded so unimportant an object as a little boy lying on the grass. But the boy's attention was drawn to the bees, for one came buzzing so near to his nose that Joe involuntarily struck at it, and then he turned over on his side and watched the bee until it disappeared from his view. Then Joe noticed that another bee buzzed past in the same direction, and another and another. Joe's investigating instinct was aroused. He arose and ran after one bee and another until he perceived a brown, squash-shaped object in the brush from which and into which these busy insects were passing. Joe's desire of conquest was awakened. There was honey in the nest, Joe was sure of that. He had no honey, but he wanted some. That was Joe's philosophy. His conscience did not trouble him any; the honey would be his by right of conquest, and he soon formed a plan of attack.

With a leaf-covered switch in each hand Joe advanced upon the stronghold. A single combatant emerged from the aperture in the besieged nest. Swish! The foe was vanquished. Two more emerged. Swish! Swash! One fell to the ground, the other was dazed but retreated into the nest. Joe advanced a step. A small swarm poured out of the opening and quickly forming a phalanx bore down upon the enemy. Joe fought valiantly. His switches cut the air from right to left; from left to right and upward and downward. The line of the besieged was broken and the defenders were put to rout, but Joe's victory was but temporary. A reserve force of bees quickly came to the rescue and Joe battled bravely on until, by a freak of chance, one of his weapons broke near his hand and flew far from him. He continued to war with one switch, but, upon being hard pressed by the ever-increasing force of the foe, Joe held a brief council of war and quickly decided that, in the face of the odds against him, a well-ordered retreat would not be a military disgrace. So he turned abruptly but in good form and made a double-quick retreat, at the same time beating the air about his head with



"SO HE TURNED ABRUPTLY AND MADE A DOUBLE-QUICK RETREAT"

his switch to prevent the inconsiderate bees from attacking him from the rear. He succeeded in keeping the ever-increasing number of bees away from his head and arms, but, like Achilles of old, there was an unprotected spot upon his body beyond the range of his circling



"'NO MORE OF THAT NONSENSE, NOW; WHAT'S THE MATTER?'"

switch. This spot appealed to one bee brighter and more experienced than the rest, and when Joe's heel was in the air nearly as high as his head the wise insect fastened itself upon the heel and stung it viciously.

The battle, valiantly fought on both sides, was terminated, but Joe's misery had just begun. With a howl of pain, he increased his speed and came limping up to the house.

Remembering his mother's injunctions, he quietly sought out a secluded corner in the parlor, and, trying to repress the truant tears, he began the *mental* battle.

"Mind is all; matter is an error. Matter has no feeling, and cannot pain or smart. There is no such thing as pain. It is all nothingness. Mind is good; health is good. Mind is health; body is error, nothing."

Joe did not hear the street-door open softly, and was surprised when grandpa asked him what was amiss.

"Oh, nuthin'," said Joe, evasively, checking a little sob.

"Yes there is, Joe. Tell me."

"Well, 't ain't much," said Joe.

"Joe would n't cry if it was n't much," said grandpa, encouragingly. "What is it now?"

"Just a claim," said Joe, evasively.

"Claim! Bah! Call it flame, game, shame, blame, tame, name! Call it what you will, something has happened to you and I want to know what it is,"—this firmly but not unkindly. Grandpa loved his grandson, but he could not tolerate the theories nor the phrases of mental healing.

"No more of that nonsense, now; what 's the matter?"

"Well—a—well—a—error says a bee stung my heel."

"Well, if error talks that way it is probably right and your foot needs attention," and grandpa went out and procured a bottle of "Liquid Alleviator of All Ailments," and proceeded to administer to the injured member.

"But I don't want that, grandpa. It 's only mind that can really cure."

"Tut, tut; there 's nothing in that fanciful nonsense." Then grandpa proceeded to give his usual opinion of mental science.

"It 's all wrong. It 's built upon a foundation of sand. Mind cannot control the body. I can prove it by two arguments: First, mind is but the result of a chemical action. Second, a result cannot affect or control a cause. Those are logical and philosophical truths and are unanswerable." Grandpa always argued it that way, and said it in so positive a tone of finality that Mrs. Mento never continued the discussion, and Joe, of course, accepted the statement on trust.

"Stick out your foot."

Joe demurred.

Grandpa was firm, and Joe finally thrust out his foot very reluctantly, and the liniment was very generously applied to the heel and a bandage carefully tied around it.

"There," said grandpa, complacently. "That 'll cure your heel. Now tell me how you came to be stung."

Joe told him of his fight with the bees, and grandpa laughed heartily, and, growing reminiscent, told Joe of a similar experience he had had when *he* was a boy.

"You 'll be all right in a short time. Now don't let me hear any more of that foolish gibberish about 'error.'"

In the course of a few days the effects of the sting entirely disappeared, and grandpa hailed the cure as a great triumph for medicine, while Joe felt equally confident the cure was a notable victory for mental science. Could Mother Nature speak, she, no doubt, with good grounds would have claimed the victory as her own.

Joe said nothing of the affair to his mother when she returned, but grandpa was exultant and could not let the opportunity of vindicating medicines slip by.

"Stella, we 've had a beautiful demonstration of the efficacy of Materia Medica and of its superiority over mental science while you were away. Joe received a serious sting on the foot, and a prompt application of pain-killer effectually cured it.

"Did n't Joe 'treat' it?" asked Mrs. Mento.

Joe entered the room at this juncture.

"He did what you call 'treating' it, but it was the liniment that cured the sting. I tell you that mental science is all wrong. The mind cannot control the body. I can prove it by two logical and philosophical arguments: first, mind is the result of chemical action; second, a result cannot affect or control a cause. So it was the liniment that cured the sting in this case."

"No, I'm afraid it was n't," said Joe, with rising inflection as though he wished to say more but awaited permission. Both his mother and grandpa looked in surprise at Joe.



JOE PROVES HIS CASE.

"Well?" said grandpa, just a little defiantly but encouragingly.

"I can logic'ly and phil'sophic'ly prove by two unanswerable arguments that it was n't the liniment that healed the sting," said Joe, confidently, with an imitation of grandpa's air when delivering *his* two arguments.

"Well?" said grandpa, interested.

"Well, first, it was my *right* foot that was stung; and second, it was my *left* foot that you put the liniment on."

Grandpa's eyes opened wide, his jaw dropped, and the paper he had been reading fell from his hand, and for a moment he gazed at Joe in utter astonishment and complete disgust. Then his hand stole to his face to conceal a suspicion of a smile.

'Joe," said grandpa, very softly

"Yes, sir," he said timidly

"Go down and tell Bridget it is time to serve tea."

When Joe had gone Mrs. Mento did not speak; but grandpa would a thousand times over have preferred her to say *anything* she wished rather than to wear that irrepressible look of triumph and vindication and exultation.

"Well, well!" said grandpa, laconically, as though by those two words to dismiss the entire subject. "It does not signify, it does not signify! Nature had plenty of time to work her own cure without the help of science.—But that Joe is a wonderful boy. He 'll be President some day."

Mrs. Mento cherished the same opinion, and she smiled sweetly at grandpa.



MRS. TOM COD, TO A TRAMP SAW-FISH: "YES, MY POOR MAN, I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO EAT IF YOU 'LL SAW UP THAT PILE OF CORAL YONDER."

POLLY'S POUND PARTY.

By Mary V. Worstell.

Polly Osborn sat in a dark blue Morris chair pulled up before a crackling grate fire, and as Polly was small for her fifteen years, the big chair seemed not more than half occupied. Some matter of deep concern was occupying her mind for a little scowl was trying its best to knot up her forehead, and in her hand she held a letter which she turned, mechanically, round and round.

Polly looked as wretched as—well, as it was possible for our pretty Polly *to* look. There is no telling to what depths of despair she might not have descended if her meditations had not been interrupted by the sound of a light footstep approaching. A tap on the door, and the next instant there appeared Polly's particular and intimate friend, Abbie Andrews. In appearance she was very different from Polly, for she was tall and finely proportioned, with the promise of a Juno-like beauty in the years to come.

"Well, Polly!" she exclaimed, "what 's the matter?"

"Matter?" said Polly, "well, something *is* the matter though possibly you may think it of little importance. You remember Mother's Christmas celebration for some of the poorer families over at the foundry? It seems as if this year everything is conspiring to make it quite impossible. Aunt Ida has been very ill with typhoid and now it looks as if Mother would have to go with her to Florida for a few weeks, and so her plan for a fair about the end of November is quite out of the question."

"That 's so," assented Abbie, "it does seem really impossible. I wonder if we could n't get up something besides a fair—private theatricals, a concert, a masquerade, anything whereby we could raise the necessary money. How much does it cost, Polly? Hundreds, I suppose, judging by the joy it brings to the mothers and children of that wretched part of town that we see so little of."

"It would cost," said Polly, with a distinct note of discouragement in her voice, "it would cost at least a hundred and fifty dollars to duplicate last year's celebration. I know Mother feels sorrier than she says, but I suppose it can't be helped. She will hardly be home before the first or second week in December and then it 's too late to do anything but prepare the celebration, *if* she has the money."

"Well," said Abbie philosophically, "if it can't be helped, I would try not to think about it." At that moment the maid entered with chocolate and wafers, and while she was arranging them on a taboret, placed sociably between two big easy-chairs, Abbie exclaimed:

"Polly, dear, hear the news I bring, though it is a small budget to-day. To begin with, Dorothy Sanger is home again. She must have had great fun at her aunt's, for she went to theater-parties and teas, and dances and a pound-party—whatever that may be—and for more drives and receptions than she could count. Her cousins are great favorites and go everywhere. I think she—"

"Stop!" said Polly, holding up a warning finger. "What *is* a pound party?"

"Why, I believe every one brings a pound of something instead of buying a ticket—and then they auction off the packages unopened. I don't remember all the details. Why?"

"Why!" echoed Polly, setting down her cup and jumping up—"because—*that 's it.*"

"Polly Osborn, what are you talking about?"

"That 's it, Abbie, you dear, stupid old goose. *That's* what we can give and raise the money we will need for the Christmas celebration—don't you see?"

"But—Polly" objected Abbie, "I know nothing of the details of the affair—"

"And I don't *want* to," said Polly with decision. "Why should n't we make the 'details,' as you call them, to suit ourselves?

Let us! and we 'll think of all sorts of jolly jokes to work in. A 'pound party!' Why, the very name is captivating, for one begins to think of all the funny one-pound packages that could be brought by throngs of eager people. For instance,—raisins, sugar, carpet-tacks, rice, dried apricots, soap, hairpins, tea-pots, clothes-brushes, paper-weights, candy, books, oranges, grapes, pictures, overshoes—"

"Polly, Polly, your imagination is running away with you," said Abbie as Polly paused for breath, "but it certainly begins to sound awfully jolly."

"Jolly! It will be the greatest fun! Do you think your Mother would consent to be the one and only 'Patroness?'"

"Come and find out," laughed Abbie.

Twenty minutes later the two girls were closeted with Mrs. Andrews, who entered heartily into the plan.

"You see, Mrs. Andrews," said Polly, "we can scatter invitations broadcast, for the more the merrier, especially as each one must bring a pound of something."

"Now about the auctioneer," said Mrs. Andrews; "much of the success will depend on him. Have you thought of any one?"

"I thought," suggested Polly, "that a certain foot-ball player, who will be home for Thanksgiving, might consent to serve."

Mrs. Andrews glanced affectionately at the photograph of a foot-ball player, her son Frederic, in full regalia, who beamed affably upon her from the mantlepiece.

"Why not have Bayard Coleman?" asked Abbie, in a half-injured tone.

"And I," said Mrs. Andrews, laughingly, "had Norman MacDonald in mind."

There was a moment's pause, for each was considering the claims of these candidates for the important office of auctioneer.

It was Polly who cut the Gordian knot.

"Why not have all three?"

"Polly," said Mrs. Andrews, "you are a diplomat! I see that all details may safely be left in your capable little hands. Make all of your plans and then come and tell me about them. I am sure the result will be a charming evening, and we will hope that everybody will come with plump purses. Would n't it be altogether delightful if the result was—that hundred and fifty dollars! We 'll hope for it, anyhow."

A week later all preliminaries were arranged. The young men named had been duly requested, and had consented to serve as auctioneers; and invitations had been scattered broadcast. That august personage, the President of the School Board, had been interviewed and had kindly allowed them the use of the lower floor of the High School for all of the Friday following Thanksgiving. A Committee on Decoration had been appointed and had consulted at length on the comparative values of bunting and evergreen as embellishment for the main room. A combination of both was decided upon and numberless flags, big and little, were borrowed and safely stowed away till Friday, November thirtieth.

The invitations,—but wait—I have one right here, and I will copy it word for word (for I may as well tell you now that this Pound Party actually took place!).

Dear . . . . . (then followed the name of the person invited): Will you come to our Pound Party? It is to be given at 8 o'clock, Friday night, November thirtieth, at the High School. Instead of buying a ticket of admission, please bring a pound-package, securely wrapped, so that its contents may not be guessed. In value it must be not less than twenty-five cents (nor more than twenty-five dollars!). For the most original pound, a prize—a beautiful pound-cake—will be awarded. The money thus raised will be devoted to a worthy Christmas charity. We hope the wide scope allowed in the selection of pound-packages will make the evening a memorable one for all who take part, as well as for those who will eventually profit by your generosity.

Yours truly,
POLLY OSBORNE,
ABBIE ANDREWS.

Mrs. JOSEPH WINTHROP ANDREWS,
Patroness.

The eventful day dawned gray and cold and until noon it was an open question whether it would be cloudy or clear. Then the sun seemed to catch the spirit of gaiety which animated the party who were transforming the white walls of the big school-room into masses of green, with flags, bright bits of lovely color, flashing at frequent intervals.

Polly and Abbie were at the school by seven o'clock. They had hardly laid aside their wraps when a dray backed up to the door of the building and the driver brought in a huge box, nearly five feet square, and tied with broad white satin ribbon.

"This," he announced, "weighs just a wee bit more than a pound, and the sender's name will be found on a card in the box, after it has been sold, unopened."

Such a wonderful pound as that was gave rise to numberless conjectures from the girls. With laughter and girlish fun they placed it beside the auctioneer's platform, and an impro-



vised screen hid it till the time should come for it to be displayed.

"Oh, Polly!" exclaimed Abbie, popping up behind the big box, so that only her head was visible. "What if only a baker's dozen came! Would n't it be disappointing! Only a baker's dozen of bundles to auction off! That would be just four for each auctioneer, and one more, for luck! And what do you suppose is in this box? It really is n't heavy if it is big. And look at the yards of ribbon that tie it. I 've a good mind to buy it myself and then wear white satin stocks and belts till I 'm a grandmother, when, of course, I must wear gray."

"Abbie—you ridiculous girl! Come here this minute and help me get these tables ready for the pound-packages that will surely come. Everybody is talking about the Pound Party and ever so many have told me that they were sure of winning the prize pound-cake. Here come some people now."

The "people" proved to be half a dozen who lived near, and also the trio of auctioneers, who pretended to be greatly frightened at the part they were to play in the evening's fun.

Then came another group—then more and more and more till the big handsome hall was filled to overflowing, and such a mass of queerly shaped bundles as were piled up on the tables, close to the auctioneers, I do believe were never seen before or since.

Five minutes after eight the fun began. The auctioneers' "turns" were decided by "drawing lots," and so it chanced that Bayard Coleman "opened the ball." In a neat little speech he stated the object of the Pound Party, to raise enough money to make possible a Christmas celebration for some of the poor families in the "foundry district," and added that "since their appointment all of the auctioneers had been practising the gentle art of overestimating the value of everything they looked at,—that they were loaded to the muzzle with every art and wile of the genuine auctioneer, and that if the evening's pecuniary results proved all they hoped, they had determined to forsake golf, college, and even foot-ball, and identify themselves forever after with the less dangerous gavel."

Then began the real business of the evening. The first parcel,—large and flat—was knocked down to a prim old lady for thirty cents. With eager fingers she untied the string, opened the parcel, and took out a flaming green fan with poppies painted all over it. A gay young bachelor next tried his luck, and paid seventy-five cents for a large bundle which contained a small pair of shoe-trees, tied together with pink ribbon. These he promptly swung over his arm, and generously offered to bestow on the first lady whose dainty foot proved her right to them. A long umbrella-box seemed to promise unbounded possibilities and the owner soon gazed ruefully upon a double line of candles for which he had paid two dollars.

Soon after came a small, ordinary-looking package, not as big as your hand, which was

knocked down for eighty cents. It proved to be a gold coin,—a genuine English "pound." This was bought by a lady whose means were reputed to be large. She promptly handed the coin back to the auctioneer and requested him to auction it off again. This time it brought six dollars, and it was freely remarked among the audience that the sender of *that* pound really deserved the big pound-cake, which was exhibited on a table by itself. But the evening was not over,—besides, there was the huge box behind the screen.

Each auctioneer presided for ten minutes and the friendly rivalry among them made plenty of fun.

Some one had contributed a light wicker basket, tied with broad cherry ribbon. A slight movement within the basket made the interest rise to fever heat. It was finally sold for three dollars, and when the new owner opened the basket out came—not the kitten, nor the guinea-pig, nor the rattlesnake, nor the squirrel, nor the pug-dog—that the auctioneer had suggested — but out stepped a pair of the whitest, snowiest, stateliest pigeons you ever saw. And they were very tame. They made no effort to fly away, but quietly settled on the shoulder of their new owner, and looked about as calmly as if they attended Pound Parties every evening in the week.

Another package was announced as "over weight" and therefore expensive. It was evidently over weight, but of engaging appearance. It was sold for a dollar and fifteen cents. The buyer hopefully cut the string and unrolled, from a dozen or more layers of white tissue paper—a hammer! Wrapped around the handle was a sheet of paper on which was written:



"DOZENS AND DOZENS OF TOY BALLOONS OF ALL COLORS FLOATED UPWARD."

"WHO'LL BUY A HAMMER."

[illegible]
An honest old hammer, I'm surely no shammer,
I'll pound, pound, pound.

[illegible]
For king of all parcels I'm crowned;
If I don't "take the cake" the echoes I'll wake,
For I'll pound, pound, pound.

These verses had been obligingly read by Fred Andrews who happened to be auctioneer at the time and there was a feeling, widely voiced among the buyers, that either the sender of the hammer or the doves deserved the prize. But about that time Polly remembered the huge box behind the screen, and, taking advantage of a moment's lull, she had the auctioneers again "draw lots" to decide which one should sell it. The choice fell to Norman Macdonald.

After calling attention to the fact that various small articles of value had been sold, and that the buyers had expressed entire satisfaction with their purchases, with a great show of ceremony the screen was removed, and there stood the huge, ribbon-decked box. A murmur of "oh" and "ah" ran round for a few minutes before the bidding began. And lively? You never heard anything like it. In two minutes it was up to ten dollars and going still higher. A little later it got as high as seventeen and there it seemed to stay till Judge Christy bid "seventeen and a half."

"*And a half!*"

As it was quite impossible to pass the ponderous box to the Judge, he stepped forward to inspect his unwieldy acquisition. Polly, who knew the Judge well, asked if she could help him.

"Why, yes, Miss Polly," he answered, "take care of all this nonsensical stuff for me," and he untied the ribbon and wound it, in big loops, around Polly's shoulders.

Then he slowly lifted the cover, and such a chorus of happy, little astonished sounds rose, as dozens and dozens of toy balloons of all colors floated upward, blue, red, yellow, white, some with short strings attached, some with long. Surely, there never was a prettier transformation-scene than the room presented, with the countless colored globes floating lazily upward or swinging lightly in mid-air.

The Judge himself was the first to break the spell. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "as the owner of all those balloons, I want to make a statement. They are all for sale! Any one wanting a balloon to take home, must first pay ten cents to our friend, Miss Polly Osborne. When the money has been paid, and not before, the balloons may be captured. The price will remain the same though the balloons may go higher."

And Polly, still swathed in yards and yards of white satin ribbon, received more dimes than I would dare to state.

Of course, the sender of the box of balloons, who chanced to be a fun-loving grown man, and one of the proprietors of the big foundry, received the pound-cake with a suitable little note of congratulation from the "one and only Patroness."

And the two girl-friends agreed that she was exactly the person for that office, for when the Pound Party was over, a dozen or more happy young people made merry for an hour or more at Mrs. Andrew's delightful supper-table. The Judge made one of the party, for he assured them that he was not much over twenty-one, in spite of his iron-gray locks.

And Abbie and Polly felt amply rewarded for all their efforts in behalf of that almost relinquished Christmas celebration. Certain it is, that on December first Polly wrote her Mother a long letter which ended in these words:

"And [illegible], Mother dear, the [illegible] and the dinner and the numerous tons of coal is really secured. For Father (just think of it! I am almost too happy and excited to write) has just put into the safe for me a big roll of bills—two hundred and seventy dollars! And if all the dear girls and boys had n't entered into the spirit and fun of the whole thing it never could have come to pass, and so made very happy

Your own loving
[illegible]



A LITTLE MATINEE GIRL "OH, YES! I 'VE SEEN PETER PAN, AND I *do* BELIEVE IN FAIRIES!"

A KINDERGARTEN LESSON.

By Helen Standish Perkins.



"Three rings as bright as silver,
And seven cut in half,
And such a funny man appeared
He really made me laugh.
'Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha!' said he.
'I 'm Mr. Jollyboy, you see.'"



MR. JOLLYBOY.

Then Dorothy bethought herself
A little change to try,
And lo! so doleful was the face
It nearly made her cry.
"'Boo hoo! boo hoo! boo hoo!' wept he.
'I 'm Mr. Sorryboy, you see.'"



MR. SORRYBOY.



FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE.

By Uncle Ned.

Moo, moo!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will eat the sweet grass,
I will give her a glass
Of my milk for her tea;
Moo, moo! that 's what I 'll do
For my dear little maiden of three.

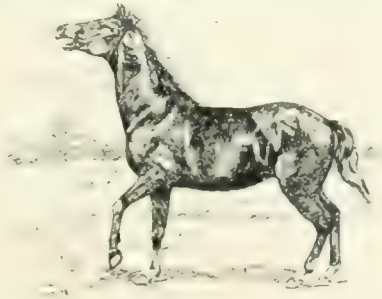




Mew, mew!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will catch all the mice,
And they shall not come twice
To the cake, you 'll see;
Mew, mew! that 's what I 'll do
For my sweet little maiden of three.

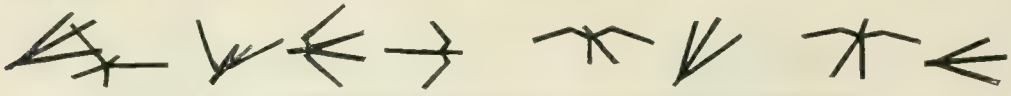
Bow-wow!
I will go now
With my little girl of three;
I will make a great noise;
I will frighten the boys,
For they all fear me;
Bow-wow! that is just how
I 'll guard my sweet maiden of three.





Neigh, neigh!
Out of the way
For my little girl of three!
I will give her a ride,
We will canter and glide
O'er the meadowy lea;
Neigh, neigh! that 's just the way
I 'll help my sweet maiden of three.





VARIOUS FLIGHT-POSITIONS OF BARN SWALLOWS, AND THEIR CORRESPONDING "SHORTHAND"

SHORTHAND FOR POSES AND FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

How grand is the hawk or the eagle sailing far away in the blue sky! And how beautiful are the song birds, each in its favorite position to sing, the song sparrow with head thrown back, the bobolink sailing down to the grass with raised wings! Those who have spent much time watching birds in the field know how differently the various birds perch, fly, run, climb or feed. The warblers catch flies, but they do not do it in such an interesting way as do the true flycatchers. We come to know a bird by the flight or walk, just as we know other friends by their gait or even by the sound of their tread. In flight, the wings of many different birds make peculiar sounds whereby we may know the birds even if they



MODES OF PROGRESS OF TREE-CLIMBING BIRDS ON TREE TRUNKS.

The courses of the two at the left are indicated by the birds' borings in the bark. The dotted lines on the two trees at the right are made by the artist to show the birds' courses—they are not borings by the birds.

themselves are out of sight. It is not at all necessary to get close enough to a bird to see its exact color, or the shape of its bill and feet; for its movements and outlines can be seen at a greater distance; and so we may know the bird even though it should fly away, as birds often do as soon as we try to stalk them for a nearer view.

There are many unexpected delights to be and scanning the twigs and *upper* side of leaves. A flycatcher selects a dead or exposed bough, where he *sits* motionless, upright, tail drooped, until he leaves the tree entirely, though perhaps to return after the pursuit of a flying insect.

Of inland water-birds,—ducks, geese, loons, and grebes may be distinguished from gulls and terns by a straight-forward flight, never



FLIGHT POSITION OF MALLARD DUCK.
Also of other wild ducks, geese, loons and brants.

FLIGHT POSITION OF NIGHTHAWK
Also of sparrow hawk

FLIGHT POSITION OF RED-TAILED HAWK.
Also all the soaring hawks, gulls and eagles

discovered by any one who will closely watch the flight of birds. Watch even the familiar barn swallows for one hour, as they dart and sail and skim and wheel and float and hang suspended and drift away on the breeze. You will be convinced that there are few things more graceful in all nature.

Some positions and movements are common to all the members of a certain bird-family; others are peculiar to a species. First we shall look at the *family* movements and poses, taking a few families to illustrate. Among perching birds, thrushes usually *stand* motionless; sparrows stand or *sit*, but are less at ease then the thrushes, more restless. Both these families generally assume a slanting position on the bough. Orioles usually progress in trees by "sidling" along the branches, vireos by flitting from bough to bough, repeatedly hovering *under* the leaves. Warblers, by hopping from twig to twig, while exploring one main branch zig-zagging or slowly soaring like the long-winged swimmers. Ducks have a more rapid wing-beat than geese; which, in turn fly with a rather heavy motion, somewhat like the loon's. The several families may usually be further distinguished by the size and the shapes of the flocks. Loons usually go singly, and are more often to be seen in flight than grebes, who also travel without flocking. Compare the upright position of the owls with the prone nighthawk and the whip-poor-will; one sleeps "standing up," and one "lying down."

Among the tree climbers there are still nicer distinctions, both in the *manner* of climbing and the courses of the birds upon the trunks. The woodpeckers, with feet and tail adapted to clinging to an upright surface, and with bill adapted to drilling even in hard wood, goes straight up the trunk; then comes the slender-billed and weak-footed creeper, who must keep to the cracked bark, since he cannot bore for

his food. His course over the tree-stem is therefore zig-zag, from crevice to crevice. The nuthatches love to go winding up a tree like vines; now they are on this side, now on that. Not having the stiff pointed tail feathers of the woodpecker and the brown creeper, and having only three toes besides, nuthatches must turn partly sideways on a tree-trunk. Hence, their course is winding; or else they climb by turning from side to side with every step or two; but the tail is of no use as a prop, so it is held off the bark. Still another climber-and-creeper is the black and white warbler, who, having nearly the feet, bill and tail of a nuthatch, progresses in about the same way, but has rather more of a liking for crotches and the less upright branches.

In the woodpecker family, the yellow-bellied sapsucker has a way of "edging" around a tree-trunk. His course is marked by his borings, or rather *drillings*, which girdle the trees, instead of being scattered or running up them, like those of the other woodpeckers. This brings us to a finer distinction than that of families. A striking instance of the difference in the poses of birds of the same family is seen in the upright tail of the true wrens and the horizontal, or else drooping, tail of the brown thrasher, mocking bird and catbird. The bluebird is the only member of the thrush family having decidedly peculiar habits of flight and perching. Other birds, of even more strikingly peculiar attitudes, are the bobolink, kingbird, cowbird, yellow-breasted chat, sparrowhawk.

In learning to know the birds by their outlines—that is, their attitudes, whether at rest or in motion,—a system of simple sketches, or even lines, like those under the illustrations of this article, would save time and a good deal of note-taking. To indicate the appearance in flight, two lines for the wings, or one line crossing the body-line, and a line for the body, tail and head will usually be enough. For birds with very broad or deeply-forked tails, two lines may be used to show the spread of the tail (see heading). Notice, in the flight sketches (on page 745), where the wings join the body; in the nighthawk near the head, in the wild ducks about half way between the head and tips of tail. Also notice how the relative length of wings, tail, and neck and head is indicated by the shorthand. Any of these shorthand signs may be used as the framework for an outline sketch; they will serve to recall the figures of the birds at any time when you can draw the outline to better advantage than you could by trusting to memory alone, just as a stenographer uses his shorthand notes. All birds who sing from a perch will be found to assume one of the four attitudes here illustrated, or a position so nearly



SINGING POSE OF BOBOLINK.



ALMOST UPRIGHT POSE OF BROWN THRASHER.

Also of catbird.



SINGING POSE OF HOODED WARBLER.

Also of Maryland yellow-throat.



SINGING POSE OF SONG SPARROW.

Also of other sparrows, some warblers and orioles.



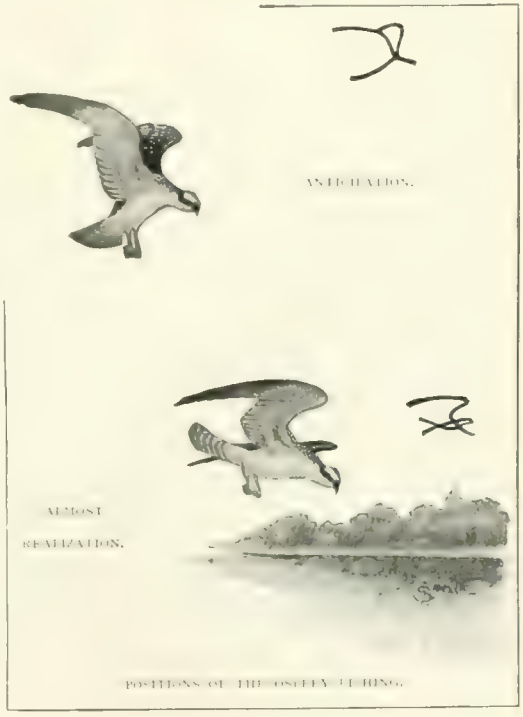
like one of these that it may be fairly represented by a mere change of the slant of one or more of the lines. You can easily construct other diagrams in the same way, to show position in rest, feeding, swimming and so forth.

All the figures of flying swallows shown in the heading are from sketches made in the field without even the aid of an opera glass. They were selected from about half a hundred sketches of barn swallows, every one of which was made in less than two or three minutes. The five original sketches of the osprey were made in the same way, but from a single bird who was "fishing" in a little river.

The *course* of flight is a distinguishing character of many birds. The grouse rises gradually while flying in a straight course; the woodcock rises to a height of several feet, or even yards, then flies straight away; the cuckoo's flight is also in a straight line, but peculiarly arrow-like, being graceful and silent, the long slender tail and body of the bird still further suggesting an arrow. A number of the birds, notably the brown thrasher and the song sparrow, progress in short flights, as from bush to bush, with a queer, eccentric or bobbing motion as if their flapping tails were a great hindrance. A Wilson snipe flies in a zig-zag line; a goldfinch, in long undulations or bounds. All of these and many other ways of flying can be indicated by dotted lines in the note-book, supplemented by such words as "sailing," "rapid," "slow," "heavy" or "graceful" flight, and "rapid," "slow," "silent" or "clattering" wing-beats; the wings of the grouse *hum*, those of the woodcock and the mourning dove *whistle*.

You will find that birds' movements and attitudes are just as suggestive and interesting as their colors are, and even more useful in naming the birds when they are once learned; for, as already mentioned, the outline of a bird can usually be clearly seen at a much greater distance than can its color or the exact shape of its bill and feet. The course of a bird's flight can often be seen distinctly enough to be recognized, when the flyer is so far away that we could not tell whether it is dark or light.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.



THE RAT THAT WORE A RING

THE accompanying photograph shows a half-grown rat which was rescued from a cat in Tuckerton, New Jersey, wearing the chased



THE RAT THAT WORE A RING.
Photographed after mounting by the taxidermist

gold ring now seen about its neck. Inquiry revealed that the ring had been lost by a neighbor across the street two years before.

The rat had evidently, when smaller and younger, pushed his head into the ring in some rat hole and had been unable to free itself. It was stuffed by a taxidermist in Tuckerton and was recently exhibited in Trenton before a Natural History Society.

JEAN BROADHURST.

THE VERY QUEER RESULTS IN THE EFFORT TO MEND INJURIES.

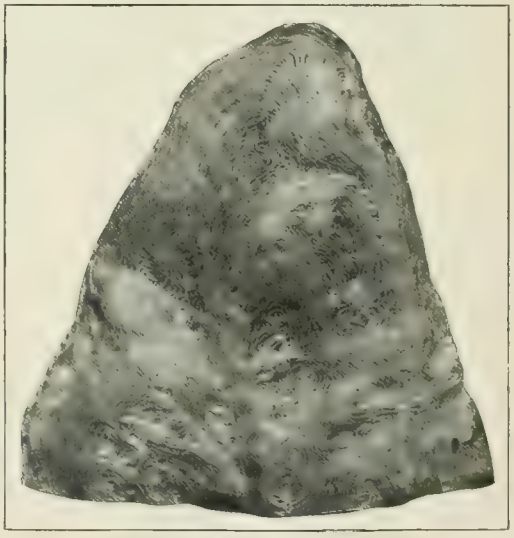
WHEN man is hurt, he calls a physician; when one of Nature's subjects is hurt, Nature will herself cure or attempt to cure.

The curiously marked piece of wood shown on this page is the result of one of Nature's cures. This triangular piece of wood, known to timber men as a "catface," is the result of Nature healing a bruised place on a red-oak tree. The side not shown in the illustration appears as does any ordinary piece of oak which grew near the bark, dark in color, and a little rough. A seam in the center shows where was the old wound. This in the healing process was the inside of the wood, while the side shown became the new wood, growing a new bark.

The man who found this "catface" was working on the red-oak log, and noticing a "raise" or growth on one side of it, sawed it off. He peeled the bark from it, and found this specimen of nature's wonderful art in healing. It might also be called "Wood-carving" by Nature." "Catfaces" are moderately common; that which makes this one of especial interest is its peculiar shape and markings.

OLIVER SHURTLEFF.

Professor Ward, in his book "Disease in Plants," makes the claim that this is not so much a mode of healing an injury as a diseased condition resulting from the injury. The theory is that the tree tries to cure itself by starting a great number of buds at the point of injury. Each new bud begins to develop a shoot, but soon dies owing to lack of enough food supplies. New buds at the base of this repeat the process next year with the same result, and each of these again in turn, and so on. This



THE CURIOUSLY MARKED PIECE OF WOOD.
Nature's effort to repair an injury.

makes a large mass with wood-fibers running in every direction, thus producing the beautiful carved appearance. Professor Ward refers to such growths as burrs and knauers. They are also sometimes called burls or wood-warts. Certain big burls give lumber for veneer—the so-called curly, bird's-eye, or cat's-eye ma-[illegible] are familiar examples.

A STRANDED WHALE.

THIS picture represents a common finback whale, which stranded at Provincetown, Massachusetts, a number of years ago. It is lying on its back. One of the boys is sitting on the flipper or pectoral fin, and the other is standing on the ridges of the chest which all the finback whales have and the humpbacks also, and are on that account called rorquals, meaning "the whales with reeds or pipes." At the extreme right is seen one of the flukes. The white streak close to the beach shows where the upper jaw is, and the rounded mass between it and the lower jaw is the tongue. You can see a little bit of the whalebone attached to the upper jaw.



[illegible] A DEAD WHALE

This particular whale was reported to be sixty-five feet four inches long, or about the average for adults of this species, but they sometimes reach eighty feet or perhaps a little more. If you hear of a whale being stranded anywhere on our East coast, or see one while taking a trip to Europe, it is almost certain to be this kind. It is among the largest of living creatures but not the largest, being exceeded by the gigantic sulphur-bottom, which is another kind of finback.

F. W. TRUE.

VERY TAME WATER FOWL.

OUR young folks will remember the article on "Wild Ducks in Autumn" in November, 1905 Nature and Science. Under the heading the editor put this quotation from the Rev. Herbert K. Job as to cultivating the tameness of water fowl:

> "Why should not the great nature-loving public find also interesting and instructive the lives and ways of the water-fowl? In time past these have been thought of largely as targets for the gun. Perhaps they will pardon me for laying bare their lives to scrutiny, as I protest to them, upon the first occasion of our future meeting, that I am trying to raise up friends for them — not foes. It will mark a new era in our civilization when the now persecuted wild-fowl can alight at the village pond and feed in peace, the object only of friendly admiration."

Since that number was published the editor had opportunity in Avalon, California, of cultivating an intimate and friendly acquaintance with the gulls of that beach. A large bag full of bread was obtained at the hotel and afforded much amusement in feeding these huge water birds. The gulls, though apparently heavy, clumsy birds, showed skill and quickness in catching the crumbs.

At the right (not shown in the illustration) was a California sea lion swimming toward the shore. He was loudly roaring for a fair share in the distribution of good things.



FEEDING THE SEA GULLS

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT"

TASTE IN BIRDS.

ESPERANZA FARM, NEW HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have pigeons, and would like to know when they taste their food, because although they are very fond of hemp seed, they do not shell it like canaries.

Your interested reader,
ELIZABETH ELLSWORTH (age 13 years).

The bill of the canary is built for crushing seeds—has strength, but in many of the doves the bill is slender and weak. Many of the pigeons and doves that feed on seeds have gizzards that are large and muscular—crushing and grinding being accomplished in that way.

It is difficult to say how much birds experience taste—probably in a small degree. Ducks and parrots have soft, fleshy tongues, but in most birds much of the tongue is sheathed in horn. Food may be selected by intuition as to what is wholesome, more than by taste.

JNO. H. SAGE.

QUEER GROWTH OF ELDER LEAF.

THORP, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found this queer form of leaf on an elderberry bush. Will you please explain its queer growth?

Your interested reader,
HAROLD ZILLMANN (age 12 years).



QUEER FORM OF LEAF.

This queer formation was caused by a fungus growth known as *Æcidium Sambuci*. It is entirely the accidental result of the fungus injury, and has no meaning otherwise, but such injuries often produce queer, fantastic forms.

THE BIG GRAPEVINE.

CARPINTERIA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In sunny southern California, closely nestled between the deep blue Pacific Ocean and the Santa Ynez Mountains lies the little town of Carpinteria. It is about twelve miles from the city of Santa Barbara.

The largest grapevine in the world grows in Carpinteria. Its name is "La Para Grande." A Spanish woman by the name of Joaquina Lugodi Ayala planted it. It grew very rapidly, she watched it with great care, until now it is sixty-three years old and the largest grapevine in the world.



THE BIG GRAPEVINE

Joaquina Lugodi Ayala died about six years ago at the age of eighty-four years. Not long before she died she sold her property with the large grapevine upon it, to a man by the name of Jacob Wilson, who is the present owner.

The big grapevine has produced as much as ten tons of grapes in one year. The grapes of this mission variety are of a bluish purple color. They taste very tart and are quite large. The bunches sometimes weigh from six to eight pounds.

The trunk of the vine is nine feet nine inches in circumference, and the branches cover about one-fourth acre, or one hundred feet by one hundred and fifteen feet. The trunk is five feet five inches high on one side and six feet on the opposite side. This measurement was taken from the ground to where the vine branches. One of the branches not far from the trunk measures four feet in circumference. Sixty poles or posts hold up the many branches, making a very large arbor. Mr. Wilson has the grapevine cut back, or trimmed, every year.

He was offered six thousand dollars for the property with the largest grapevine upon it, but he would not

accept it. He was also offered one thousand dollars for the removal of the vine to the Mid-Winter Exposition. He would not listen to this offer any more than the first.

Many receptions, luncheons and meetings have been held, neath the shade of the many beautiful, spreading leaves and branches of this grapevine. About three months ago a Christian Endeavor and Epworth League convention was held at Carpinteria, under the big grapevine. People from all over the state of California were there as delegates. The first election was held there over thirty years ago. It was the first election ever held in Carpinteria. Tourists from all around come here to see and to take photographs of the largest grapevine in the world. There is plenty of room for eight hundred people to stand comfortably under it.

Mr. Jacob Wilson is an old pioneer, an aged and very feeble man, living a lonely life by himself in the old tumble-down cottage partly covered with a mass of leaves, branches and tendrils of the great vine, "La Para Grande." He has lived by himself until lately, as he now has succeeded in renting his house to a family of hard working people.

There was once a larger grapevine in Montesiti, a town about nine miles from here, but it died and was removed, leaving Carpinteria the honor of the "La Para Grande."

Many barrels of wine have been made from the grapes from this great vine.

Hoping that your readers will be interested by this account of the largest grapevine in the world, "La Para Grande," I am,

Your little friend, · FLOSSIE RASOR (age 14).

I invited the girls and boys of Carpinteria to write me regarding this grapevine, and offered as a prize a year's subscription to St. Nicholas for the best description written by a girl, also for the best by a boy. A large number of letters were received. The best from a girl was from Miss Flossie Rasor (published above). That written by Miss Wilma Frances Youngman was almost as good and is entitled to honorary mention.

The best letter from a boy was by Master Jack Bailard. His letter is not published because he mentions no details of history or description not contained in the more extended letter from Miss Rasor.

At my request, Mr. George G. McLean took the accompanying photograph of Miss Rasor and Master Bailard by the big vine that they had so excellently described. He writes: "It took fifteen copies of St. Nicholas to go around the trunk of the vine."



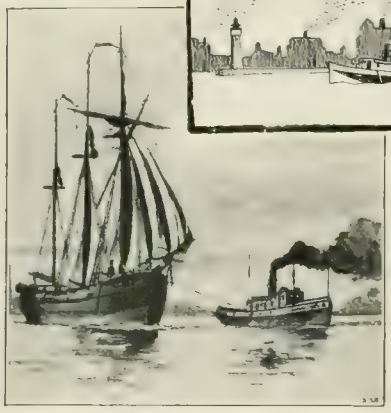
"I TOOK FIFTEEN [illegible] ST. NICHOLAS TO GO AROUND THE TRUNK OF THE VINE."

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

For JUNE.



"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ERNST WERNER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



"HEADING FOR JUNE." BY ROMLEY MURPHY. AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE FLAMES.

BY FREDA M. HARRISON (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Oh! the candle's flame burns bright! burns bright!
But like star to sun is its feeble light,
To the beacon fire on Senlac hill.
That I saw years past, and my heart stood still.
Turn, my wheel, turn, in the gloaming.

Oh! the candle's flame burns gold! burns gold!
But like fire-fly to moon, with blue light cold,
To the sun's rays, shining on burnish'd steel,—
The lance and helmets of Briton's leal,
Sing, my wheel, sing, in the gloaming.

Oh! the candle's flame burns low! burns low!
But darker still were those days of woe,
When slain, all slain, lay the bravest and best,
And winds wail 'd sobbing round Harold's rest,
Silent, wheel, dumb, in the gloaming.

We had a popular list of subjects this month. A very large number of contributions were received (it was the May competitions but we were obliged to carry it over to June) and most of them of a commendable sort. The photographs of "The Street on which I Live" were excellent and showed that a great many of our members live on very beautiful streets, or perhaps they have selected just the right point on the street to make beautiful pictures, and of course the selection of the view point is one of the chief things in photography. The light, too, is most important, and the distance, and the time. Don't have the light in front of you, and it is better that it should not be directly behind; at one side or the other is better and gives the rich soft shadows that are so beautiful. View point, distance, light, and time, with the image true and straight on the ground glass, with the right sky and foreground; these are the things that make good photographs, and the greater the care in getting these things just right, the better will be the negative.

From our prose writers we have learned who are the most popular "American Statesmen." Lincoln, Washington, Franklin and Hamilton. These four lead, and after them come Webster, Jefferson, and Henry Clay. There were a great many papers about each of these men. In fact, they were so many and so good that we had to put all these household favorites aside and select our contributions for publication from among those dealing with less popular men, whose lives were still vastly important in the nation's history. It may be that this will not please all the League members, but with our limited number of pages, and with the knowledge that such men as Lincoln, Washington and those others have been written about so much in St. Nicholas and other magazines, our method of selection seemed the best and fairest way.



"OUR STREET." BY MARGARET G. JONES, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 77.

In awarding the awards, [illegible] ...

Verse. Gold badges, **Susan Warren Wilbur** (age 13), 325 Superior St., Oak Park, Ill., and **Freda M. Harrison** (age 15, [illegible]).

Silver badges, **Marguerite Hunt** (age 14), 7461 [illegible], Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa., and **Josephine Freund** (age [illegible], St. Cecilia's, Pittsfield, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Helen F. Bell** (age 14), Bristol, Pa., and **Lena Duncan** (age 13), 1544 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Ella M. Rankin** (age 13), 109 Cookman Ave., Ocean Grove, N. J., **Alice H. Gregg** (age 12), Mars Bluff, Florence Co., S. C., and **Elinor Clark** (age 9), 1418 Myrtle St., Oakland, Cal.

Drawing. Gold [illegible], **Rowley Murphy** (age 14), [illegible].

Gold badges, **Ernst Werner** (age 17), 479 W. Ferry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Mary Klauder** (age 11), Bala, Pa., **Edwina Spear** (age 13), 1420 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill., and **Mary S. Schaeffer** (age 17), 326 W. Monument Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Photography. Gold badges, **Margaret G. Jones** (age 12), 2328 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Marjorie Moore Sammis** (age 11), Stratford, Conn.

Silver badges, **Beach Barrett** (age 16), 73 Beach St., Bloomfield, N. J., **J. Faxon Passmore** (age 13), Queen's Lane, Germantown, Pa., and **George Woodward** (age 8), West Willow Grove Ave., Chestnut Hill, Phil., Pa.

Wild-Creature Photography. First prize, "Butterfly" by **H. R. Carey** (age 15), 10 Fayerweather St., Cambridge, Mass. Second prize, "Young Blue Jays" by **Charles Crutchett** (age 13), Armour, S. D. Third prize, "Squirrel" by **Simon Cohen** (age 11), 1709 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Puzzle Making. Gold badges, **Harold Gould Henderson, Jr.** (age 16, 191 Rue de l'Université, Paris, France, and **Gustavus E. Bentley** (age 14), Fluvanna, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Marjorie L. Ward** (age 13, 528 Osborn St., Fall River, Mass., and **Frederic P. Storke** (age 13, 91 Seward Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Lois Treadwell** (age 12), 342 Mill St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and **Blanche Weissinger Smith** (age 14), 1618 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Silver badges, **Harriet Scofield** (age 13), 1010 Bellefontaine Ave., Kansas City, Mo., and **Evangeline G. Coombes** (age 11), 120 Second Ave., Newark, N. J., and **William Woodcock** (age 9), 784 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FLAMES.

BY [illegible] (AGE 13).

Upon a lonely isle in sullen ocean
I watch beside my fire and long for day;
But still I fear no help will daylight bring me,—
Ah, well I know I can but watch and pray.

Mayhap these sickly flames across the billow
May shine afar and reach some seaman's sight,
Perhaps my beacon light may shine and save me
Or save some drowning sailor in the night.

I fix my gaze upon the ruddy embers
And hope that in the firelight I may see
Those fair, enchanting, fleeting firelight pictures
That by my hearth-fire often come to me.

It is in vain, for, though I search, I find not,
No scene save one is in the flames for me:
I see a burning ship that falls and rises
Upon the restless bosom of the sea.



PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, "[illegible]," BY [illegible] (AGE 11).

I see her deck that deeper sinks and deeper
And now the burning masts alone are there,
The picture of my own lost, lovely vessel
That but this morning rode the billows fair.

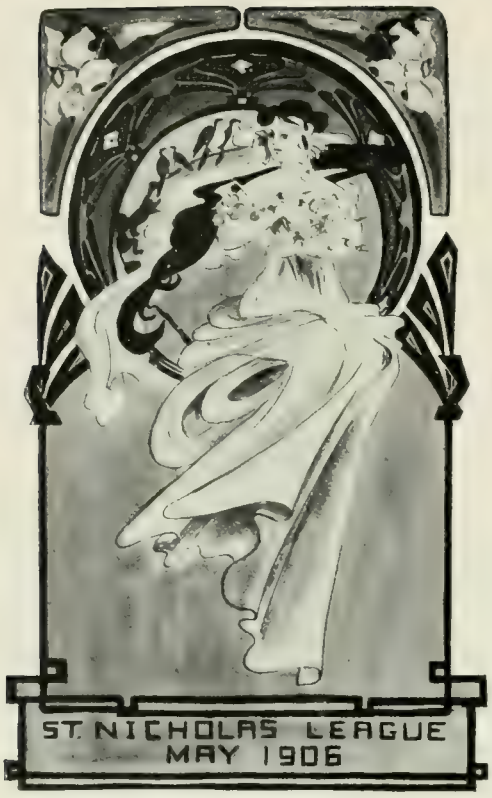
Oh, lonely fire, I cannot brook thy pictures
Of that lost vessel and the windy deep.
I close my eyes upon the things around me,
And trusting God I lay me down to sleep.

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY HELEN L. [illegible] (AGE 14).

John Jay was born in New York, December 12, 1745. His father and mother were Peter Jay and Mary, daughter of Jacobus Van Cortlandt.

The father was a wealthy merchant who retired



"A HEADING." BY MARY S. SCHAEFFER, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

from business at forty years to live in his country house at Rye, New York.

Not one of Jay's great-grandparents were English, so that he was one of few men who could say as he did in 1796, "Not being of British descent, I cannot be influenced by that tendency towards their national character, nor that partiality for it, which might otherwise be supposed to be not unnatural."

This fact in itself, combined with other things, may have had no little influence in making Jay a leader in the American Revolution.

Soon after Jay's birth he was taken to Rye, where he passed his early childhood. When about fourteen years old he entered King's (now Columbia) College. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1768.

Two years later a party of lawyers formed a club of which Jay was one of the younger members.

He was elected and re-elected to the first Continental Congress. John Jay prepared many addresses to the people of Great Britain and Canada, also to his own countrymen. Soon he was elected president of congress, and again was appointed Minister to Spain.

At this time he was added to the peace commissioners, and it was largely by his aid and efforts that the treaty was brought to a satisfactory end for the United States. Washington offered him a choice of offices, and Jay chose that of Chief-Justice of Supreme Court.

In 1794 he concluded with Lord Grenville the convention known as "Jay's treaty" which provided for the recovery of debts and losses on both sides, also the surrender of the western ports held by the British, and many other agreements.

This treaty, although favorable to the United States, was denounced by the Democrats as a surrender of American rights and a betrayal of France, but it was ratified by Washington in 1795.

Jay was governor of New York for six years. He then retired from public life and passed the remainder of his days at Bedford, New York.

There he died, May 17, 1829.

THE FLAMES.

BY JOSEPHINE FREUND (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE flames are up before the day,
They come to chase the cold away.
Around and 'round they dance and run,
And laugh and have a lot of fun.
At even-tide the flames are bright,
And are not dim till late at night.

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY LENA DUNCAN (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

VERY few people, perhaps, realize the value of the services of James Madison, in connection with the framing of the Constitution.

Congress and most of the people admitted that the Articles of Confederation, under which the colonies were governed, were weak, but there was a difference of opinion as to the degree to which the weakness extended.

Congress, upheld by the smaller states, attempted to amend the Articles of Confederation, but the representatives of the larger states under the leadership of Madison, wished for an entirely new set of Articles on which to base the government.

The principal cause of this dispute was the manner of representation. The smaller states wished to have one vote for each state in Congress, as under the Articles of Confederation, while the larger states wished to be represented according to population. It was



"OUR STREET AND BABY." BY GEORGE WOODWARD, AGE 8.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"A THIEF." BY [illegible], AGE [illegible] (GOLD BADGE, WILD-CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

largely through the efforts of Madison that our present system of representation (equal power for each state in the Senate and according to population in the House of Representatives) was established.

Also, through his diplomacy, a division over the question of counting slaves in the population was averted.

And, thus in many ways the future President of our country helped to place that country on a firm standing.

THE FLAMES.

BY MARGUERITE HUNT (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge*.)

Help! Help! the cry rings piercing shrill
Out on the dark night, cold and still,
And far across the gleaming snow
There is a fierce and lurid glow,
It is the flames!

Clang! Clang! the sound of horses' feet
Awakening all the village street.
The engine rushing on its way
To reach the house e'er break of day,
To quell the flames!

Spizz! Fizz! the water rises higher
To quench the all-devouring fire.
The men are battling with the smoke
To save the fainting women-folk
From hungry flames!

Ding! Dong! the engine's duty done,
The fire out, all danger gone.
The smallest spark is dead at last,
The dreadful night is safely passed,
Vanquished, the flames!



"SQUIRREL." BY [illegible], AGE [illegible] (SILVER BADGE, WILD-CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY [illegible] (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge*).

John Caldwell Calhoun, South Carolina's most famous son was born at Abbeville, South Carolina, March 18th, 1782. He was of Irish descent. Selecting the law as his profession, he soon rose to prominence. In 1811 he was elected congressman, and shortly after this became the leader of the war-party against England. He wrote the tariff of 1816; and in 1817, President Monroe appointed him Minister of War. So competent was he in managing this department, that although, it was in a state of great confusion he soon had everything working smoothly. Calhoun made, also, a great reduction in the expenses of the



"AMONG THE FERNS." BY [illegible], AGE [illegible] (SECOND PRIZE, WILD-CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

army without lowering its standard. He was twice vice-president. During Jackson's administration the tariff of 1832 was passed, which laid heavy duties on all imported articles. This was bitterly opposed by the South, because they were not a manufacturing people. Hoping that the President would veto the Bill, and being disappointed, he resigned his vice-presidency and came to South Carolina. He believed so strongly in state-rights, that he prevailed upon the legislature of South Carolina to pass the resolution—"That any State in the Union might annul an Act of the Federal government." The Union would not allow this, and the President took immediate steps to make this resolution null and void. South Carolina threatened to secede from the Union, and matters became very grave. War was feared, but by a compromise



"HEADING." BY EMILY W. BROWNE, AGE 16

everything was settled. It was agreed upon that there would be a gradual reduction of these duties. This compromise was drawn up by Henry Clay, and passed by Congress. After this Calhoun was not so popular except in his native state. He was elected to the Senate, and in 1838 made his great speech on "Slavery." From this time, until his death, March, 1850, he continued to make speeches on this subject, and to advocate the dissolution of the Union. His private life was spotless. He was a deep thinker, and certainly possessed a master mind. For his great qualities he has been admired more and more as the years have gone by; and, perhaps as a tribute to his memory, his portrait has been placed under the Flag in the Congressional Library at Washington.

THE FLAMES.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 15).

(*Honor Member.*)

FLAMES of the darkening sky, ye planets distant and mighty,
Burn ye with knowledge unquenchable, wisdom vast and eternal.
Swinging in limitless arcs like censors waved by the angels,
Incense ascending through infinite space to altars supernal.

Stars, ye were kindled in Heav'n to guide the wandering spirit,
Lost in the mazes of earth, in the sloughs of hopeless desiring;
Watchfires the All-Father lit to raise the eyes of his children
Upward from death to the realm of a pure and noble aspiring.

Heaven-born flames of the sky, ye bear the earth-born a message:
Ye in perpetual majesty, we in darkness and yearning,
Yet are as one, if we bring a soul to gaze on your glory,
Lifted to loftier light by the flame that within us is burning.

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY ELINOR CLARK (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I HAVE just been reading the life of Patrick Henry, and, because it is so interesting, I choose him for my American Statesman. As a boy he was very shiftless and would far rather wander in the woods than study his lessons. When he grew older, his father sent him to stay for a year with a merchant where he learned to buy and sell goods. His father then gave him a shop on the farm, but soon the shop failed.

Patrick met Thomas Jefferson for the first time at a party given to the young folks. When Jefferson was introduced to Patrick he thought him a rough looking fellow. But he soon found that he was the best fiddler, the best story teller and the jolliest joker among them. This meeting led to a friendship which lasted all their lives.

It was in the year 1760 that Patrick got his license to be a lawyer.

His first case was something like this: The governor at that time said that the clergymen should be paid in paper money instead of tobacco. This did not please them because they would not get so large a sum. The people asked Patrick to speak. Crowds gathered to hear him. His father was one of the judges. At first Patrick spoke slowly and stumbled. His father thought to himself, "Oh Patrick, Patrick, you have failed in everything else and now you are going to fail in law." But soon he got warmed up. His eyes sparkled and he spoke as if his very heart were in it. People said afterwards if a man spoke especially well, "You speak almost as well as Patrick Henry."

During the years when the colonies were beginning to rebel against the laws of the king, Patrick Henry spoke many times for the cause of freedom and the saying of his that I like best is, "But as for me, give me liberty or give me death."



"OUR STREET." BY BEACH BARRETT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



"OLD STREET" [illegible]

After the Declaration of Independence he became [illegible]

He loved to be an [illegible] and was famous [illegible]. He had many [illegible] but he was asked to be governor of Virginia for a sixth term. He refused them all and went to live quietly in his country home. He died sitting in his chair and his last thoughts were for the country he had served so well.

HIS FLAMES.

BY GLADYS D. ADAMS (AGE 15).

Johnny Delancy Bonaparte Smith
Began at a tender age,
When only four, his hobby-horse
Was considered all the rage,

But soon poor "Hob" in the attic stood,
His head and two legs were gone.
A bat, a ball, and a new air-gun
Were proudly displayed by John.

These went the way of all good toys
That have served their master well,
For *now* young Smith carries next his heart,
An image of Clarabel.



"OLD STREET" BY MARGARET [illegible], AGE [illegible].

FROM SLAVE-BOY TO AMERICAN STATESMAN.

[illegible]

(*Silver Badge.*)

On a plantation in Maryland, neglected and alone, a little boy lived slave to a brutal master. His mother stayed on an adjoining plantation, but he saw her

One night as he sat roasting a few grains of corn in order that he might partly satisfy his intense hunger, his mother came to see him. He crawled up into her lap, and fell asleep, but when he awoke she was gone. For, although she had walked twelve miles to see her little son, she must be back and in the fields by break of day. He never saw her again.

At an early age he began to study, although he seldom had anything better to read than almanacs and



"[illegible]

similar papers thrown about the plantation. He implored his mistress to teach him, which she did, until the master put a stop to it saying that if he kept on studying, as he was doing, that they would not be able to keep him on the plantation.

At the age of twenty-one, he managed to escape to New York, where he worked at anything and for anyone who would employ him.

A number of years later, he came in contact with a member of an anti-slave convention, which was to be held in Nantucket. The result was that he was asked to tell the story of his life as a slave. His fame had begun. In England as well as our own country he told his pathetic little story. While at the former place, a fund was collected to buy his freedom.

At his death, a monument was erected to the memory of this little slave-boy, who grew to be the world-famed orator and statesman, Frederick Douglass.

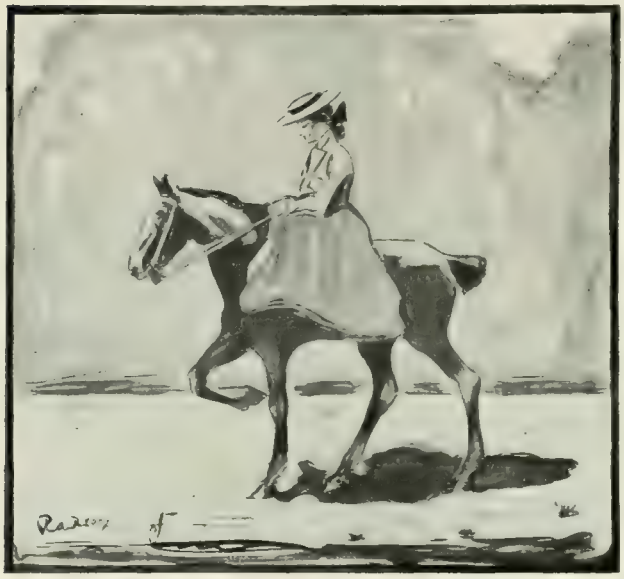
[illegible] ST. NICHOLAS League's membership [illegible]. A League badge [illegible] application.

THE FLAMES.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS GORDON (AGE 14).

(*Honor Member.*)

WHEN in the dark the nursery lies
My toys are hidden from my eyes,
My Noah's Ark has sailed away,
To some unseen and distant bay;
My woolly lamb has fled my view,
My flannel kitten gives no mew,
My jumping-jack is gone from me,
None of my daylight friends I see.
Yet do not think I am alone,
For I have playmates of my own;
The little flames that in the fire,
Dance merrily, merrily, higher, higher,
They are my comrades, tried and true,
The golden flames edged round with blue.



"JUNE" BY RICHARD A. REDDY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

I watch them as they gaily leap
From where the crumbling embers heap;
I watch them whirling up and down
Above the charred log's sullen brown,
I watch them tossing many a spark,
Red 'gainst the curtain of the dark,
I watch them making shadows tall
Grotesquely flicker on the wall—
Until at last I fall asleep,
And they into the ashes creep.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

BY BERNICE TRYE (AGE 16).

THE Little Giant, or Stephen A. Douglas, was born at Brandon, Vermont, April 23d, 1813. His father was a physician and died when Douglas was about two months old. He received a comparatively good education and began to study law. In 1834 he was admitted to the bar in Illinois, and was so eminently successful that he was elected Attorney-General of the State before he was twenty-two.

It was not very long before he became a member of the Legislature, and was the youngest member in that body. He soon became recognized as one of the most able members in the national legislature.

He next became a Senator from his State and supported President Polk in the Mexican war. It is well known that he carried the Kansas-Nebraska act through in spite of great opposition.

He was a strong candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1852, but he was more developed when four years later he was the favorite candidate, except one, James Buchanan, who finally received the honor. When it became time to elect another President he was nominated by the convention meeting at Charlestown and was the universal choice of the Democratic party, but was bitterly opposed by the southern faction, who nominated Mr. Breckenridge, at a separate convention.

This caused Mr. Douglas to be defeated, and Mr. Lincoln was elected on a minority of the total vote cast.

Stephen A. Douglas, however, did not need to become president to make his name illustrious. Although Mr. Douglas was defeated by Mr. Lincoln, yet when the Civil War began his voice was heard in earnest pleas for the Union, declaring that if this system of resistance by the sword, when defeated at the ballot-box was persisted in, then "The history of the United States is already written in the history of Mexico."

He felt very strongly about secession, denouncing it as a crime, and characterizing it as madness. His dying words were in defence of the Union: Mr. Douglas was one of the most noted statesmen of the day. As an orator he was very graceful, and possessed natural qualities which carried an audience by storm.

But it was in the great political debate between himself and Abraham Lincoln that Mr. Douglas gained his greatest notoriety, as well as Lincoln himself.

He died June 3rd, 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War. If he had lived no one would have rendered more valuable assistance in the suppression of the Civil War than Stephen A. Douglas.

THE FLAMES.

BY ALICE W. CONE (AGE 13).

I 'VE sent in prose and poetry
And once a photograph;
And all my maiden efforts did
Was to produce a laugh.

"Adventures," "Mountains," and
"Log Fires,"
"Day Dreams" and tales galore,
"Traditions" also I have sent
But still, I must write more.

And now before I close this rhyme
I am the one that claims
Although it does n't deal with them
These lines will feed "The Flames."



"[illegible]" BY VIRGINIA SMITH, AGE [illegible]

THE BOYHOOD OF AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY NAN HERSON (AGE 14).

NEARLY everyone has read and studied about Andrew Jackson, the general, and President Andrew Jackson, but our histories do not tell us much about the boy Andrew, or the boyhood of any other hero for that matter. My story is going to be about the boyhood of Andrew Jackson.

Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina about ten years before the Revolutionary War. He was a tall, slender, freckled-face, barefooted little Irish boy, so full of fun that the neighbors called him "mischievous little Andy." He grew up among rough people in a wild country and he received very little education. He didn't care much about books and he learned far more from the things he saw in the woods than he ever learned in the little log school.

When he was thirteen the fighting was desperate in the South. Of course a wild little fellow like Andrew was eager to be in the fight. Young as he was, he was in one or two skirmishes. In one of these he was taken a prisoner by the British.

One time during his imprisonment a British officer ordered Andrew to black his boots. The boy replied proudly that he was a prisoner of war and it was not his place to clean boots. The hot-tempered officer hit the boy on the head with his sword. Andrew Jackson lived to be an old man, but the sword mark on his head always remained there. Soon after this he was taken sick with the small-pox, and would have died if his mother had not succeeded in getting him free.

His mother then caught the disease and died, and Andrew, a boy of fourteen, was alone in the world. Years afterward when he became a successful man and people would praise him because he was never afraid to say or do a thing that he knew was right, he would answer: "That I learned from my good old mother."

THE FLAMES.

BY HELEN ALICE NORTHUP (AGE 12).

Of all the flames in all the world
The flames that I like best,
Are those which on the hearthstone burn
When day dies in the West.

What splendid pictures in the flames
Of kings and castles grand,
Of golden ships with silver sails,
Wrought by a magic hand!

Sometimes I see a soldier tall,
Sometimes a princess fair,
Sometimes a sunset out at sea,
Sometimes a hidden lair.

And often as I sit beside
The fireplace all aglow,
I see beyond the far off-hills,
The sunset burning low.

And wonder if the angels there
Are watching in the sky
Such wondrous scenes as these of mine
Which in the fireplace lie.

JOHN HAY.

BY CHAUNCEY FULLER (AGE 13).

FOREMOST among the men of the twentieth century who have contributed to the welfare and good government of the United States is Ex-Secretary John Hay.

He first saw the light in Salem, Indiana, where his father was a lawyer. From his childhood he was a bright boy and learned quickly. After his school days were over he entered Brown College, Rhode Island, where he studied diligently and completed his education.

He then practiced law in Illinois, but it is believed



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY DORIS GLEASON, AGE 15.

that he never tried a case. While there, however, he attracted the attention of Abraham Lincoln who, when he became President, took him to Washington as his assistant secretary.

While in this position the public noticed how well he managed the affairs of his department and other positions were given him.

Mr. Hay became well acquainted with President Lincoln, and their friendship was a lasting one. He was present at the bedside of Lincoln when the President died and was one of his many mourners.

Mr. Hay soon was appointed Secretary of the Legation at Paris and later chargé d'affaires at Vienna, and occupied several positions in Europe in the service of the United States.

After some time in foreign countries Mr. Hay was called home to be Secretary of State under President McKinley and later under President Roosevelt, which position he held until his death last summer.

Two great things he accomplished are, the preservation of the Chinese Empire, and the limitation of the area of hostilities in the Russian-Japanese War. He was known all over the world for his great power of diplomacy by which he obtained satisfactory results for both parties concerned by peaceable means instead of at the point of the bayonet.



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY EDWINA SEAR, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

BY MADELAINE F. H. WHITE (AGE 15).

My ideal of an American statesman is a man who puts his heart and soul in the cause of his country; who sacrifices every personal inclination in her interest; who does not try to reach a high position in the Government for merely honor and gain, but so that he may serve her; and one who in his dealings with other men makes no distinction between them on account of race, class, or religion. Such a man was George Frisbie Hoar of Worcester, the Grand Old Man of the United States Senate and "America's first citizen."

Senator Hoar was born in Concord, Massachusetts, on August 29th, 1826. He was of a good family, many of his ancestors having taken a prominent part in the affairs of this country since their settlement here in 1638. During his childhood his favorite pastime was listening to stories of the Revolution, told by veterans of that war. Senator Hoar was educated at Concord Academy, then at Harvard College and Harvard Law School.

His political career began in 1852, when he served as representative to the state legislature. In 1857 he was elected state senator. Senator Hoar was continually in Congress since 1869, serving eight years in the lower house and since 1867 as Senator. He was a member of the Electoral Commission, which decided the election of President Hayes. He was a firm supporter of educational, religious and other elevating institutions. He was also an ardent advocate of woman's suffrage.

Senator Hoar held many honorable positions, such as: Overseer of Harvard College, Regent of the Smithsonian Institution and President of American Antiquarian Society. He was a close student of American History, and especially of New England. He was also a great lover of books and had several very rare books and manuscripts.

When Senator Hoar died, on September 30, 1904, every citizen of Worcester felt that he had lost a friend. Honored and beloved while living he was sincerely mourned when dead. During all his life he remembered a lesson which he had learned early; that of Good Will and Good Hope. It can certainly be said that America was benefited by his sojourn here, and

"In honor hence all men shall keep his name,
And truth and right and freedom guard his fame."



"HEADING." BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE FLAMES.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 7).

I was sitting by the fire,
Gazing at its cheery glow,
In the flames so brightly burning,
Watching visions come and go.

First, a garden with carnations,
Primroses, and tulips fair;
In the midst, a stately maiden
Plucking flowers for her hair.

Next a prince with his attendants,
Riding forth in pomp and pride,
And the lady of the flowers,
On a palfrey by his side.

Then the red flames leapt and in them,
Were a gory battle-field,
And the prince, so bravely fighting,
Was obliged his life to yield.

Thus, there passed in swift procession,
All my fairy friends of old;
Cinderella, and her sisters,
And the old-time heroes bold.

THE FLAMES.

BY LOUISE K. LAINE (AGE 11).

'T is lovely to lie on the rug,
In front of the open fire,
And watch the crackling flames
As they leap up higher and higher.

And when the fire is dying out,
And the flames are growing low,
Then castles and bridges and walls appear
Amid the reddening glow.

I wonder in the time to come,
Will little boys lie here
And watch the dying flames that now
To me have grown so dear.



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY MARY KLAUDER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Other valued letters have been received from Ida C. Kline, Oak M. Amidon, Marion English, Ruth Tuttle, Bessie M. Blanchard, William M. [illegible] W. [illegible], Westbrook Sanford, Anna Elizabeth Kremer, Hilda Barrett, Maugridge S. Robb, Alexander Rodgers, Jr., Harman Yerkes, Jr., Eleanor W. Machado, Katherine Barbour, Lois Williams, Bernard Nussbauer, Elliot C. Bergen, Margery Smith, Adelaide Nichols, Helen Spears, Theressa Weld, Joan H. Packard, Florence Lowenhaupt, Florence Alvarez, Dorothy Stewart, L. P. Emerson, Jessie Tait, Elizabeth R. Hirsh, Jeannette Fuqua, Louisa Davies, Helen S. Harlow, Clara Notino Means, Ethel Gordon, Marya A. Jones, Harold H. Eagan, Gertrude Kaelin, Mary Pyne, Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard, Walter White, Julia de Windt Low, Noll S. Symons.

THE FLAMES.

BY MARY [illegible] (AGE 10).

Up the chimney leap the flames
Red, and blue, and yellow.
In the fire a lovely man
Such a bright green fellow!

Pictures in the flames I see
Cities, castles, towers,
Children playing in the sand,
Pretty parks with bowers.

Thus the pretty, changing flames
Entertain me daily
Through the winter, I am told,
They are dancing gaily.

NOTICE. The ST. NICHOLAS League always welcomes suggestions concerning subjects and competitions. Address, THE EDITOR

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 882. "F. B. W." Beulah E. Amrhein, President; five members. Address, 37 7th Ave., S. Fargo, N. D.

No. 883. Margaret Lee, President. Eleanor Hartshorne, Secretary; four members. Address, 515 Madison Ave., New York City.

No. 884. "P. N. F. R." Georgina Faulkner, Margaret Goldthwait, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, 640 W. Fifth St., Marion, Ind.

No. 885. Milton Wolf, Secretary; eight members. Address, 882 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

No. 886. "White Violet." Alexander Rodgers, Secretary; four members. Address, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

No. 887. "The White Cat." Mary C. Smith, President, four members. Address, 1108 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 888. Louise Smith, President; Louise Davis, Secretary; three members. Address, 19 Stone St., Augusta, Me.

No. 889. Ruth Finken, President; Ruth Selman, Secretary; five members. Address, 1357 Seventy-fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 890. "Milwaukee Lyons." Glenway Maxon, Secretary; ten members. Address, 268 Lyons St., Milwaukee, Wis.

No. 891. Eugene Hurley, Secretary; six members. Address, Box 154, Baldwins, Long Island, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in W. Philadelphia and am a member of Chapter 816. I thought you might like to know a little about our chapter. We meet every Wednesday at one of the different girls' houses and sew for about an hour, and then have refreshments. Quite often we have a good story read aloud. There are five in our chapter, and every one takes ST. NICHOLAS, excepting one.

While I was visiting a friend last summer we came across an old ST. NICHOLAS and it was such a pleasure to read it. As my aunt says: "It does not matter how old a volume of ST. NICHOLAS may be, it is always more than worth reading." Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS, I remain,

Your affectionate friend,
MARGARET B. QUICK



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY HELEN MARGUERITE ON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"AT THE BLACKBOARD." BY RACHEL BRELLEY.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1 A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE, 1.

Rose T. Briggs
Elizabeth C. Beale
Sibyl Kent Stone
Margaret Helen Bennett
Adelaide Wilmer
C. D. Hyland
Phyllis Sargent
Benjamin C. Sleeper
Frances Bradshaw
Earnest Wolfe
Clement R. Wood
Bernard F. Trotter
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Katharine Carrington
Jessica N. North
Paul W. Rutledge
Jessie Freeman Foster
Lillie Garmany Menary
Georgiana Myers Sturdee
Jeannette Munro
Kathryn Macy
Leone Bashfield
Edna M. Hawley
Katherine K. Davis
Mary Eugenia Golding
Constance Hyde Smith
Irene J. Graham
Frederika M. Kellogg
Phyllis Ackermann
Lucile Delight Woodling
Elizabeth Curry
Edith M. Thomson
Esther Galbraith
Margaret Ewing
Emily Brettner
Margaret E. Sangster
Hope Daniel
E. Babette Deutsch
Jean Evan Gillis
Elizabeth Knowlton
Esther M. Rice
Beatrice B. Flood
Elizabeth Burrage
Sylvia Moczygemba
Alice MacDougal
Katharine Andrews
Ruth Stanley Bayles
Frances Hyland
Frances L. Strong
Ruth Hill
Julius Apelquist
Helen Woodbridge Ganse
Leslie V. Spencer
R. W. Williams
Mildred Newman
Jennette L. Sargent
Florence Rutherfurd
Marjorie Lane
Marie Hill
Ruth E. Abel
Ruth A. Spalding
Willard Burke
Hazel Howell
Charles W. McClumpsha
Vincent Imbrie
Margaret E. Wright
Beatrice Frye
Elizabeth Marvin
George Koenig
Daniel Webster
M. David Hoffman
Susie M. Williams
Lorraine Ransom
Elliot C. Bergen

VERSE, 2.

Florence Short
Wilber Huber
Alfred Hooper, Jr.
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Blanche Leeming
Elizabeth A. Steer
Margaret A. Brownlee
Ellen Rives
Aileen Hardwick Barlow
Alice Brabant
Conrad E. Snow
Anita M. Bradford
Louisa F. Spear
Helen Parsons
Annie Laurie Hillyer
Corinne Benoit
Ada Weller Hart
Primrose Lawrence
Marjorie S. Harrington

PROSE, 1.

Ruth White
May Richardson
Margaret H. Schaeffer
J. Wilstach
Thomas W. Golding
Helen R. Schlesinger
Nettie Kreinik
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Doris MacNeal
Ida C. Kline
Julia Hutchinson
Leota Arper

PROSE, 2.

H. K. Peace
Adam M. Muchmore
Louise Fitz Warren Hastings
Hilda M. Nield
Charles J. Ellison
James W. Flagler
Edith A. Sletzer
Marion Grace Stedman
Irene Bowen
George Switzer
Howard I. Wordell
Minabelle Summy
Ruth Dickinson
Charles Sturken
Cal. H. Smith
Oliver Whitney
John Fitch Landon, Jr.
Louise Theobald Maxcy
Josephine Schoff
Sheridan Colson
G Rolfe Humphries
Elizabeth Pilsbry
Alfred S. Niles, Jr.
T. Smith
Portia Evans
C. F. Johnston, Jr.
Donald Freeman
Frances Sladen Bradley
May Thomas
Julia Coburn
Oak McHenry Amidon
Rainey Taylor
Anne Eunice Moffett
Adelaide M. Moffatt
Margaretta Struss
Seymour Woolner
Flora Thayer
Eleanor Scott Smith
W. T. Murrah
Edward B. Bedford
Lois Donavan
Sophie F. Mickle-Saltonstall
Martha Hilpert
Laura F. Lacey
Albert Lucas
Jean L. Holcombe
Dorothy MacPherson
Margaret Lee
Earl R. K. Daniels
Foster Milliken, Jr.
Margaret Diggs
Anna Griswold
Retta Carmichael Plant
Clara Kratz
Gertrude Boland
Mabel Whitman
Ruth Knowles
Elizabeth Jarvis Winn
Harriet Ide Eager
Mayme Jones
Courtland Christiani
D. Q. Alexander
Lucia E. Halstead
Edgar R. Payson, Jr.
Martha B. Saylor
Roger K. Lane
Howard E. Smith
Nelly Zarifi
Ruth Maurer
Sarah L. Coffin
Helen Parfitt
Dorothy E. Holt
Josephine Muir
Sybil Emerson
Marian Walter
Christine Stanley
Mary Falconer
Julia Bryant
Alice Hapgood
James Watkins
Thomas Grew
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Muriel Emma Halstead
Marjorie E. Chase
Margaret Osborne
Greta Kernan
Margaret Pearmain
Marguerite Rupprecht
Dorothy G. Stewart
Marjorie Bridgman
Kathleen Buchanan
Margaret Erskine Nicolson
Helen Baker
Louise Converse
Otto Lehfeldt
Mary Cowling
Phyllis Lyster
Carolyn W. Clarke
Helen M. Phuller, Jr.
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Howard Rowton
Ferdinand W. Haasis
Dorothy Williams
Mabel Whiteley
J. C. Emerson, Jr.
H. Earnest Bell

PUZZLE, 1.

Jerome Brockman
Harold Brown
Laetitia Viele
Phillip John Sexton
Caroline C. Johnson
E. Adelaide Hahn
Florence Lowenhaupt
Dorothy Cooke
Elizabeth B. Berry
Mary Angood
Agnes R. Lane
Katharine Lydia Shaw
Alida Palmer
Marion Horton
Andree Mante
Irene J. Graham
Francis W. Wardle
Edmund P. Shaw
John Randolph Sanders
Edna Krouse
Russell S. Reynolds
Arthur Minot Reed
Dorothy Fay

PUZZLES, 2.

Emory A. Samson
Perle L. McGrath
Marcellite Watson
Eastman Ussher
Lenore R. Dunlap
Katharine E. Pratt
Helen Brooks
Mary J. Goodell
Homer Walton
George W. McAdam
Harold Hazen
Arthur S. Fairbanks
Ruth M. Adt
Margaret Klous
G. Gilson Terriberry
Marion L. Bradley
Robert Beale
Mary C. Smith
Charlotte L. Eaton
Esperance Gherardelli
Allanson L. Schenk
Katharine C. Miller
Allan Lincoln Langley
Charlotte Greene

DRAWINGS, 1.

Dorothy Douglas
Emily G. Clark
Alice I. Mackey
John W. Overton
Lucy Marcel
Mildred Whitney
Rosella Ackerman
Beth May
Helen Whitall Reading
Alvin Schmuhl
Florence DuBois
Doris Ladd
Adelaide Nichols
Dora Guy
Homer M. Smith
Roy E Hutchinson
Henrietta Havens
Edna Driscoll
Slocum W. Kingsbury
Peggie Guy
Conelia Dawnes
Elizabeth White
Elizabeth MacLaren Robinson
Jessie Louise Taylor
Morris Schwartz
Margaret Dobson
Charlotte Waugh
Alice Shirley Willis
Dorothy Dixon Keyser
Mary Hays
Helen P. Gibbs
Hilda Grimm
Katherine Bagley
Marion Eaton
Caroline Nichols
Charles Coburn
John Lawrence Cummings
Alma Troxell
Jack Hopkins
Adele S. Burleson
William W. Westring, Jr.
Elizabeth Andrews
Alice Humphrey

DRAWINGS, 2.

Rena Kellner
Archibald MacKinnon
Julia Lauren Ford
Alice F. Lee
Elizabeth Rodman Wright
Donald V. Newhall
Florence Webster
Lucile W. Rogers
Elizabeth E. Lord
Clifford S. Ryan
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Ruth Cutler
Robert W. Jenkins
Gertrude W. Richards
Dorothy Andrews
Gertrude M. Howland
Robert Edward Fithian
Harold G. Simpson
E. A. Hecker
Edward S. Bristol
Edith Archer
Frederic Allen
Katherine A. Robertson
Mary Singleton
Mary Hunter
Frederic U. Dillingham
Elizabeth Clark
Howard E. Settle
Alfred Karr
Janet E. Buchanan
Gwendolen Perry

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1.

Stuart B. Taylor
Mary Anna Yandes
Minna Frances Hoffman
Gladys S. Bean
Howard S. Bean
Ada Rice
Helen Wurdemann
Andrew Bisset
Theresa R. Robbins
Fannie Louise McClure
Ruth Lucille Grant
Joseph Loughran
William Allen Pitman, Jr.
Arthur Gude
Frank S. Dohnnan
Rosamond Codman
Edwina Higginson
Alfred C. Redfield
Margaret Bancroft
Clive C. Hockmeyer

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2.

Nellie Shane
Theodore F. Kalbfleisch, Jr.
F. W. Foster
Christine McCordie
Margaret E. Nordhoff
Hilliard Comstock
Catharine E. Jackson
Arthur J. White
Josephine Holloway
Burwell Thornton
C. Powers Smith

LEAGUE NOTES.

(From an Old Friend and Prize Winner.)

DODSON, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending my last contribution to the League, for in a few days I shall be eighteen. I have been a member since the League's first year, and am so glad I was young enough then to have been able to stay such a long time. I cannot tell you how much pleasure and profit I have received from my connection with the League, and how sorry I am to leave it. At least I shall always be interested in it, and shall feel at home in its pages, even though I have no part in them. You are certainly to be congratulated on the work the League is doing for young people. With all good wishes for its future, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

ISADORE DOUGLAS.



"MOVING DAY IN McINNISVILLE."
BY EDWARD ARMAND MCAVOY, AGE 15

A FAREWELL TO THE LEAGUE.

ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

I am troubled and sad as I wait by the shore
While the tide slips in on the sands:
I must leave this port with its peaceful life
For the leap of the waves and the wind's fierce strife
And voyage to distant lands.

My ship is built, she is made of my thoughts,
And her sails are woven of dreams.
She is fair, but wild are the gales that will blow,
And the journey is long, for 'tis far to go
Where the light of my haven gleams.

The mist hangs low in the gloom of the dawn
Blotting the sky and the sea;
So I cannot tell whether dark clouds are there
Or whether the day will be clear and fair,
Or what it will bring to me.

Yet I may not wait on this pleasant shore,
But bravely sail away,
Out through the dusk of the misty sea,
Out where the winds blow strong and free,
Into the dawning day.

Isadore Douglas began with the League early in 1900 and in September of that year won a silver badge, being then twelve years old. It was more than a year before another badge was won, though a faithful trial was made as regularly as the competitions came around. December, 1901, brought the gold badge and June, 1902, the cash prize, the winner being then fourteen years old. The efforts did not cease with this victory. Every month the dainty poems have been received and often used, for they were always well and conscientiously done; and one who has striven so faithfully and well as has Isadore Douglas, leaves in the League many friends besides the Editor to say, "God-speed"—as our young author's bark sails

"Out where the winds blow strong and free
Into the dawning day."



"GOOD-BY, MAY."
BY VIRGINIA LEE,
AGE 14

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 80.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 80 will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, to contain the word "Forest."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Camp Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Picnic Party."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Fisherman's Luck" and a Heading or Tailpiece for October.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

NOTICE.

Lost or damaged League badges will be replaced free of charge. This does not apply to the gold and silver prize badges. These cannot be replaced.

BOOKS AND READING.

IT BEGINS WITH V.

It seems as if we had somewhere heard a word that vaguely suggests a vacuum—a state of things in which the days were entirely exhausted of school. If we remember aright, the word begins with the syllable *va*, and then comes one that sounds like *ca*. "Vacation?" Yes; that's right. It does seem as if there was something of that sort that will soon be here, and then alas, for the poor books! For as much as a day or two, at least, and possibly in some cases for a week, the very sight of a book will have an unpleasant effect upon the expression of most of the boys and girls in this proud nation, the ringing of whose school-bells never ceases. But, still, although it is the month of June, and although vacation is nearly here, we are going to venture to slip in a word or two of warning lest in packing your trunks for a sojourn at high latitudes, near sea level, in woods, or by the lakes, you forget your good old friends, the books.

Of course, in the rosy visions now before your minds, there are no other days than the bright, sunny, outdoor ones; no other evenings than those of jolly games and pleasant talks. But, in reality, there will be grey days when the rain follows its usual custom of coming down; there will be long evenings when a little solitude will be forced upon you, or, maybe, welcomed; and for such times there is no better refuge than to creep between the open pages of a book and to lose the outer world, letting it spin by until it brings a pleasant side round again.

A LETTER DIARY.

There was published a few years ago by a former army officer a bright little book containing general instructions "How to Camp Out." Together with much that was purely practical, relating to how to dress, what food to carry, how to make camp, build a fire, and so on, there was a useful suggestion in regard to letters home. Instead of keeping a formal diary, the officer advises young people while upon a vacation to write an account every evening or two of the happenings of their days, and then to mail these daily extracts home, instead of the regulation letter. By writing upon a pad, the leaves of such a diary can later be brought together, and, if numerous enough, made into a little book that will be a permanent record of a camping expedition, a canoe journey, a mountain trip, or a coast voyage. Perhaps some of our readers who are fortunate enough to have in mind a pleasant outing for this summer will be glad of this hint for combining letter-writing with diary-keeping—making both more easy.

FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

We do not often in this department make any reference to our own magazine, but we hope that you will be glad if we remind you to have your magazine sent after you to your summer home. Instead of there being no time for reading during the summer you will find that there are a very large number of days for improving a few spare minutes now and then, and a magazine fits delightfully into the chinks that must intervene between your daylight outings and your evening reading through the summer months.

BOYS WHO ARE THOUGHT DULL.

If there were no other reason for reading biographies, boys who are thought stupid ought to take up courses in the lives of great men, in order that they might be encouraged to think they would amount to something in the world. Over and over again, in beginning the life of a man of genius or talent who has attained eminence in later years, we are assured that the neighbors or his family or his teachers could see no sign of talent in the youngster. To name only a few, there was little promise found in Napoleon, who, later, amounted to a great deal; in Chatterton, who was certainly a genius, even if he was foolish enough to forge works of antiquity instead of writing under his own name; and in Goldsmith, who passed year after year in a recurring, steady succession of failures. It is especially striking in reading the early life of Napoleon, to see how persistently he failed in nearly all his undertakings until he was well above twenty.

Of course there are thousands of stupid boys

who never attain greatness; but boys who are called stupid always may doubt the justice of the popular verdict if they feel within themselves the power to do good work in the world. Instead of being discouraged by the low estimate of their abilities, boys who are thought dull ought to be glad that little is expected of them and therefore rejoice that they are at liberty to do slow, careful, good work in whatever they undertake. They are not bound to push off masterpieces at a moment's notice. Indeed, it is of little importance what the world thinks of the abilities of young people. This much we are taught by biographies.

FOR SOLID READING. When, in our days, we see authors producing a book that sells thousands of copies for about the time of the life of a butterfly and is then heard of no more, it is interesting to recall the long, even life of such a work as Gibbon's History of the slow downfall of the great Roman Empire. In preparation for that work, Gibbon read nearly everything that had a bearing upon his subject—a whole library, in fact; and, surely, if any man was fitted by experience to tell us how to read, this English historian should be He had a most useful rule applying to the reading of each new book of importance. Just before taking it up, he would go for a walk into the country in the outskirts of Lausanne, where much of his work was done. During this ramble, he made it his duty to go carefully over his memory, examining what he already had in mind upon the topic treated by the new book. Thus he was ready to extend or to correct the knowledge he possessed. Then he would ask himself just what he expected to gain by the reading of the new volume. After the book was finished, another walk enabled him to find out what he had gained by its reading.

Of course, all this system would not be necessary except for the most improving reading, but Gibbon's account of his method will help us to understand why he became so famed for learning and so thorough a scholar.

THE QUINTESSENCE. Young people must, every now and then, hear it said or see it written that all the real value in literature can be put upon a small shelf. That is to say, the really important part of all that is written is contained in a very few good books, all the rest being either unimportant or different ways of saying the same things that have been said before. The statement of course is not true if it be taken literally. There are certainly many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of books that contain original thoughts or experiences that are truly valuable; but, generally speaking, the best part of all that has been written is to be found in a few volumes. To understand how this is possible, we must remember that nearly all rules are the same as other and simpler rules. In arithmetic, for example, the whole science consists of only four simple ways of treating numbers. We can add, subtract, multiply and divide, and that is all we can do to numbers. The rest of the book is only the working out of these four rules. Thus, all of the arithmetic could easily be put into a little page that one could carry in the vest-pocket.

All behavior, all right living, is also set forth in a few simple laws. These illustrations will show what is meant by saying that all literature is contained in a few great books. The Bible, and the works of a few famous poets and essayists, contain all human wisdom; and these are within the reach of every purse.

GO ABROAD. We recommend all of our young readers to spend this summer abroad. We see no reason why any of you should stay at home going through the same old humdrum round. Remember that it is vacation time, that you are free to go away from your home surroundings and to become acquainted with new lands, new scenes, new people, new ways of thinking.

It may well be that there are reasons preventing you from taking one very valuable part of your possessions, namely, yourself. But there is nothing to prevent any of you from going, as the boys say, "in your mind," to Rome, Venice, Florence, Paris, London, and becoming acquainted with the people who have made old times glorious, old ruins famous, old fields of battle sacred. So, we repeat, be sure that you send at least your imagination on a foreign trip. Get away from the old reading ruts, cross the seas either of water or of time, and breathe a different air.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BOZEMAN, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very much. I like your letter box very much too. I thought I would write and tell you about my dogs. I drive them side by side and tandem. When I drive them tandem, the dog I drive in the wheel is named Carlo, and the



MARJORIE AND HER DOGS.

other is named Baskerville. Sometimes I drive a little dog in the lead, whose name is Nattie Bumpo. I drive them to a sled but I am going to have a cart soon for spring is coming and the snow is almost gone.

Your little reader, MARJORIE QUAW (age 10).

P. S. I send you a picture of myself driving the dogs, side by side.

DADEVILLE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old.

My home is way down in Alabama.

My Grandpapa gave me your magazine for a Christmas present and I have enjoyed reading the two numbers so much.

I like the wild animal stories best of all and "The Story of a Rogue" was fine, I think.

I hope to read your magazine for many years yet.

I think I shall try for one of your prizes.

I am, sincerely, Your little friend and reader,

C. WOOD HERREN.

MESILLA, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you a year yet, but I am very fond of you; and my sister took you about twelve years ago. I am naturally interested in "Pinkey Perkins," as it was written by my cousin. I live in an old town, over half of which is adobe houses in ruins. This town is just half a mile from the Rio Grande River; and the name of it is Mesilla, which means "Little Table." The old Sante Fe trail used to run through here. It also used to be the largest town in the whole Territory of New Mexico, but at the time the railroad was built a man drove a stage route, and he persuaded all the land-holders not to sell the land to the railroad, so it was built three miles the other side, and the town died out. There are the ruins of an old jail here. I have a camera, and I hope some time to get a picture of a wild animal or bird suitable to win a prize in the "St. Nicholas League."

Wishing you the best success, I remain,

Your faithful reader,

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS, 2nd.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy, nine years old, living in Shanghai, China. My father is the American Consul-General here. My real home is in Columbus, Ohio. I have taken you ever since I can remember. There are several other children here that say they have taken you too. There is a pagoda near us, and once we went up the river to it. We went through a monastery, and saw 500 little gods and a few big josses. The priests have 12 holes burned in their heads and wear no queue. The Chinese around this pagoda were all very dirty and were all begging.

The Viceroy from Nanking is here, because we have been having riots. There is a Duke here, who is going with the High Commissioners to America and around the world.

We can ride in a rickisha one mile for two and a half cents gold. You could ride on a wheelbarrow for a few cash a mile. A cash is a twentieth of a U. S. cent.

Your faithful reader,

JIM RODGERS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old and have just begun to take you. I have a brother seven years old, and he loves to sketch faces. Sometime he is going to send one to you.

We live in the woods of West Wrentham in the summer. It is so quiet in the night there, except for the whippoorwills. The scarlet tanager eats the huckle-berries on the bush by the dining-room window.

I will be glad when you come again.

Your friend,

FRANCES WOODWORTH WRIGHT.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Grandma in St. Louis has had you bound since 1880, but my brother Ralph and I have only started to take you this year. We live in Chicago, but are spending the winter in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. There are many walks and drives here in the mountains.

We both like "Pinkey Perkins" and "From Sioux to Susan." Your little friend,

LOUISE JEFFERSON (age 7½).

Other interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Marie Lebowitz, Mildred Gilbert, Samuel White, Jr., Esther Filas, Hattie Tolbachnick, Jenette Rosenthal, Gusta Levy, Robert M. Livingston, Elsa Cornelia Schenck, Malcolm Wall, Philip Maynard Morgan, Maryanne Steger, Raymond A. Palmer, Eva Welch, Marie E. Willcox, Frank B. Large, Edith Lea Cowgill.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

CHARADE. Mock, a in; Moccasin

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Washington.

DIAGONAL. Christmas. 1. Companion. 2. Chemistry. 3. Christian. 4. Ultimatum. 5. Soapstone. 6. Spiritual. 7. Sportsman. 8. Perpetual. 9. Smartness.

PERPENDICULARS. Columns 1. and 2. George Washington; 3. and 4. Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Gusty. 2. Badly. 3. Ether. 4. Aboil. 5. Olive. 6. Arena. 7. Ranch. 8. Catch. 9. Gages. 10. Whoop. 11. Eaten. 12. Dally. 13. Whole. 14. Amend. 15. Annex.

A HIVE OF BEES. 1. B-rag. 2. B-ill. 3. B-read. 4. B-end. 5. B-risk. 6. B-eat. 7. B-ark. 8. B-lack. 9. B-low.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Taylor. "Old Zach;" finals, "Rough and Ready." Cross-words: 1. Teacher. 2. Ago. 3. You. 4. Long. 5 Oilcloth. 6. Russia. 7. Onion. 8. Livid. 9. Dinner. 10. Zone. 11. Arena. 12. Candid. 13. Handy.

CHARADE. John-quill; jonquil.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "A good heart is worth gold."

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, California; finals, Sacramento; from 1 to 16, Beautiful Scenery. Cross-words: 1. Cycles. 2. Africa. 3. Lithic. 4. Impair. 5. Fecula. 6. Osmium. 7. Rattle. 8. Notion. 9. Impart. 10. Akimbo.

SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Clasp. 2. Later. 3. Atone. 4. Sends. 5. Press. II. 1. Force. 2. Ocean. 3. React. 4. Cache. 5. Enter. III. 1. S. 2. Bet. 3. Sepia. 4. Tie. 5. A. IV. 1. E. 2. Pat. 3. Eaves. 4. Tea. 5. S. V. 1. Arises. 2. Retire. 3. Italic. 4. Silent. 5. Eringo. 6. Sector. VI. 1. S. 2. Ice. 3. Scant. 4. End. 5. T. VII. 1. R. 2. Boa. 3. Rough. 4. Age. 5. H. VIII. 1. Adapt. 2. Donor. 3. Angle. 4. Polka. 5. Treat. IX. 1. Heart. 2. Error. 3. Arise. 4. Roses. 5. Tress.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Carolyn I. Palmer—Jo and I—Nessie and Freddie—"Allil and Adi"—Agnes Rutherford—"Chuck"—Florence Alvarez—Prue K. Jamieson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from J. Little, 1—E. P. Shaw, 3—M. Ferguson, 1—H. L. Baldwin, 1—H. Jones, 1—"Flora McFlimsey," 3—F. Smiley, 1—J. McMartin, 1—E. Metz, 1—I. Gulick, 1—R. Gould, 1—J. M. K. Sanford, 1—Edna Mexle, 6—D. K. Ford, 1—D. Baker, 3—Philip Stone, 5—M. V. Whitney, 2—F. King, 1—S. P. Johnston, 1—E. S. Willy, 1—K. Sharks, 1—M. Goldthwait 1—H. I. Shapiro, 1—D. Wilson, 1—L. A. Benjamin, 1—Carolyn Hutton, 4—Mary Louise Douglas, 7—Enid Pendleton, 7—A. M. Beattys, 1—"Duluth," 6—A. C. Clement, 1—Dorothy S., 1—Muriel von Lunzelmann, 8—Harriet Bingham, 9—Helen S. and Nellie C., 4—Franklin Mohr, 4—Cecil H. Smith, 4—Jolly Juniors, 3—Elizabeth Dele, 7—Philip Blake, 2—Dorothy F. Herod, 4—Irene Mesereau, 10—Andrée Mante, 5—Shirley Dashiell, 1—M. S. Schmaling, 1—M. V. Ward, 1—D. Yeaton, 1—C. F. Yeaton, 1.

CHARADE.

My *first* 's a certain kind of pen;
My *last* we all were once;
And if you don't agree with me
You 're *total*—and a dunce!

HELEN E. SIBLEY.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Something used to hold two or more pieces together. 2. A daughter of Poseidon. 3. Amidst. 4. To chop fine. 5. Serving-boys.

ENTOMOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I am composed of forty-four letters and form the first line of a well-known poem.

My 8-19-24-32 is a stinging insect; it makes its home in a 13-41-31-37. My 29-15-23-13-30-28 is a savage insect. My 9-13-14 is an industrious insect. My 34-20-38-13-35 is the male of the honeybee. My 1-38-36-11-35-23 is the drudge of the hive. My 29-6-13-35-44 is a sweet substance that we owe to the bees. My 16-22-39-40 dreaded by housekeepers. My 16-12-43-4-35-20 is another name for the same insect. My 10-7-13-19 is a kind of moth. My 11-25-28-5-34-2-27 is an insect that may be heard on autumn evenings. My 24-33-3-11-8-22-36-16 is a larva, valuable to commerce. My 31-18-26-27-35-36 is an insect which figures in Scottish history. My 42-21-17 is the prey of that insect. My 16-9-36-44-29-38-1-12-39-37 is the name of the author of the quotation on which this puzzle is based.

MARJORIE L. WARD.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Adorns. 2. Rubbish remaining from the destruction of anything. 3. One of the colors of the spectrum. 4. The game hunted with hawks. 5. To appoint. 6. A plaything. 7. A covering for the floor. 8. To confer orally with an enemy. 9. The son of a king. 10. A large wasp. 11. Fright.

Zigzag, from 1 to 2, a name famous in English literature; Zigzag from 3 to 4, the title of a book by this writer. JEAN C. FREEMAN (League Member).

AVIAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I am composed of fifty-four letters, and form a quotation from a poem by Bret Harte.

My 34-8-22-52-23 are small ducks. My 49-3-19-23-16 is a domestic fowl that is traditionally foolish. My 21-1-31-50-28-5-31 is a large family of wood birds. My 9-47-45-14-31-32-30-49-44 is a well known game bird. My 43-12-40-41-29 is Wilson's thrush. My 45-18-2-35-11 is a common song bird. My 48-10-37-7-38-42-11-37-22-25-44 is a sweet singing European bird. My 41-47-4-51-36 is a bird of evil omen. My 13-54-10-33-6 is a bird that nests in chimneys. My 46-27-1-20 is a stately waterfowl. My 7-42-49-15-39-26-52-5 is the flicker. My 17-22-28-52-1-45-30 is a large wild duck. My 53-27-25-24 were birds sacred to Minerva. FREDERIC P. STORKE.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the eight objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed and the names placed one below another in the order given, the central letters will spell an old-time philosopher. J. J.

REMAINDERS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: When a deer is like unbaked bread, the difference is immense. Answer, doe, dough; letters which are not common to both words, e, u, g, h; transposed, huge.)

1. When a room under a building is like a vendor, the difference is an instance.

2. When ceremoniously is like before, the difference is actual.

3. When a vegetable is like a weight, the difference is an implement for rowing.

4. When part of a piano is like a wharf, the difference is to shake.

5. When pertaining to Mars is like to direct, the difference is strikes.

6. When a liquid measure is like an instrument for keeping a ship in one place, the difference is to strangle.

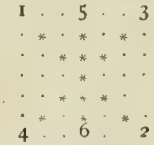
7. When to balance is like a passage, the difference is the Goddess of Health.

8. When an adornment for the neck is like anger, the difference is to cure.

When the new words (they contain from three to six letters each) have been written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a battle fought in 1777.

HAROLD GOULD HENDERSON, JR.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL AND CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



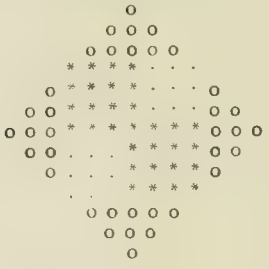
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Cautious. 2. Flowers native to Mexico but extensively cultivated in the United States. 3. Weasel-like. 4. Equaled. 5. A near relative. 6. An entrance. 7. Water nymphs.

From 1 to 2, the wisest soothsayer who accompanied the expedition against Troy; from 3 to 4, a priest of Apollo who was killed by two serpents; from 5 to 6, the sister of Orestes.

DORIS HACKBUSCH (Honor Member).

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS AND SQUARES.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In planters. 2. A pronoun. 3. In that place. 4. Before. 5. In planters.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In planters. 2. Fed upon. 3. A unit of measurement. 4. Before. 5. In planters.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In planters. 2. An enclosure. 3. Part of a flower. 4. No. 5. In planters.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In planters. 2. Used in writing. 3. A masculine name. 4. A snare. 5. In planters.

V. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A frame on which a body rests. 2. Unemployed. 3. Large animals. 4. Repose.

VI. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Peace. 2. To reverberate. 3. A store. 4. A small shark.

VII. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Tranquillity. 2. A city in Nevada. 3. To prance. 4. A dogfish.

VIII. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small shark. 2. Expanded. 3. To be undecided. 4. Terminates.

GUSTAVUS E. BENTLEY.

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"MORNING GLORIES."

FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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HONORS TO THE FLAG.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

THERE is no possession of a country which is more deeply revered, more consistently loved, or more loyally supported than its national flag. In our country is this especially true, for in that one emblem are embodied all the principles which our forefathers upheld, all the benefits of a century and a quarter of enlightened progress, and all the hope and assurance of a promising future.

The stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every state. Thus, the stars and stripes signify union and "in union there is strength."

The very colors have a significance. White stands for purity, red for valor and blue for justice, together forming a combination which it is our inherited privilege to honor and uphold.

It is not the flag of a king, or an emperor, or a president. It is the flag of the people, brought into being by their will, defended when necessary by their patriotism, and to which they turn for protection in time of danger. No matter into what parties our people may be divided, due to political beliefs and leanings, they all stand united under one flag. It is the emblem of unity, safety and faith.

Naturally, the outward manifestation of our devotion to the flag is to be observed more especially in the attitude toward it of our Army and our Navy, since it is there that the flag is more constantly in evidence than elsewhere, and it is there that it has a well defined official status, laid down by law. In every army post, both here at home and in our foreign possessions, and on every war vessel of the United States, our flag floats in the breeze from sunrise till sunset, the honored emblem of a free people.

Every regiment in our military service is furnished by the government with a flag, or "color" as it is known officially, and on this flag are embroidered the names of all the battles in which the regiment has taken part. This flag is carried at regimental drills, parades and reviews, as well as in battle, and two armed men especially detailed as "color guard," always accompany the color sergeant, who is the color bearer.

Army regulations prescribe in detail what honors shall be paid to the flag and these regulations are implicitly and gladly observed. No matter how little one may relish the duty of showing the respect due to some military superior, he is always ready and glad to do honor to his flag. Whenever anyone in the military service of the United States passes near the unfurled colors, or whenever the flag passes before him, he is required to remove his cap in salute and if sitting he is required to rise and stand at "attention" until the flag has passed.

The authority of the flag is absolute. It is inferior in rank to no one. All persons, sub-

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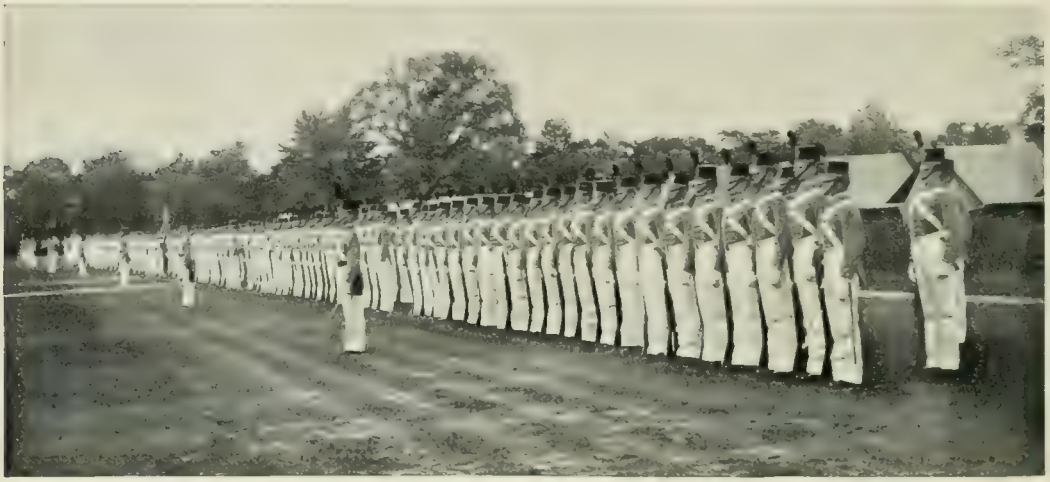
ject to military discipline and customs, from the President of the United States who is the Commander-in-Chief, down to the newest recruit, are required by regulations to render the same honors to the flag.

There is always something inspiring to the visitor at West Point as he watches the ceremony of evening parade. The battalion of cadets is in line, rigid and motionless in the position of "parade rest," while the band, playing a lively march passes down the whole length of the line and returns again to its place on the right. Immediately the music stops, the fifes and drums begin to sound "retreat," and as the last note dies away, the sunset gun booms out its salute to the flag.

As the echoes reverberate among the historic hills and the smoke from the saluting cannon drifts upward and outward over the majestic Hudson, the cadet Adjutant calls the battalion to "Attention," the band strikes up the strain of "The Star Spangled Banner," and with the officers all standing at attention, facing the flag, their hands at the position of salute, and all civilians, men, women and children, honoring their country's emblem by rising and standing silent, the men with bared heads, the flag is lowered slowly—down, down—into the hands of the armed guard of soldiers detailed to receive it.

It is an unwritten law that the flag shall never touch the ground, and if you will notice, the next time you have the opportunity, you will remark with what care and even tenderness the flag is received, folded and carried away by the corporal in charge of the flag detail, without its outer edges so much as touching the ground.

During the summer encampment at West Point, there is great rivalry among the cadets going on guard to see who will "get colors," that is, to see who will be selected by the adjutant as color sentinels. These color sentinels, three in number, are each day selected from the entire guard as being the most soldierly in appearance, and the most immaculate in dress and equipment.



WEST POINT CADETS ON DRESS PARADE. THE COLORS IN THE CENTER OF THE BATTALION.

Their duty is to act only as sentinels over the flag, while the other members of the guard are assigned to the posts about the body of the encampment. After the morning parade, the arms are stacked just behind the "color line," a path within the limits of the encampment and just outside the outer line of tents. The national colors and the gray and gold flag of the Corps of Cadets are laid lengthwise on the two central stacks, the tips of the staffs on one stack and the ferule ends on the other.

The color sentinel walks the color line, immediately in front of the long line of stacked arms, and it is his duty to allow no one to touch the colors and to see that no persons, whether they be cadets, officers, or civilians, pass in or out of camp around the ends of the

line of stacks without removing the cap and looking toward the flag as they cross the color line. Should anyone forget thus to comply with the regulations, it is the sentinel's duty to require him to go back and to uncover on crossing the line.

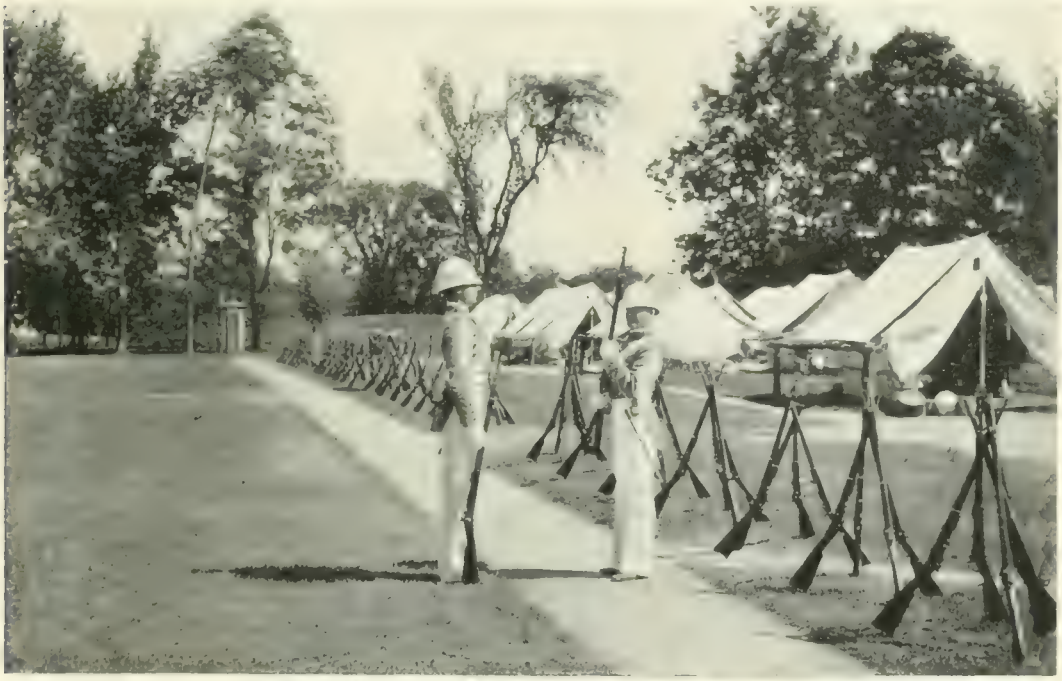
One day not so many years ago, a cadet just beginning his second year at the Academy was slowly pacing up and down the color line, his chest swelling with pride and appreciation of the Adjutant's selection of color sentinels that morning. As he turned about at the end of his beat and started on his return trip, he saw the Commandant of Cadets, a most exalted individual in cadet eyes, approaching the color line at the farther end. At the proper time, the cadet brought his rifle down to his most military "present arms" and turned his head slightly sideward to receive the salute of his superior officer when he should raise his cap to the colors.

To his surprise and consternation the Commandant never turned his head to right or left, but just walked straight across the color line without so much as noticing the existence of colors or color sentinel and passed on toward his office tent farther back in the camp.

With no thought except of his duty, the sentinel relaxed his set muscles and with arms at the "port," charged down the color line at "double time" in hot pursuit of the delinquent Commandant. As he neared the other end of his post, he called in tones as respectful as as they were positive:

"You will have to return across the color line, sir, and salute the colors."

The Commandant was surprised and, for the moment, apparently nettled at receiving this startling and unexpected order from a mere cadet. Then he realized the situation. He had clearly forgotten all about the existence of the line of stacks and the flags resting thereon and, intent on other matters, had absent-mindedly neglected his duty to them and the sentinel guarding them. Without further ado, he came back, meekly removed his hat as he approached, crossed the color line, turned about and crossed it again, and with no word to the sentinel passed on to his tent.



A CADET AT THE "PORT" ON HONORS—A COLOR SENTINEL

Needless to say the cadet was somewhat

agitated when the incident was all over, yet he knew what his orders were and felt that he had carried them out to the letter. Nevertheless he was in rather an uncertain state of mind, wondering what, if any, action the Commandant would take in the matter. He heard nothing of it during his tour of duty and it was not until the next evening at parade that he learned the Commandant's view of the affair. Imagine his surprise and that of all his comrades, who of course knew of it as soon as it happened, when an order was read by the Adjutant, appointing him a cadet Corporal for "strict and zealous execution of his duty in carrying out his orders as a color sentinel."

This is only one of numerous similar instances which go to show how exalted a position our country's flag holds and that no one is of sufficient rank or authority to omit paying it the respect which is its due.

On one occasion when a Major General of the United States Army was holding conversation with a cadet sentinel, making some inquiry or request, the interested crowd about the visitors' seats, who were watching the grizzled veteran and the trim young soldier, were surprised to see the cadet suddenly appear to forget the existence of his high-ranking companion and come from a "port arms," the position of a sentinel holding conversation, to a "present arms," and turn his head to one side, actually stopping in the middle of a sentence.

Instead of exhibiting surprise or wounded dignity at this unexplained action of the cadet, the general instantly divined the reason for it. He knew that he was superior in rank to any one at West Point that day and that the only salute that could be rendered in his presence by the cadet was to the colors. Turning in the direction indicated by the sentinel, he respectfully removed his hat and assumed the position of "attention," remaining in his attitude of silent respect until the flag had passed, when the conversation was resumed as though no break had occurred.

One of the most touching, as well as the most beautiful examples of devotion to the flag is to be found in the records of our Civil War. The Sixteenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, after three days of the hardest and bloodiest of fighting, became convinced that defeat and capture by the enemy was imminent. The ranks were depleted and to hold out longer would only involve needlessly further sacrifice of life. But even in their hour of peril, the zealous patriots thought more of the fate of their battle-scarred flag than of their own. Just before the enemy made his final assault on the breastworks, the gallant colonel shouted to his men: "Whatever you do, boys, don't give up our flag; save that at any price." In an instant, the flag was torn from its staff and cut and torn into hundreds of small fragments, each piece being hidden about the person of some one of its brave defenders.

The survivors of the regiment, about five hundred in number, were sent to a prison camp, where most of them remained until the end of the war, each cherishing his mite of the regimental colors. Through long months of imprisonment many died from sickness brought on by exposure and terrible privation, and in all such cases the scraps of bunting guarded by the poor unfortunates were intrusted to the care of some surviving comrade.

At the end of the war, when the prisoners returned to their homes, a meeting of the survivors was held and all the priceless fragments of the flag were sewn together. But a very few pieces had been lost, so that the restored emblem was made nearly complete.

That flag, patched and tattered as it is, forms one of the proudest possessions of Connecticut to-day and is preserved in the state Capitol at Hartford, bearing mute testimony to the devotion of the brave men who were not alone ready and willing to die for it on the field of battle, but to live for it through long years of imprisonment in order that they might bring it back whole to the State that gave it into their hands to honor and defend.

In battle, there is no position more dangerous than that of color bearer, and at the same time there is none that is more earnestly coveted. The colors must be kept waving and it is one of the objects of the enemy to shoot down the bearer of the flag, hoping thereby to dishearten the men following it. In 1900, at the battle



COLOR BEARERS AND COLOR GUARD, U. S. CORPS OF CADETS.

of Tientsin, China, the color sergeant was shot through the thigh and seriously wounded. When he fell, General Liscum, who was in command of the American forces in China at that time, snatched the colors from the ground where they had fallen and himself held them aloft, a target for all the Chinese soldiers on the wall, until he too fell, pierced through the body and mortally wounded by a Chinese rifle ball. Such instances are so numerous that history is full of them, proving that there is no limit to the devotion of a soldier to his flag.

One of the last important orders issued by President Lincoln was that dated March 27, 1865, directing Major General Anderson to "raise and plant upon the ruins of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, the same United States flag which floated over the battlements of that fort during the rebel assault and which was lowered and saluted by him and the small force of his command when the works were evacuated on the 14th day of April, 1861."

"The flag, when raised," the order goes on to say, "will be saluted by one hundred guns from Fort Sumter and by a National Salute from every fort and battery that fired upon Fort Sumter."

The flag which was again to be raised over Fort Sumter had been carefully guarded through the years since it had been lowered in honorable defeat, with the time in view when it should again float in the breezes over Charleston harbor as a result of the success of the Union Army. But when that time did come, to whom were the honors paid, the salutes fired? There were present on this occasion Major General Anderson, who had commanded the fort when fired upon in 1861, and Major General William T. Sherman, whose military operations, after his famous "march to the sea," compelled the evacuation of Charleston; and yet it was the *flag* which received homage, not they who had defended it at such great cost. They were merely present to show their allegiance and to join in the general thanksgiving for its restoration.

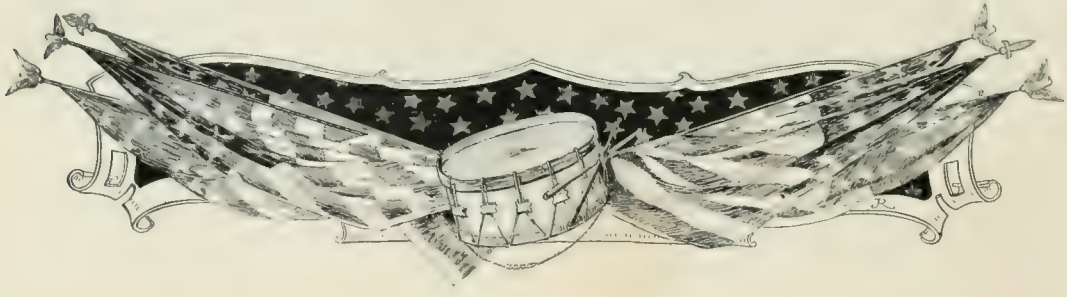
And this salute of one hundred guns in honor to the flag is more than has ever been fired in the United States to any living person, of whatever rank. The President, when visiting a military post receives as a salute only twenty-one guns.

Nor do we alone do honor to our flag. War vessels of foreign nations on entering one of our harbors or on passing near a fortification, display the flag of the United States at the main and salute it by firing twenty-one guns. As soon as this salute is fired the fort flying the flag acknowledges it by firing an equal number of guns. No matter what may be the rank of the officer commanding the fort, the Army Regulations specifically state that it is the flag which shall be saluted, and also that salutes to the flag are the only ones that shall be returned. The commanding officer is only an individual after all, while the flag represents the nation.

Our flag is beautiful at all times, but perhaps it is most beautiful when one suddenly comes upon it in a foreign country, proudly waving from the flag-staff of some one of our embassies, legations, or consulates.

All who have experienced this sensation will agree that there is something delightfully reassuring in the sight, something which produces a feeling of security and protection, sometimes even of homesickness, which nothing else can give.

In war, no captures are more highly prized than flags, and none will tempt soldiers to greater extremes of attack and defense. There is nothing a soldier will not do in the way of risking his life to prevent the capture or to accomplish the recapture of his flag.



Barbara's "SP"



By Eleanor H. Porter.

To Barbara it seemed that every boy and girl in town excepting herself had been given a surprise party. And how she wanted one!

The fifteenth—only ten days away now—was Barbara's twelfth birthday, and for weeks and months Barbara had been longing for a surprise party on that day. She had thought of it, dreamed of it, and even planned it all out, picturing just how she would act, and just how "surprised" she would be. But how in the world was she to bring it about? One couldn't tell one's friends that one wanted a surprise party at a certain time, and then expect to be *surprised* when the party arrived!

Barbara was greatly puzzled. She could see no way to bring her wish to pass, yet her longing for the party grew stronger and stronger every day.

It was on the sixth of the month that Barbara's big brother Frank said gaily:

"Well, Puss, I know somebody who is going to be twelve years old pretty soon. What does that somebody want for a present?"

Barbara caught her breath with a little cry. Her cheeks grew a deeper pink.

"Oh, Frank, if I only could have what I want!" she exclaimed.

"Well, well," laughed Frank! "so there *is* something you want! What is it?"

Barbara shook her head. "I can't tell," she almost sobbed.

"Nonsense! Tell? Of course you can tell," insisted her brother, good-naturedly. "Come—out with it, Puss!"

Again Barbara shook her head. This time two big tears rolled down her cheeks much to Frank's distress and amazement.

"Why, Barbara, you poor little girl!" he comforted. "Come, come, tell us all about it! Is it such a dreadfully big thing that you don't dare to ask for it? Maybe it costs a lot of money; is that it?"

"It is n't big at all,—" faltered Barbara; "that is, I would n't mind if it was n't big, if I only had one. And I don't think it costs much—not so very much, anyhow, 'cause Tom and Bessie and Mary Ellen have had them, and they 're poor—real poor. Everybody 's had them—only me," she finished, with a little break in her voice.

"But what is it?"

"I can't tell."

"But you'll have to tell—else how are we to get it?"

"But, Frank, don't you see?—I can't tell," reiterated Barbara, earnestly, "for if I do tell, it won't be—*it*, at all."

The young fellow sitting in the window-seat frowned. Frank was in college, and used to problems; but this was a poser.

"'It won't be it,'" he repeated slowly. "Well, I give it up, Puss. You 've got me this

time. Spell it, can't you? What letter does it begin with?"

"'S,'" said Barbara, brightening. (If they only could "guess," it might come out right after all, she thought.) "It begins with the letter *s* and—and it 's got a letter *p* in it."

"An 'SP?'"

Barbara nodded vehemently.



"'BUT, FRANK, DON'T YOU SEE? I *can't* TELL!'"

"Yes," she cried.

"An SP, mused Frank, aloud. "Hm—n; must be 'soap,'" he declared quizzically.

Barbara uptilted her chin. She smiled, but her eyes were wistful as Frank left the room.

At the supper table that night the entire family made themselves merry over Barbara's SP. Frank started it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began pompously, with a sweep of his two hands, "I have a problem to lay before you. A certain young member of this family is approaching her twelfth birthday. Now, I am informed on unquestioned authority that in the line of presents she has one great and only desire; that she longs for this thing unceasingly; I even know for a fact that as she talks of it she weeps with eagerness. Now, ladies and gentlemen, no doubt to you this is a very simple proposition. You say: 'Let her tell what it is, and we will buy it.' But just there lies the trouble—she will not tell. She says she *cannot* tell; that if she does tell, there will be no present at all; 'it won't be *it*.' This much, and this only, do I know—it begins with the letter *s* and has a letter *p* in it. It is an SP. Now, ladies and gentlemen, the matter is in your hands. What is an SP?"

There was a general laugh around the table, in which even Barbara herself joined.

"How about a 'spoon'?" suggested Barbara's mother.

"Maybe it 's a 'sponge,'" piped up the small boy at the foot of the table.

"Pooh! It 's a 'silk petticoat,'" announced big sister May. "I 'm sure that 's an 'SP,' and I know Barbara wants one."

"But a silk petticoat does n't dissolve into nothing if you just mention it," cut in Frank, in pretended despair; "and this SP does."

"And you can't tell?" demanded Mr. Drew of Barbara.

"No, no, indeed I can't," stammered Barbara. "You see, if I did, I 'd know, and it—it would n't be an SP at all; and— "

There was a sudden exclamation from Frank across the table; but, when questioned, the young fellow only laughed and declared that he had nothing to say. To Barbara the new light in his eye looked suspicious—and indeed he did wear a very wise air through all the rest of the meal.

The fifteenth came on Saturday, so there was no school. Barbara was awake and astir very early. She wondered at just what time the party would take place; she hoped that it would be early, with a supper of good things at six.

She tried to shut her eyes to her surround-

ings, but it seemed to her that the very air itself vibrated with mystery and excitement. She saw that the house was being put into specially fine order, and she noticed that every little while she caught a whiff of something particularly good from Bridget's oven.

The noon meal was a silent one. No one seemed to want to talk. As yet there had been no mention that it was Barbara's birthday; indeed, all reference to the SP had been dropped for several days.

At two o'clock Mrs. Drew suggested that Barbara put on her pink-sprigged muslin, saying:

"Then you will be all ready if we want to go and call on Bessie and her aunt a little later—we will see."

Barbara was scarcely dressed before Frank called her into the library.

"Puss, I have two puzzles here. Come in and see if you can work them out."

So into the library Barbara went, trying all the while to keep her feet from dancing, and her lips from smiling—as if she did n't know that Frank usually had other things to do than to stay at home in the middle of the afternoon and ask her to play with puzzles!

The library door was fast closed—Frank had seen to that—but still Frank talked on, patiently turning and twisting the thing in his hand—as if he thought she *could* be interested in a bit of perforated pasteboard and a string *now!* At last there came three distinct knocks on the floor above the library.

That those knocks meant something Barbara did not doubt for an instant. She had not long to wait before Frank spoke.

"Oh!" he said suddenly, as if he had just thought of something. "There's another puzzle in the parlor on the table. Suppose you run and get it; will you, please?"

With a skip and a bound Barbara was half across the room before he had stopped speaking. They were all there, of course—her *own* surprise party—just the other side of the parlor door, watching and waiting. How delightful it would be to surprise *them!*

She ran quickly to the door and threw it wide open.

"Why, what—" she began, then stopped short—there was no one there!

All the light and joy fled from Barbara's face as she looked about the silent, disappointing room. Could it be that they had not known after all?—that they had not guessed what she wanted?

Over by the window Barbara saw a big table laden with packages and a curious-looking card of pasteboard a foot or more long. Was that the puzzle Frank asked her to get? Very slowly she crossed the room and picked up the card.

"For Barbara," she read, written in her brother's clear, bold hand. "Each one is an SP. We got all we could think of. We hope that somewhere you'll find the one you want."

Barbara could have cried. The table was heaped with packages—big, little, and medium-sized—but she knew without opening a single one that her own beloved SP was not there; for surely one could not wrap up a surprise party in brown paper and tie it with a string!

She opened one package, then another, then a third. In spite of her disappointment, a smile crept to her lips, then a laugh—then another as she saw more and more of the contents of those packages. Some of the things were wonderfully pretty, and just what she wanted of their kind; others she did not know even by name—but that each was an "SP" she did not doubt at all, for had she not Frank's assurance of that?

There were thirty-five packages, and this is what they contained:

A spoon, a spool, a sponge, a spoke, a splint, a splasher, a spindle, a spigot, a spike, a stamp, a silk petticoat, some sugarplums, some sweet peppermints, a slate pencil, a small sprinkler, a spider (dead, fortunately, and in a neat little box), a sperm candle, a speller, a spread, a small sphere (with a map of the world upon it), a spiral spring, a sweet pickle, a spice cake, some sweet peas, some spaghetti, some soap, some spectacles, a silver pin, a sweet apple, a sour apple, some slippery elm, a spade and a spear (in miniature), some spurs, and some slippers.

Barbara was standing, half laughing, half crying, in the midst of this array, when she heard a subdued chuckle from the upper hall. The next instant there came the clatter of feet down the stairs, and the measured tread of steps along the hallway. Then in a wild group they dashed into the parlor—Bessie, Tom, Mary Ellen, Harry and all the rest, flushed, laugh-

ing, and bright-eyed, until they stood in a long line before Barbara and made a low bow.

"And we are the last SP," they chorused as they all wished her "many happy returns."

For a moment Barbara did not move. She gazed from one to another of the flushed, laughing faces without speaking. Then suddenly she understood.

"It 's the surprise party!" she cried joyously. "Oh, you *did* come!"

"Of course we did!" exclaimed Bessie.

"We came in quietly so that you could n't [illegible]" cried Mary Ellen.

"And they hid us upstairs until everything was ready," chimed in Tom, gleefully; "and we brought an SP ourselves too—every single one of us!"

"Well, Puss, did you get the SP you wanted?" called Frank from the doorway.



"IN A WILD GROUP THEY DASHED IN"

Barbara danced and clapped her hands.

"Oh, Frank, you *did* guess it, did n't you!" she exclaimed, running straight to his side. "And, Frank, it 's just splendid—they 're all splendid—every single SP!"

"S-P-lendid, eh? Glad to hear it," laughed Frank; "and, by the way, Puss, there 's another SP coming, you know, and that is— *supper!*"

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

By Ralph Henry Barbour.

Chapter XVIII.

THE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP IS DECIDED.

Roy had passed his examinations without flunking in a thing, and while that may not sound like much of an achievement to you who doubtless are accustomed to winning all sorts of honors, it pleased him hugely.

Those examinations left Horace Burlen in a peck of trouble. He had failed in two studies and was consequently ineligible for crew work until he had made them up. And as Horace was Crew Captain and Number Three in the boat the whole school became interested in his predicament. To his honor be it said, however, that he went to work at once to make them up, and Mr. Buckman, who was the rowing coach and adviser, helped him to the utmost extent that the rules allowed.

Meanwhile there was the ice hockey supremacy to be determined. Ferry Hill had scored another victory, this time over the Whittier Collegiate Institute team, twelve goals to nine, and had practised diligently and enthusiastically every possible moment. And so when, on a bright, cold Saturday afternoon, Hammond crossed the river for the third and deciding contest, Ferry Hill was in high feather and was looking for a victory.

A haughty spirit goeth before a fall!

Ferry Hill's team was made up as in the first game of the series save that Gallup was at point in place of Bacon, who had fallen back to the second team. The ice was hard and smooth, the barriers were lined with spectators, the cheers of Hammond and Ferry Hill arose alternately into the still, frosty air, Harry watched breathlessly with Spot in her arms and Mr. Cobb tossed a puck into the center of the rink and skated back.

"Ready, Hammond?"

"Ready, Ferry Hill?"

Then the whistle piped merrily, Warren secured the puck and passed it back to Kirby and the game was on. Skates rang against the ice as the brown-clad forwards spread out across the rink and raced for the opponent's goal. Kirby passed to Roy, Roy passed across to Warren, Warren overskated, Rogers doubled back and rescued the disk, passing it across to Roy again, Hammond's right-end charged, Roy slipped past him against the barrier and got the puck once more, eluded the cover-point and passed to Warren, Warren worked the puck to within ten feet of the net and, with half the team hitting and hacking at his stick, shot the first goal. Ferry Hill, 1; Hammond, 0.

But Hammond broke up the attack very nicely the next time, secured the puck and charged down the rink like a troop of cavalry. Gallup was decoyed to the left, Hadden was caught napping and the whistle blew. Ferry Hill, 1; Hammond, 1. Hadden remorsefully kicked the snowy disk of rubber out from the net and smote it wrathfully with his stick.

"My fault, Roy," he said.

"That's all right," answered the captain. "Gallup, you were out of place that time. Remember that you take the puck and not the man. All together now, fellows, get after them!"

Hammond secured the puck at the face and for several minutes the battle raged hotly, now here, now there. Hadden stopped two tries neatly, Chub stole the disk from a Hammond forward and took it down the rink, skating like a cyclone — if cyclones may be said to skate — only to miss his try at goal by a bare two inches. Twice play was stopped for off-side work and once Warren was cautioned by Mr. Cobb against roughness. Then, when the Hammond point had lifted the puck [illegible] down the rink, Gallup was slow in return[illegible] the speedy Schonberg was down on [illegible] flash, had stolen the puck from under [illegible] and, charging past Chub, who had c[illegible]

the rescue, had shot it between Hadden's feet for the third goal.

After that Fortune favored Hammond while the half lasted. Her players worked like one man instead of seven and when the whistle blew the score looked frightfully one-sided: Hammond, 5; Ferry Hill, 1.

"I guess they 're too much for us," panted Jack as he struggled into his sweater. Roy said nothing, but nodded soberly.



THE FINAL GAME BETWEEN FERRY HILL AND HAMMOND.

"I never saw better team-work," he finally muttered. "Well, it 's all in a lifetime."

"But, look at the experience they 've had," said Kirby. "I 'll bet that next year we 'll — "

Roy turned on him sharply.

"That 'll do for you," he answered. "Never mind next year, think of the next half. Time enough for next year when we 're beaten."

Roy sat watching the second team and the substitutes snatching a scrub game during the intermission, set his jaws together and resolved that if Hammond added to her present score it would be only after the hardest playing she had ever done!

"You 're not going to let them win, are you, Roy?"

Roy turned to find Harry beside him with Spot wriggling and twisting in her arms. Roy petted him and had his cheek licked before he replied.

"I'm afraid we can't keep them from beating us, Harry," he answered, "but we 're going to make a lot better showing in this half than we did in the last."

"Does your wrist hurt?" asked Harry, glancing solicitously at the silk bandage about it. Roy shook his head.

"No, but it is n't right strong yet and Mr. Cobb thought I 'd better wear this rather than run any danger of putting it out of place again. How 's Methuselah?"

"Fine and dandy," answered Harry cheerfully. "You must come and see him; I think he gets rather dull sometimes. I've got some more white mice. That makes sixteen. I wish I knew what to do with them. Dad says I'll have to kill them, but I just could n't do it."

"Why not turn them loose?" asked Roy.

Harry giggled.

"I tried that and some of them came back and went up to John's room and he found one in his boot in the morning. He was terribly mad about it. John's very quick tempered, you know."

"John's a brute," said Roy. "How about the squabs?"

"Oh, they're coming fast! There are twelve already. I — I wish they would n't hatch. I hate to have them killed."

"Mighty fine eating, squabs," said Roy teasingly. Harry shot an indignant glance at him.

"Any person who'd eat a squab," she cried, "deserves to be — to be —"

But Roy did n't learn what such a person deserved, for at that moment Mr. Cobb summoned the teams out again. Roy peeled off his crimson sweater, looked to his skate straps and called to Jack. When the latter had skated up Roy talked to him earnestly for a moment.

"All ready, Porter?" cried Warren.

"About six or eight feet from the corner of the goal," finished Roy. "And bang it in without waiting for anything. Understand?"

Jack nodded and the two skated to their places.

The larger part of the second half was an alternation of encouragement and disappointment for both sides until ten minutes before the end. The score was then 6 to 2 in favor of Hammond.

Ferry Hill had the puck in the middle of the ice and her forwards flew to their places. Down the rink they charged, the disk flying from Kirby to Warren, from Warren to Jack Rogers and ultimately from the latter's stick past goal's knees into the net. Hammond, 6; Ferry Hill, 3.

There were eight minutes more to play. Ferry Hill seemed to have found her pace at last, perhaps the last two goals had encouraged her. At all events she played as she had never played all season. Roy was a streak of greased lightning, Jack was a tornado, Warren and Kirby shot about as though they had wings on their shoes instead of mere steel runners, Chub was a bulldog and a fierce and speedy one, Bacon seemed to have eyes in the back of his head and Hadden was invulnerable. Ferry Hill was forcing the playing now and for minutes at a time she appeared to have things all her own way. Only the Hammond goal-tend saved the day for the Cherry and Black. Time and again he was the only defense left and time and again he turned seeming success into failure for the swooping enemy. Then came another carrom back of goal, again Jack was on the spot and once more the Ferry Hill sticks danced in air. Hammond, 6; Ferry Hill, 4!

Hammond was beginning to show herself tuckered. Her right-center was plainly played out and gave his place to a new man. Even Schonberg exhibited signs of failing strength and no longer played with the dash and brilliancy with which he had begun the contest. And as the enemy weakened, Ferry Hill strengthened. Schonberg went to the ice and his stick flew out of his hand while Roy flew on with the puck slipping along in front of him. Kirby sent cover-point out of the play, the disk slid along the snowy ice to Warren and he lifted it at goal. Goal-tender stopped it with his knee, slashed it aside and crouched at the corner of the net. Roy turned on his heel, found the puck as it flew by and rushed back to goal. The whole Hammond team was about him and sticks banged and whizzed. It was a bedlam of cries and whacks and the grind of steel on ice. Science was forgotten for the moment; Hammond was fighting tooth and nail to drive back the invader. Once the puck was wrested from Ferry Hill and shot back up the ice to the middle of the rink, but Chub was awaiting it and brought it back, speeding along like an express train. He passed to Kirby in time to fool a Hammond forward, dodged, received the puck again and charged down on goal, dispersing the foe by the sheer impetus. Sticks flew about his feet and point threw himself at him. Then came a quick side pass to

Roy, the sharp sound of stick against puck and the ring of the iron post as the hard rubber disk struck it and glanced in. Five to six, and Ferry Hill coming all the time! How the brown-decked boys along the sides yelled! Mr. Cobb consulted the time-keeper.

"Two minutes left!" he called, sharply.

winging straight for the goal. But a gloved hand met it and tossed it aside. Roy swung circling back and passed across to Jack. Another shot, this time wide of the net. Schonberg and Jack fought it out in the corner and Jack rapped the disk out to Warren. The Hammond cover-point checked his stick and



"QUIET FELL OVER FOX ISLAND." [SEE PAGE 787]

"Time enough to win in!" shouted Roy.

"Sure!" answered Jack triumphantly. With sticks gyrating they sped back to their positions. But Hammond was in no hurry now and the time-keeper kept his eyes carefully on his stop-watch until finally the whistle shrilled again. Then back to the fray went the brown jerseys and over the ice sped the Ferry Hill skates. A rush down the rink and again the Hammond goal was in danger. A quick swoop of Warren's stick and the puck was secured the disk, shooting it down the rink. A Hammond forward got it but was off-side. Warren joined him and they faced near the center. A quick pass to Jack and the forwards turned and dug their blades into the ice. Down they came, charging and passing, past cover-point, past point, and then —

Out shot goal and away to the left rolled the puck. Roy, turning after it, shot a quick glance at the time-keeper. Then he was fighting with a Hammond man for possession of the elusive

black disk, their bodies crashing against the boards and their sticks flying hither and thither! But Warren came to the rescue, poked the puck out from under the Hammondite's skate and passed it across to Kirby in front of goal. Another try and another stop by the Cherry's goal-tend. And so it went and so went the precious seconds. And then, suddenly, with the puck within a yard of goal once more and Roy's stick raised for a shot, the whistle rang out.

"Time 's up!" announced Mr. Cobb.

Roy turned fiercely.

"It can't be up!" he cried, skating toward the referee.

"It is, though," was the answer.

"That 's perfect nonsense!" said Roy hotly. "You said there were two minutes left just a minute ago!"

"That 'll do, Porter," said Mr. Cobb coldly.

Roy dropped his eyes, swallowed something hard in his throat and examined a cut on his hand. Then, "Beg pardon, sir," he said. "This way fellows! A cheer for Hammond — and make it good!"

Well, it was n't very good. But then you can scarcely blame them when another second would perhaps have tied the score. But they cheered, and Hammond answered it; and the hockey season had ended with a defeat for Ferry Hill. Schonberg skated over to Roy and held out his hand.

"You had us on the run," he said. "If we 'd played five minutes longer you 'd have won. You 've got a slick team, all right! How about next year? You 're going to keep the team up, are n't you?"

"Sure," answered Roy. "And we 're going to lick you, too!"

The rival captain laughed good-naturedly.

"That 's right. We 've had a dandy time playing you chaps and we 'll be ready again next year. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," answered Roy as graciously as he could. "Glad you fellows came over."

He turned and found Jack beside him.

"Say, Jack," he asked, "what 's the longest period of time you can think of?"

"I don't know," answered Jack soberly. "What 's the answer?"

"One year," was the glum reply.

Chapter XIX.

On Fox Island.

Spring came suddenly that year. They woke up one morning to find the river flowing warmly blue and free of ice, the walks running with crystal water and the bricks steaming in the fervid sunshine. Winter had disappeared over night and Spring had come to its own again. With the awakening of the new season came the awakening of new interests. The crew candidates, who for weeks past had been toiling ingloriously at the rowing machines in the basement of the gymnasium, went trooping down the path to the river and launched their shells. The baseball candidates who had been throwing, and batting in the cage and sliding to bases over the hard floor trotted out to the field in search of a dry spot whereon to hold their first outdoor practice. With the former went Horace Burlen, free at last, in spite of his enemies' croakings, of all conditions, and Hadden and Gallup and Whitcomb and Otto Ferris and others. With the baseball candidates went Chub, Roy, Bacon, Kirby, Post and many more. And — oh, yes — and Sid Welch!

"I don't see why I could n't be a fielder," exclaimed Sid good-naturedly. "You 'll give me a show for an outfield place, won't you, Chub?"

"That I will, Sid," answered Chub heartily. "You come along out and we 'll see what you can do. First of all, though, we 'll take a little of that fat off you."

"I 've been trying to get rid of it," Sid replied earnestly and sadly, "but it does n't seem to do any good. I have n't eaten any bread or potato or puddin' for days!"

"Never mind the bread and potato, Sid," said Chub with a laugh. "I know a better way."

"What?" asked the other interestedly.

"Chasing flies, my boy!" was the answer.

Training table was started the middle of April, with Mr. Cobb in command. By that time the candidates had been weeded out until there were but fourteen left. The "culls," as Chub called them, went toward the making up of the second team. There was practice every afternoon save Sunday, usually ending with a short game with the second nine, the latter

strengthened by the presence of Mr. Cobb who played first base or pitched as occasion required. Roy bought a rule-book early in the season and studied it diligently, following it up later with an invaluable blue-covered pamphlet which told him exactly how to play every position on the team. In the end, however, he discovered that the best way to learn baseball is to play it.

Chub started him at left-field and kept him there until he had learned to judge a ball, catch it and field it home. It was hard work, but Roy liked it. Sometimes, however, he doubted whether he would ever vindicate Chub's belief in him. There seemed an awful lot to learn and he envied the ready thought displayed by the fellows who had been playing the game for several years. I think that Chub would have strained a point to keep Roy with him as long as it did not endanger the success of the team, for by this time the two were well-nigh inseparable. But it very soon became evident that no favoritism was necessary; Roy deserved a place on the nine by virtue of his ability. By the middle of April he was having a try at first, and two weeks later he had succeeded to the position, vice Patten removed to the outfield.

It did n't take him long to accustom himself to the place and its requirements. As Chub had said, he had height and reach, was quick and steady and clear-headed. Of course there was talk; disgruntled fellows who had failed at making the team sneered at Chub's favoritism, and Horace found time from his rowing duties to try and stir up discord amongst the baseball men. But Patten, who had more cause than anyone else to feel dissatisfied, had nothing to say. He had sense enough to realize that Chub had given the position to the best man, and enough of the right sort of spirit to be satisfied, so long as it was for the good of the team and the school. Patten went out to right-field, stifled his disappointment and "played ball."

Chub must have been right. Unless he "has it in him" no boy can learn to play baseball well in three months, as Roy did. Perhaps, though, Mr. Cobb's coaching deserves more credit than I am giving it. He certainly worked hard with Roy. And so did Chub. And the other members of the nine, amongst whom Roy was highly popular, helped, perhaps unconsciously, to give him self-confidence in the early days of his novitiate. So, it seems, the Fates worked together to fashion him into a baseball player. Perhaps the first or second four lost a good oar when Roy chose baseball instead of rowing; be that as it may, it is certain the nine found a good first baseman.

Saturday was the first day of the April recess and Roy and Chub spent the morning on the river. They paddled down stream for a mile or more in the canoe and fished, but with scant success. In the afternoon came baseball practice which ended with a six-inning game with a Silver Cove team. Sunday was rather dull, for it rained torrents. Chub, Roy, Gallup and Post donned rubber coats or old sweaters in the afternoon and took a long tramp inland. But Monday morning dawned bright and fresh and as soon as breakfast was over the fellows, under Mr. Buckman's direction, began the overhauling of the camping outfit. The four big tents were pulled from their quarters in the boat house, spread out on the landing and gone over for holes or weak places. Then lost pegs were replaced, new guy-ropes supplied, and a broken ridge-pole was mended. Dinner was rather a hurried meal that day, for every fellow — and there were twenty odd left at school — was eager to get into camp. At three o'clock the tents and outfits were loaded into row boats and transferred to the island. All afternoon boats went back and forth on errands; baking powder had been forgotten, Gallup wanted his camera, someone had neglected one of the hatchets on the landing, cook had neglected to grind the coffee before packing it, four more blankets were needed, Mr. Buckman wanted a roll of adhesive plaster and a bottle of arnica. Meanwhile the tents were erected, the old cook-stove was set up and fuel gathered. At five o'clock, Kirby, under Mr. Buckman's tuition, began the preparation of the first meal. Roy and Chub and half a dozen others built the camp fire in the open space between the tents, piling up the brush and slanting the dead limbs above it until the whole looked like an Indian wigwam. Then came supper: bacon,

potatoes, tea, milk and "spider cake," the latter an indigestible but delightful concoction of thin flour batter poured into the frying pan and cooked until nice and soggy.

After supper the camp-fire was lighted, the fellows spread themselves out on the ground about it and the camp went into executive session.

At nine o'clock the fellows sought their quarters and made their beds, for which purpose plenty of pine and hemlock boughs had been cut and piled in the clearing. Each tent was supplied with a lantern which swung from the ridge-pole. A rustic bench held a half-dozen tin wash-basins and a looking-glass was hung from a tree near by. By half-past nine preparations for the night were complete and the boys gathered again about the dying fire. Then good nights were said, though for some time the sound of laughter was heard. Then quiet fell over Fox Island and a big moon, coming up over the tree tops, paled the glow of the dying embers where the camp-fire had been.

Chapter XX.

A Night Alarm.

Fox Island lay about two hundred yards off shore and perhaps thrice that distance upstream from the landing. It contained between an acre and a half and two acres, was beautifully wooded, stood well above flood tide and was surrounded on two sides by beaches of clean, white sand. Doctor Emery had purchased the island some years before; primarily, to keep away undesirable neighbors, and had soon discovered that it was a distinct addition to the school's attractions. The spring camping-out soon became one of the most popular features of the year.

The next morning Chub and Bacon did the honors of the island, conducting Roy from end to end and pointing out the historical spots, among them Victory Cove, so named because it was the scene of the first struggle between Hammond and Ferry Hill for the possession of the latter's boats, a struggle in which the campers came out victorious. "The next year," explained Chub, "they got the best of us and swiped four boats and we had to go over and get them back. But that did n't change the name of the cove." It was ten o'clock when they got back to camp and found most of the fellows preparing for a bath. They followed suit and presently were splashing and diving in the water off Inner Beach. It was pretty cold at first, but they soon got used to it. Afterwards they laid in the sun on the white sand until Thurlow thumped on a dish pan with a big spoon and summoned them to dinner. Bathing suits were kept on until it was time to return to the mainland for afternoon practice. The island was practically deserted then, for but few of the campers were neither baseball nor crew men.

"Who 's going to stay here?" asked Chub before he pushed off the boat. Four boys answered.

"Well, you fellows keep a watch for Hammond. They 'll be paddling over here pretty soon, probably to-day or to-morrow, to see where we 're keeping the boats. If they come around don't let them see you, but keep close watch till we come back."

The quartette promised eagerly to keep a sharp look-out and Chub and Roy dipped their oars and rowed across to the landing.

Nothing had been seen of Hammond 's spies all that day and so the camp of boys went to bed without posting guards that night.

"I don't see," observed Roy as he was undressing, "why we don't tie the boats up if we 're afraid of having Hammond swipe them."

"Well, it would n 't be fair, I guess," Chub answered. "You see we 've always left them on the beach. If we tied 'em Hammond would n't have any show to get them."

"You talk as though you wanted her to get them," said Roy in puzzled tones.

"We do; that is, we want her to try and get them. If we take to tying them to trees and things Hammond will stop coming over and we 'll miss more 'n half the fun of the camping. See?"

"You bet!" grunted Post.

"What 's to keep her from coming over to-night, then," pursued Roy, "and taking the whole bunch while we 're asleep?"

"Because she does n't know where they are,

silly!" replied Chub. "You don't expect those fellows are going to row across here and then go hunting all about the island in the dark, do you? They always come spying around in the daytime first and see where the boats are hauled up."

It was raining that morning when they arose, but the rain could n't quench their enjoyment. A shelter tent was put up and they all crowded under it for breakfast. Roy was assistant cook that day.

It had stopped drizzling during the afternoon and practice had been held on a very wet diamond. At camp-fire Thurlow had brought out his banjo and got them all to singing. That seemed to raise Chub's spirits some; it did him good, he declared, to howl. Later it started in drizzling again and the campers went to bed early, tying the tent flaps securely ere they retired.

It was black night when Roy awoke. He could n't even see the canvas overhead. He wondered what had awakened him and listened to the deep breathing about him for a moment. Perhaps Post had talked in his sleep; he often did. Roy turned over again and closed his eyes. Then he opened them quickly. From somewhere came a sound as though a boat was being drawn across the pebbles of a beach. He listened intently, but heard nothing more. He had imagined it, he told himself sleepily. But he was n't satisfied. After a moment he heard it again, that grating noise. He reached toward Post, about to awaken him, thought better of it and scrambled noiselessly out of bed. After all it was hardly probable that Hammond had visited them without giving the usual notice; it would n't be playing fair and Chub would be frightfully pained and grieved! Roy smiled to himself as he hastily drew on his trousers and coat over his pajamas, and picked up the first pair of shoes that came to hand. He tried to find the cords which lashed the tent flap close. There was no use in waking the whole crowd up unless there was some reason for it. He would just look around a bit first — if he could ever get out of the fool tent! Then the last cord gave way and he slipped out into the darkness.

The camp-fire was long since out and the shower had drowned even the embers. It was no longer raining, but the ground was wet underfoot and the grass and low growth threw drops against his bare ankles. It was not quite so black outside here as it had been in the tent, and in the east a rift in the clouds hinted of the moon, but it was too dark to see much of anything. Roy felt his way across the clearing, stumbled over a peg as he crept past one of the tents and shook a shower of raindrops from a young pine as he went sprawling into the underbrush. It was very damp there on the ground and pine needles and grass and twigs were plastered to his hands, but he lay still a moment and listened. Surely, if there was anyone round they could n't have failed to hear him crash into the bushes! All was still for an instant; then there was a subdued splash as though someone had unintentionally plunged his foot into water. Roy cautiously lifted his head. Now came a whisper; another answered from a distance; an oar creaked in its lock.

Only a fringe of pines and underbrush divided Roy from the Inner Beach which was here some thirty feet wide. As noiselessly as possible he stood up and stared into the darkness ahead. It seemed that he could distinguish forms moving about, but he decided that an excited imagination was to blame. Cautiously he pressed through the bushes, which, being wet, gave little sound as their branches whipped back. Then he was on the edge of the pebbles. And just as he raised his foot to step forward again the moon broke forth from the broken clouds and he stopped short, stifling the cry that sprang to his lips.

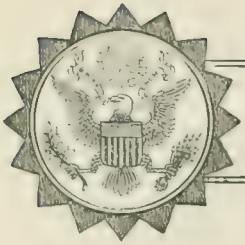
In the sudden flood of dim light the edge of the stream seemed fairly alive with boats, while right in front of him, so near that but a very few steps would have reached him, a dark figure was kneeling in his path.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE SETTER OBJECTS, BUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS THE PICTURE





THE GREAT SEAL of the UNITED STATES



BY

THOMAS W. LLOYD

It is a fact not generally known, and yet one of peculiar significance, that the great seal of the United States, which was adopted in 1782, was suggested by a citizen of a country with which our own was then at war.

The history of the great seal, and the difficulties which beset those having in charge the matter of selecting a suitable and satisfactory design, is full of interest. Soon after the Declaration of Independence was signed, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams were appointed a committee to prepare a great seal for the infant republic. They employed a French West Indian, named Du Simitière, to furnish designs and sketches; but, although a number were suggested, none proved satisfactory.

Then each member of the committee was asked to submit a design. Franklin proposed for the device Moses lifting his wand and dividing the Red Sea, and Pharaoh and his hosts overwhelmed with waters, and for a motto, the words of Cromwell: "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." Adams proposed the choice of Hercules; the hero resting on a club, Virtue pointing to her rugged mountain on the one side, and persuading him to ascend, and Sloth, on the other side, glancing at her flowery beds and persuading him into vice. Jefferson proposed the Children of Israel in the wilderness, led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and on the reverse side, Hengist and Horsa, the Saxon chiefs from whom we claim the honor of being descended, and whose political principles and form of government we have assumed. Jefferson was then requested by his colleagues to combine their separate ideas into one design, which he did; and this description, in his own handwriting, is still on file in the State Department. This design consisted of a shield with six quarterings. The first, gold, with an enameled rose, red and white, for England; the second, white, with a thistle in its proper color, for Scotland; the third, green, with a harp of gold, for Ireland; the fourth, blue, with a golden lily, for France; the fifth, gold, with the imperial black eagle of Germany; and the sixth, gold, with the Belgic crowned red lion, for Holland. These denoted the countries from which America had been peopled. He proposed to place this shield within a red border, on which there should be thirteen white escutcheons, linked together by a gold chain, each bearing appropriate initials, in black, of the thirteen original States. There were supporters on either side of the shield, the one on the right being the Goddess of Liberty in a corselet of armor, in allusion to the then state of war, and holding a spear and cap in her right hand, while the left supported the shield. On the left was the Goddess of Justice, leaning on a sword in her right hand, and in her left a balance. The crest was the eye of Providence, in a radiant triangle, whose glory extended over the shield and beyond the figures. The motto was "E Pluribus Unum"—"One out of many." For the reverse, he proposed the device of Pharaoh sitting in an open chariot, a crown on his head and a sword in his hand, passing through the waters of the Red Sea in pursuit of the Israelites,—rays from a pillar of fire in a cloud, expressive of the divine presence and command, beaming on Moses, who stands on the shore and, extending his hand over the sea, causes it to overwhelm Pharaoh and his followers. Motto: "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

Jefferson's device met with the unqualified approval of his associates, and the committee reported to the Continental Congress on August 10, 1776; but, for some unaccountable reason, their report was never acted upon.

Nothing further was done in the matter until March 24, 1779, when another committee, composed of Messrs. Lovell of Massachusetts, Scott of Virginia, and Houstoun of Georgia, was appointed to make another device.

They suggested a design four inches in diameter, one side of which should be composed of a shield with thirteen diagonal red and white stripes. This shield was supported on one side by a warrior, holding a sword, and on the other by the figure of Peace bearing an olive branch. The crest was a radiant constellation of thirteen States; motto, "Bello vel Pace"—"For War or Peace"; and the legend, "Seal of the United States." On the reverse, the figure of Liberty seated in a chair, holding the staff and cap. Motto, "Semper"—"Forever," and, underneath, "MDCCLXXVI."

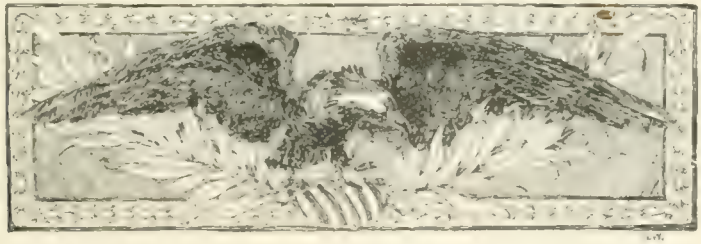
This device met with the same neglect at the hands of Congress as the former, and the matter remained in abeyance until 1782, when another committee was appointed. They reported substantially the same device as the former committee, but this being still unsatisfactory, Congress, on the third day of June, 1782, referred the whole matter to its secretary, Charles Thomson. He in turn procured several devices, but they met with no better fate than their predecessors, and after vainly trying to perfect a seal which should meet the approval of Congress, Thomson received from John Adams, then in London, an exceedingly simple and appropriate device which was suggested by Sir John Prestwich, a baronet of the west of England, who was an accomplished antiquarian and a warm friend of America. It consisted of an escutcheon bearing thirteen perpendicular stripes, alternate red and white, with the chief blue and spangled with thirteen stars. And to give it greater consequence, he proposed to place the escutcheon on the breast of an American eagle, displayed, without supporters, as emblematic of self-reliance.

This device met with universal approval, in and out of Congress, and was adopted in 1782. It remains to this day the Great Seal of the United States, unchanged in the slightest degree from the day of its adoption. Stripped of heraldic technicalities, it may be described as follows:

An escutcheon of thirteen perpendicular stripes, alternate red and white; a blue field; this escutcheon on the breast of an American eagle, displayed, holding in its right talon an olive branch, and in its left a bundle of thirteen arrows; in its beak a scroll inscribed with the motto, "E Pluribus Unum." For the crest over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a golden glory breaking through a cloud and surrounding thirteen stars forming a constellation of white stars on a blue field.

The reverse is an unfinished pyramid. In the zenith is an eye in a triangle surrounded with a glory. Over the eye are the words, "Annuit coeptis"—which may be freely translated as "God has favored the undertaking." On the base of the pyramid are the letters in Roman numerals, MDCCLXXVI, and underneath is the motto, "Novus ordo seclorum"—"A new order of the ages," denoting that a new order of things had commenced in the Western Hemisphere.

Thus, after six years of fruitless effort, a very simple seal was adopted and yet remains the arms of the United States.



The Magic Teapot



(*A Chinese Fairy Story.*)

By Florence Peltier.

"Hai yah!" exclaimed Wang Er, jumping out of bed and running to the window. "What *can* be going on?"

The sun was only just beginning to show its great red face above the hilltops, so it was not very light out of doors. But Wang Er's sharp eyes recognized the Emperor's heralds passing by the tiny hut where he and his mother lived all alone.

"Hear! hear!" lustily shouted the heralds. "The princess, the august emperor's only child, has been stolen! Upon him who restores her to her royal father there will be bestowed not only rare jewels, but a high degree of scholarship!"

"I hope the poor princess is being treated well," said Wang Er, as he turned from the window and began dressing.

After breakfast Wang Er went out in the tiny vegetable garden to pull up weeds; but scarcely had he begun when he saw before him the tiniest, daintiest, loveliest shoe imaginable. It was made of silk, heavily embroidered and encrusted with pearls and rubies.

When Wang Er had recovered from his astonishment enough to be able to move, he picked up the shoe and carried it to his mother, who said at once:

"Surely this is the princess's shoe, and finding it here means that the poor child has been stolen by the *fung-shui* (evil fairies) and hidden in the cave."

"Of course!" exclaimed Wang Er. "I was stupid not to think of that."

Not far from this little home was a vast cave that people dared not go near, much less enter, because the farmers who lived near by had so many vegetables stolen from their gardens, and found so many strange, tiny footprints, that there could be no doubt at all but that evil fairies dwelt in the cave.

There was nothing cowardly about Wang Er, and, after a few minutes of deep thought, he said very decidedly:

"I must go into the cave and try to rescue the princess."

His mother began to weep, and sobbed:

"Oh, my son! my son! the terrible *fung-shui* will kill you!"*

"Mother," answered Wang Er, tears in his own eyes, "your son will obey you implicitly; but have not you yourself taught me always to serve the emperor to the best of my ability?—and his only child, the princess, is in the power of the *fung-shui*."

The mother choked back her sobs, wiped her eyes, and said:

"True, my son. Hasten to the aid of his imperial majesty's child!"

* Even to-day the Chinese believe in the *fung-shui* to such an extent that His Excellency, Wong Kai Kah, was obliged to relinquish all hope of opening valuable mines in China, after months of endeavor. The Chinese country people could not be persuaded to dig mines, for fear of incurring the displeasure of the *fung-shui*.

She held her son in a long, silent embrace, and then watched him through her tears, as he went toward the cave, until he was no longer in sight.

It occurred to Wang Er that it would be wise to ask some one to join him in this perilous undertaking; so he went to the home of his dearest friend—a boy of his own age whose name has long since been forgotten—and persuaded him to go also. It must be confessed, however, that the friend stubbornly refused to accompany Wang Er until assured that riches and a title would be given to the rescuer of the princess.

When the boys reached the entrance to the cave, which was a deep dry well, they fastened one end of a long rope to the well-curb, and dropped the other end down the well. Then Wang Er climbed down, closely followed by his friend.



"LEAVING THE EAR HE WENT ... TO THE ... QUEEN ON LAKE ... OF WATER UPON THE LEAVES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

At the bottom of the well was a narrow passage leading into the cave where the darkness was so intense that Wang Er's lantern threw but a feeble light.

The boys groped through this gloom with loudly beating hearts, wandering helplessly here and there, until at last, when weary and discouraged, they suddenly found themselves close to an enormous rock. Wang Er held up his lantern to get a better view of it, and, to the amazement of the lads, they saw carved upon it:

ONLY WANG ER
CAN OPEN ME.

"This rock is really a great stone door," said Wang Er, "and I am going to open it. But this may be a trick the *fung-shui* are playing us—so look out!"

Then he boldly pulled open the door, that, though weighing several tons, moved in response to his touch as easily as a paper screen, and the lantern-light revealed a wretched dungeon. Huddled in a corner, on the damp stone

floor, was a beautiful young girl, weeping despairingly. Her gown was covered with rich embroidery, and rare gems were twined in her hair. On one tiny foot there was no shoe.

"Are you not his imperial majesty's daughter?" asked Wang Er.

"Alas, yes!" sobbed the girl.

"Cease weeping! We are going to take you home to your father. Be brave and hurry, your highness, for the *fung-shui* may return at any moment."

The princess needed no further urging, but arose at once, and all three, hand in hand, groped through the darkness, trying to find the narrow passage into the well. By great good fortune they found it in half the time that it had taken to reach the dungeon.

After the friend had climbed out of the well Wang Er tied the rope around the princess, and anxiously watched as she was drawn up the well, sighing happily when she was safely out. Then he impatiently waited for the rope to be lowered that he, too, might leave the dismal place. But, although he waited a long time, and shouted loudly, he saw neither the rope nor heard a sound from his friend. Finally he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he had been deserted and left to perish.

Overcome at the thought of his friend's treachery he wept bitterly. But it occurred to him shortly that the *fung-shui* might return at any moment and find him there; and it would be well to look for some place to conceal himself. He again entered the cave and wandered about a long time without finding a hiding-place. Finally his lantern went out and he was forced to grope his way through complete darkness. He dared not stop to rest, fearing the *fung-shui*, but went painfully on and on, occasionally exclaiming, "Oh, my poor mother! I fear I shall never see her again!" At last he saw trees and sky through the opening, and, quickly running forward, emerged from the gloomy cave into bright sunshine that so dazzled his eyes he was obliged to close them for a time.

The light in a little while had grown dazzlingly bright and he found he was standing beside a lake.

On the opposite shore was a large pavilion, its roof supported by immense white pillars.

There was a bridge across the lake and Wang Er walked over it. The path leading to the pavilion was bordered by wondrous plants, and thousands of birds sang constantly. Wang Er was enchanted with all this beauty.

Suddenly a hoarse, awful voice cried out:

"Come here and free me!"

Terribly startled, the lad looked in the direction the voice came from and saw an enormous dragon coiled around one of the pillars. Flames of fire were darting from its nostrils.

"I don't dare go near you!" cried Wang Er, who was trembling violently. "You 'll crush or swallow me!"

"I promise you," answered the dragon, "that I will not harm you. I am a prince, son of the mighty king of dragons, who is not a dragon himself, but a sea-fairy. The land-fairies accused me of stealing the emperor's daughter and turned me into a dragon to punish me. I am glued to this pillar and I am doomed to stay here until someone throws over me a pail of water from the lake."

Wang Er pitied the dragon king's son, for well he knew that the *fung-shui* had carried away the princess. He ran down to the shore of the lake, where, to his joy, he found a pail, and, filling it, he went back to the pavilion and threw the water upon the dragon. It instantly fell from the pillar and changed into a handsome fairy prince who embraced Wang Er, saying:

"You must come home with me that my father may behold the brave lad who has released me from a frightful enchantment. Close your eyes and be sure not to open them until I direct you to do so. And whatever happens do not be frightened."

Wang Er closed his eyes and immediately felt himself flying through the air, his hand clasped tightly in the prince's. A sudden plunge into the lake quickly ended this delightful flight.

"Now open your eyes!"

It was a command Wang Er lost no time in obeying. Indeed, he opened his eyes to their fullest extent in wonder at the extraordinary sight he beheld. Although water pressed upon him from above and from all sides, he felt not at all uncomfortable, and he and the prince were moving over the bed of the lake as swiftly as when they were flying through the air. On ev-

ery side were wonderful plants, as big as trees, and their leaves shone as if made of gold and silver, while fish, with scales that sparkled like diamonds, darted here and there through waving branches and arches of rocks.

"We will soon reach the sea," said the prince; "and then we will travel over the royal highway."

Wang Er was not at all prepared for that amazing highway. On either side and as far as he could see were immense crabs, lobsters, and fish standing upright, balancing themselves on their tails, and dressed in splendid uniforms.

Over this long road and through this double line of strange guards the prince and Wang Er moved with great speed, finally reaching a palace built of the pearly lining of shells. As they ascended the steps leading to an enormous door, it flew open and the prince led Wang Er into a spacious hall hung with marvelous draperies of delicate seaweed thickly strewn with pearls. Seated upon a throne at the further end of the hall was the dragon king surrounded by his courtiers, who, like himself, were sea-fairies.

The king, who had been grieving over his son's disappearance, sprang up in joyful surprise, descended from his throne, and clasped his son in his arms. Then he warmly thanked Wang Er and exclaimed:

"We will have a banquet in your honor!" and led the way to the banquet hall, everybody following him.

In the banquet hall was an enormous table made entirely of shells, and around it were chairs formed from coral branches.

At the king's command all were seated at the table, with Wang Er on the left and the prince on the right of his majesty.



Wang Er was terribly hungry, but, to his chagrin, there was not a thing on the table but a small china teapot.

"Hai yah! Is *this* a banquet?" thought he.

But just then the king lifted up the teapot and said:

"Spread on this table a magnificent repast." Then he set the teapot on the table. At once its lid flew back and out sprang three liveried servants who set the table with gold and silver dishes that poured out of the teapot. Delicious food appeared in these dishes—rice as

white as a snowdrift; all sorts of fish; fruit and nuts and sweets.

Everyone was bountifully served, and the banquet lasted several hours.

Just as the king signalled for all to rise and return to the throne room, there boomed out deafeningly the royal salute. Instantly the servants, dishes and food vanished.

When the king was again seated upon his throne, he said to Wang Er: "What do you desire more than any other thing in the world?"

"To see my mother, your royal highness," answered Wang Er, tears filling his eyes as he thought how troubled and sad she must be because of his long absence.

The king smiled approvingly, saying:

"So you shall, my lad;" and he directed the prince to lead Wang Er home.

Wang Er thanked the king, and, bidding his majesty and the court farewell, went down the palace steps. But Wang Er carried with him the magic teapot, presented to him, just as he was leaving the palace, by the king.

Suddenly Wang Er found himself standing in front of his own home. Joyfully he ran into the house where he found his mother weeping.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried, "do not weep. See! here I am, safe and well!"

The mother's tears of sorrow turned to tears of joy; and, after their happy greeting was over, Wang Er related all that had happened. Then he ordered the magic teapot to spread a fine feast for his mother. The three servants covered the rickety table with fine linen; and with gold and silver dishes filled with delicious food. Never before had the mother eaten such good things nor seen such wonderful dishes. Even the chopsticks were made of ivory and inlaid with gold.

Wang Er decided that so long as the teapot could give him everything he desired he would not claim the reward offered by the emperor to the rescuer of the princess. So he stayed happily at home and began building a house entirely of gold pieces. He employed a great many workmen, and, as the gold pieces were needed, they fell in shining heaps from the magic teapot.

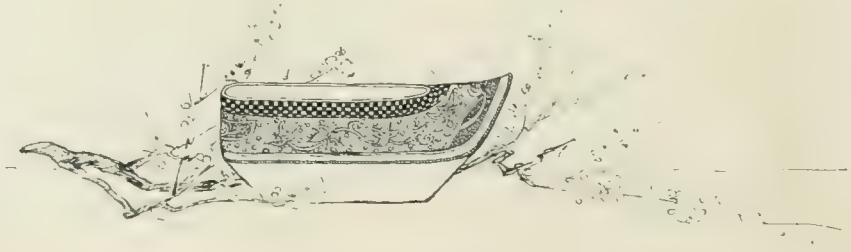
One day, when the house was nearly completed, the false friend passed by. He was filled with amazement when he beheld the golden house with its many turrets from which hung hundreds of golden bells that constantly sent forth exquisite music. He saw Wang Er sitting beneath a tree, holding the precious teapot that was pouring out a stream of gold pieces.

The false friend crept up cautiously and pounced upon Wang Er, trying to snatch from him the teapot; but Wang Er held it firmly until in the struggle it was broken into hundreds of pieces. Then the false friend ran away laughing over poor Wang Er's unhappiness.

With tears in his eyes, Wang Er sorrowfully gathered up the pieces of the broken teapot.

As he picked up the last fragment, instantly the pieces fitted themselves together, and there in his hands was the teapot perfectly whole, just as good as ever, without even one tiny crack!

Wang Er commanded the teapot to give him enough gold pieces to finish building his house and enough more to enable him and his mother to live in luxury all their lives. Then he sent the teapot to the emperor. Of course the emperor was delighted with the gift, but he never found out who sent it to him, for Wang Er did not care to have the emperor know, fearing he would be obliged to accept from his majesty the title of scholar. Wang Er was an honest lad, and he desired no button of scholarship on *his* cap until he had earned it through study.



The Humming-bird by Harriet Monroe.



WHAT a "boom! boom!"
Sounds among the honey-suckles!
Saying "Room! Room!—
Hold your breath and mind your knuckles!"
And a fairy birdling bright
Flits like a living dart of light,
With his tiny whirlwind wings
Flies and rests and sings!
All his soul one flash, one quiver,
Down each cup
He thrusts his long beak with a shiver,
Drinks the sweetness up;
Takes the best of earth and goes—
Daring sprite!
Back to his heaven no mortal knows,
A heaven as sweet as the heart of a rose
Shut at night!

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY SQUARED ACCOUNTS WITH "OLD TIN STAR."

On the day before the Fourth, Pinkey called together fifteen carefully chosen schoolmates and unfolded a plan which he had in mind for a celebration. "We 'll get a lot of our firecrackers," he said, "and meet on the court-house steps at a little before twelve, and when the town clock strikes and the men begin firing the guns and the big cannon and things, we can get to see it all and can have a little celebration of our own at the same time."

It was the custom in Enterprise for the more strenuous patriots to greet the Fourth at midnight with shivering explosions of all sorts,—muskets, huge cannon crackers, and packages of gunpowder compressed between blacksmiths' anvils and ignited by a fuse. Here was a chance for the boys to see it all and to experience the added joy of actually being up and out at the spooky hour of midnight.

"Gee, Pinkey," said Bunny mournfully, "What if we can't slip out? What if we get caught? Why if I got caught I 'd have to stay home all day to-morrow, and I 'd 'most die if I had to do that."

"Of course we 'll slip out," said Pinkey as though it was no trouble at all. "You do it in the daytime, why can't you do it at night when everybody's asleep?" and Bunny kept silent at the wisdom of Pinkey's argument.

After bracing up a few other wavering spirits, Pinkey secured promises from twelve of his followers to make the attempt and the others agreed to try it if they felt they dared. Fear of detection and consequent disaster to their plans for the Day's celebration made some of the more timid ones backward about the wisdom of such a move.

In reality Pinkey's proposition did not entail such a great amount of danger, for doors were seldom locked in Enterprise in summer.

So, it was agreed that all who could should assemble at the appointed place and hour, properly armed with the largest and noisiest of their hoarded wealth of oriental uproar, prepared to greet the Nation's Birthday in fitting style.

Pinkey went to bed that night at his usual hour, depending on his will-power alone to keep him awake. Before the clock in the sitting room below had struck ten, the house was quiet, and then came the struggle for supremacy between Sleep on one side and Pinkey on the other. Hour after hour dragged by as he lay there in the darkness, waiting for eleven. Faint moonlight reached across his bed and seemed to remain stationary. Time dragged on until he thought that surely the clock must have stopped. Pinkey tried lying perfectly still to see if he could detect its ticking.

The next thing he knew, he awoke with a start, sitting bolt upright in bed, and as he sat there wondering whether he were awake or still asleep, he heard the tower clock in the court-house peal forth in slow deliberate cadence the hour of eleven. He was still safe but he would run no more such risks. He slipped quietly out of bed and dressed himself, moving like one in a trance so loudly did his senses call out for sleep.

After assuring himself that so far his movements had awakened no one, Pinkey picked up his shoes, which he intended to put on when well out of danger, and several cannon firecrackers which he had taken from his store in the wood-shed, and began his descent of the stairs. Never before in his wildest haste had they seemed creaky or noisy, but now, treading as lightly as he could they seemed to shriek anew at every step he took and there seemed to be no end to their number.

Finally, however, he reached the bottom, almost exhausted with holding his breath so long and so hard, and stood listening for symptoms of discovery. To his great relief, there were no threatening sounds. The last stage of his journey, that across the sitting room, did not take as long as the interminable trip downstairs, and within a few minutes he had cautiously closed the screen door behind him and had tiptoed his way across the front porch, down the steps and into the yard. Then he put on his shoes and set out in a roundabout way for the square, not caring to run any more risk than necessary of encountering "Old Tin Star," who no doubt was still abroad. As Pinkey made his way along the silent streets he could feel his courage deserting him and the alluring novelty which he had anticipated in being out at such an hour did not prove as enjoyable as he thought, and he longed for company.

He reached the courthouse at last, however, and seated himself on the steps in the shadow of one of the tall sandstone pillars and waited. After a long lonesome wait, during which Pinkey spent most of his time in pinching himself to keep awake, Bunny appeared, bearing his contribution to the coming turmoil in the shape of two Roman candles. Pinkey now became sufficiently awakened to take more interest in things than he had before Bunny came and the two conversed in low tones while waiting for the others to arrive. In a short time the party had increased to a total of ten, and those ten were not backward in relating their harrowing experiences in getting away, and in making critical remarks about those who had failed to put in appearance.

"Guess the rest o' the fellers 're afraid to try it," said Joe Cooper, proudly, remembering what an effort it had been for him to screw his courage up to the escaping point.

"Well it just shows who 's afraid and who 's not," boasted Bunny, puffing up with pride at his evident bravery.

Soon the little band noticed evidences of preparation going on in the park, the maple grove in the center of the square, and they knew from that that it was time for them to prepare for their fun also.

"We are n't going over to the park, are we, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny as he saw Pinkey pick up his cannon crackers.

"No, siree," said Pinkey emphatically, "Old Tin Star 'd get us sure if we did an' no telling what he 'd do with us for being up this time o' night."

"That 's what," said Joe with much concern, "and, Bunny, I guess 't won't do for you to be



"SOME HE SET OFF THE LESS SPECTACULAR AND NOISY."

setting off the Roman candles either, cause they might 'tract his attention."

After a short discussion, it was decided best to explode their midnight greetings in the large vacant lot which adjoined the courthouse, where they could see some of the goings-on in the park and be fairly safe from molestation; so thither they adjourned to await the stroke of twelve.

"Now everybody get ready," said Pinkey, passing a match to each of his companions, "and we 'll have a celebration that 'll—"

Whether their movements had been observed for some time, or whether Jeremiah just happened to be passing at that time and had stopped to investigate, the boys never knew. Enough to say, Pinkey's speech was cut short by the interruption of that official's familiar voice:

"Now you kids clear out o' this or I 'll lock you up, every last one o' you. What 're you doing 'round here this time o' night anyway?"

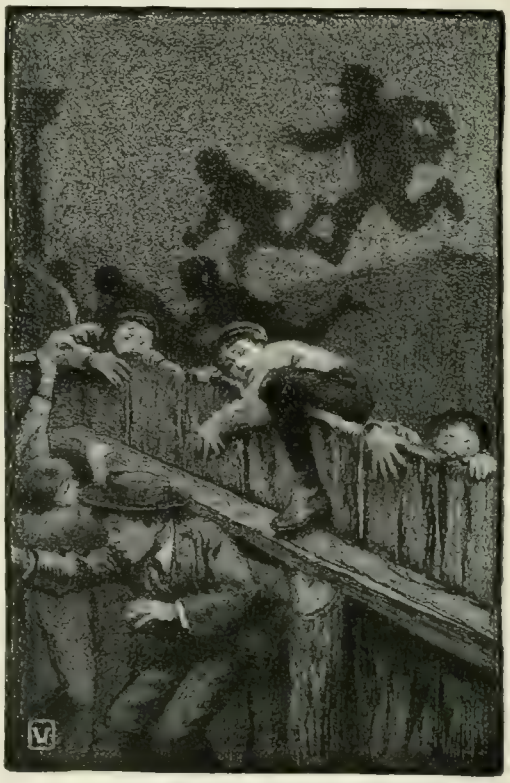
Jeremiah's question was not answered, in fact it is doubtful if anyone heard the latter part of his speech. Instinctively all started on a blind run for the fence, forgetful for the moment of all save putting as much distance between themselves and Tin Star as possible. He was the one person in the town of Enterprise of whom they stood most in awe; and they knew that it was one of his hobbies to drive all boys from the streets after eight o'clock at night. What he might do to them for being out at midnight was too awful even to contemplate.

Just as the last of the fleeing boys was clearing the top board of the fence, a terrific explosion rent the air, being the first of many similar ones set off in honor of the Glorious Fourth. The boys afterward declared that Old Tin Star had shot at them, and from the manner in which many of their legs gave way under the stirring demands made on them, it seemed that the boys really thought so at the time.

According to their standing agreement, made to cover just such cases, the culprits immediately separated in all directions, no two pursuing exactly the same course. Some cut across into the park and headed straight for home, some flitted into the dark alleys behind the nearby stores, thence taking the nearest route homeward as soon as they were convinced the coast was clear. Others went down the streets which ran in front of and along the side of the courthouse; but each one, no matter in which direction he ran, developed a burst of speed which showed plainly that he was sure Jeremiah had singled him out as his especial prey.

Each hoped that some of the others might be brave enough to go back and endeavor to recover the abandoned fireworks, but none had any serious intentions of doing so himself.

Pinkey reached home in a state bordering on collapse, both mental and physical. His scheme had come to naught, after all; he felt ridiculous in his own eyes, and felt that his comrades must take the same view of the night's work. He removed his shoes when he reached the front yard and by the exercise of the same caution he had employed in escaping from the house succeeded finally in reaching his room in safety. As he crept quietly back into



"THE CULPRITS IMMEDIATELY SEPARATED IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

bed once more and calmly reviewed the doings of the last hour he concluded that there was nothing to show for it all but the ignominious failure of all his carefully laid plans, and, what was still worse, the loss of a large share of the firecrackers and other combustibles which all had laid aside for the celebration. Pinkey soon fell asleep, however, still thinking bitter thoughts and planning deep revenge against those who persisted in making life almost unbearable, chief among whom was Old Tin Star.

When morning came and Pinkey awoke and

remembered what day it was and that there were still some pleasures ahead, he felt his spirits gradually rise and approach their normal buoyant state. After breakfast he started out to contribute his share in the ever-increasing noise and in company with others of his kind succeeded in creating more disturbance in the same length of time than words could describe. A visit to the scene of the rout of the night before disclosed the fact that all the abandoned firecrackers, torpedoes and other similar material had disappeared. As he stood there looking the ground over he saw Bunny running toward him, evidently much excited.

"Say, Pinkey," yelled Bunny as he drew near, "I b'lieve Old Tin Star took all our fireworks an' things las' night an' gave 'em to his kids. Billie Singles has got a lot just like the ones you had."

This intelligence aroused Pinkey's ire still more and although a close questioning of Billie failed to prove Bunny's accusation, Pinkey nevertheless was in a state of mind which prompted him to believe it anyhow and he wished more than ever for some way to square matters with the cumbersome arm of the law. The hopelessness of gratifying such a desire and the memories of the previous night's doings clouded Pinkey's enjoyment of the Day's celebration. Luckily, for him, however, his worst fears were not realized, for with the exception of those equally concerned with himself no one had witnessed the affair, and, except for a few rumors which leaked out, no one knew how, Pinkey escaped any extensive chaffing. If his comrades blamed him for the occurrence, they gave no sign of it by word or action, so he was spared that blow.

It was largely due to this loyalty on the part of his companions that Pinkey felt such a strong desire to show Jeremiah the displeasure which all felt at his high-handed action.

During the speaking in the afternoon, which Pinkey attended with his mother against his most ardent protestations, and while watching the foot races, sack races, and other games which furnished amusement for the crowds on the glorious Fourth, Pinkey's thoughts kept returning to the interrupted midnight meeting. When he went home to supper, he was still undecided what form his rebuke to Old Tin Star should take, but when his eye fell on an empty pasteboard mailing tube, in which a picture had been received a few days before, it flashed through his mind that here was something of which he might make good use.

With the mailing tube and some red tissue paper which he found in the store-room, it was but a short time until Pinkey had constructed a very lifelike and very formidable counterfeit of an enormous cannon firecracker. He extracted the fuse from a real one, and after filling the ends of the tube with the red paper, inserted it in the center of one end, and his dummy cracker was complete.

When Pinkey had finished his supper, his mother suggested that he go down town with her and Mr. Perkins and watch the fireworks from the windows of Mr. Perkins' office. Pinkey objected so strongly to being "shut up in a house when there was so much going on" that he was permitted to go down town alone on condition that he should meet his parents at the office in time to come home with them.

Pinkey carefully secreted his dummy firecracker under his coat and set out, religiously hoping that before the evening was over he might have a chance of testing its realistic appearance in the eyes of Old Tin Star. He met Bunny, in accordance with their agreement of the afternoon, and showed him what he had made. Bunny testified to its reality and was in high glee over the possibilities ahead.

"How are you going to do it, Pinkey," inquired Bunny, "put it in his pocket?" He was a little fearful of the risk entailed in such an action as they contemplated.

"Well, I can't tell yet. It all depends," said Pinkey. "We 've got to find him first and make our plans afterward. We have got to have good room to run, that 's certain."

"There he is, Pinkey!" said Bunny in a hushed undertone, as shortly after dark the two boys were slowly making their way through the crowds which filled the walks around the square.

"Sure 'nough," said Pinkey, "wonder if he 's telling about the battle o' Shiloh again."

Even among the younger generation in Enterprise it was a standing joke how, without

any excuse and on all possible occasions, Jeremiah Singles was ready and anxious to hold forth on his thrilling experiences during the civil war. So often had he told them to his patient listeners during the cold winter nights around the hospitable stove of the corner drug store, or in the balmy summer evenings as they all sat on goods-boxes and whittled, that he had really come to believe them himself.

On this occasion, Singles was mounted on the driver's seat of a self-binder, which during the harvest season sat on the slightly raised wooden platform just beyond the outer edge of the cement pavement in front of a hardware store. As Pinkey had suggested, he was telling of Shiloh, claiming that the noise of the celebration all about him brought back vividly the stirring events of that awful day. With forceful gestures and reddened face, he was pouring forth into the tingling ears of a rural audience, to whom the town marshal was an exalted personage, his wonderful tales of blood and battle.

"He 's good for a half hour, Bunny," said Pinkey, decisively, "come on. I see our chance," and the pair disappeared around the corner and made for the dark alley behind the row of stores. Luckily the hardware store had remained open in order to accommodate its patrons from the country, and it was through the back door that Pinkey and Bunny made their way, not caring to be seen going in by the front entrance.

There was no one in the back part of the store, all being up in front watching the sky-rockets and other fireworks which were just beginning to soar heavenward, and the boys had no difficulty in reaching the stairway and mounting to the second floor. Once there, they made their way cautiously through the long line of plows, cultivators and all sorts of similar implements until they gained the front windows, from one of which they climbed out upon the awning.

Creeping to the edge, they listened for a while to Jeremiah's thrilling recital.

"Shells and cannon balls were dropping all around us," he was saying, "and my third horse had just been shot from under me when a whopper of a bomb-shell came rollin' along the ground, straight toward me. The fuse was n't over an inch long and was splutterin' fire and gettin' shorter every second.

"I knew 't would kill us all if I let it explode, so without ever thinkin' of the danger I just grabbed it up in my two hands as it rolled past me, and hove it bodily into the little creek right beside us. I was just in time for I noticed as it struck the water that the fuse had burned clear up to the powder. A general who was standing by and saw it all, said afterward that——"

What the general said remained untold. While the story had been absorbing the attention of those gathered about Jeremiah, Pinkey had lit his dummy firecracker and had lowered it by a string, down, down, down, until, just as his victim had reached that part of his tale where the general had complimented him on his bravery, the sputtering fuse and round red body came into view beneath his hat brim and about six inches from his nose.

As luck would have it, just at this moment a real cannon cracker exploded right beside the platform on which the binder was sitting.

It was all too much for Jeremiah. Evidently he had outgrown the habit of calmly tossing aside such things as bomb-shells and other death-dealing missiles. At any rate, he failed to do so in this case. Uttering an agonized mixture of a yell and a groan, and clutching wildly at the air, he slid helplessly from his seat and rolled heavily down into the self-binder, landing in a heap under the tangled mass of wheels, canvas, and wooden arms. As he struck the platform, the dummy cannon cracker fell with a hollow sound and rolled along the platform toward him, the fuse still sputtering, and evidently about to explode under his very nose.

Instinctively Jeremiah rolled away from it, and in so doing wedged himself all the tighter beneath the machine and lay there in helpless terror while the harmless fuse burned itself out.

All this had brought forth a round of laughter from the audience which so recently had been absorbed in his tale, and it was some minutes before they realized that he was hopelessly entangled and began to take any steps

toward liberating him from his inglorious position beneath the binder.

When at last the machine was raised sufficiently for Jeremiah to crawl out, he emerged

steps toward the park, there to brood over his downfall under the charitable cover of darkness, two badly frightened but jubilant boys might have been seen racing for Mr. Perkins'



"CLEAR HIS WAISTY AT THE ME, HE STUD GETTIN' A CLEAR ME EAT"

in a rage that boded ill for the perpetrators of the joke should they fall into his hands. He looked helplessly toward the awning overhead, but the responsible parties had long since disappeared, and about the time he turned his

office, there to sit in silent contentment during the remainder of the evening, secure from harm and bubbling over with exultation at such a fitting and successful ending to a day so unhappily begun.

THE SIGNERS AND THEIR AUTOGRAPHS.

By Mary Caroline Crawford.

Scarcely an American boy grows to manhood without having an autograph fad of one kind or another. Perhaps it is authors he pursues, or it may be public men like President Roosevelt or distinguished foreigners like Admiral Togo or M. Witte. In any case the young collector almost inevitably gets a vast amount of pleasure and profit from the hunt; and if he has been a successful collector as a boy he often turns his attention, when he has become a man, to the serious work of gathering rare autographs of real value.

The most interesting as well as the most valuable autographs in this country are those which were affixed to the famous document whose signing we celebrate on the Fourth of July. To the men engaged in collecting these, American history owes much; for their enthusiasm is constantly bringing old documents to the fore and their researches act as a stimulus of no mean value in the study of the services rendered to Liberty by the Fathers of the Revolution. In these days, moreover, the autographs of the Signers are appallingly difficult to obtain.

Incidentally, too, collectors help to correct some of the many misstatements with which our history is weighed down. Every collector, for instance, knows and strenuously asserts that the Declaration was merely *adopted*, not signed, on July 4, 1776. John Hancock may have signed the act on that day but no others did. It was, however, presented July 4, and later ordered engrossed on parchment. Most of the Immortal Fifty six signed the document on August 2, 1776.

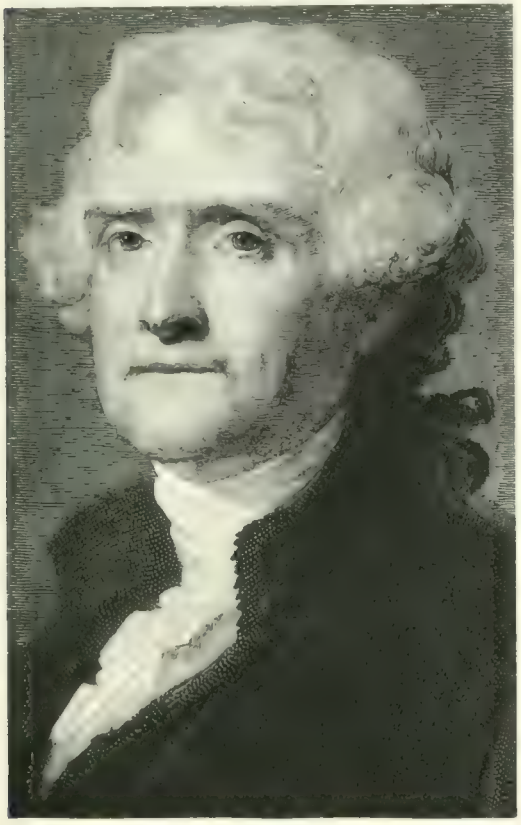
The signing of this important document at Philadelphia was a solemn act, an act requiring the greatest firmness and patriotism in those who committed it. It was treason against the home government; it subjected those who signed it to the danger of an ignominious death. Franklin, with his customary humor, observed as he made his sweeping autograph that if they did not "all hang together" they would surely "hang separately." And there was more than a joke in that. The special hardships to which the Signers were afterwards subjected proved that England had carefully marked for the severest penalty those whose names had been appended to the famous document. But neither firmness nor patriotism was wanting in that august assembly. The Signers' judgment and discretion, their purity of purpose and integrity of conduct, made them sure, even when the colonies they represented lacked something of the courage they should have had, that *to them as individuals* life would be worth living only as they subscribed bravely to this,—America's Magna Charta.

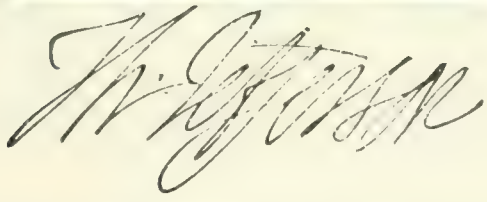
As we study the original document now locked up in the archives at Washington or examine the signatures on the excellent reproductions which are fortunately fairly common we seem to be very near the men who, one hundred and thirty years ago, affixed their names to this epoch-making document. Many of them were very young in 1776; Rutledge and Lynch were twenty-five; Heywood was thirty, Dr. Rush thirty-one, Jefferson and Middleton thirty-three and Hooper thirty-four. Franklin was, of course, an old man, the very patriarch of the group, being over seventy when the colonies became a nation. But paper was expensive in war times, some of the Signers died within a few years of the Declaration's birth and others failed to treasure as we would wish the letters and papers to which they affixed their names. So, even when the collecting began seventy-five years ago the task of completing a set was considerable.

The forerunner in this country of collectors of Signers' autographs, seems to have been Israel K. Tefft, a poor Rhode Island lad born

something over a century ago. Young Tefft who early lost his parents, was raised on a farm. A varied commercial experience occupied him afterward until, about 1815, he began to save Signers' autographs.

It was not a difficult matter in those days to collect some of these valuable relics, but many





of Mr. Tefft's experiences would make us believe that a special Providence had been enlisted in his behalf. Visiting once (about 1845) a gentleman's residence near Savannah and finding the owner absent, he walked out on the lawn. A paper was blown across his path, and listlessly picking it up, he observed with joy that it was one of the rare autographs of a Georgia Signer, of which he had been long in active pursuit. When the owner returned and Mr. Tefft was asked to specify the amount of his fee for the business he had come to transact, he replied, "I shall charge nothing if you will allow me to keep this piece of paper I found on your lawn." The gentleman replied that he was welcome to the paper; that its writer had once occupied the house, and that his own servants had recently cleaned an old garret of papers, of which this was a waif. The autograph was that of Button Gwinnett, the rarest, not only of the Georgia Signers, but (excepting the signature of Thomas Lynch) of the whole immortal fifty-six!

Almost, if not quite as early a collector as Mr. Tefft, was the Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague, of Andover, Connecticut. Dr. Sprague was graduated at Yale College in 1815, and during the latter part of his senior year was invited, through the honorable Timothy Pitkin and Professor Silliman of Yale, to go to Virginia as an instructor in the family of Major Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of General Washington, whose wife, born Eleanor Park Custis, was the granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and the adopted daughter of the great President. He accepted the invitation, and in the autumn of 1815 set out for Major Lewis' country seat, Woodlawn, which had been a part of Washington's plantation, near Mt. Vernon. Here he was cordially received and remained as a tutor in the family until June, 1816. It was during this period that he obtained permission from General Bushrod Washington, who inherited the papers of his distinguished uncle, to take whatever letters he might choose from General Washington's voluminous correspondence, provided only that he would leave copies in their stead. The result was that he came into possession of some fifteen hundred invaluable autograph letters. Many of these were included in the three sets of the Signers, which he completed. There is a general opinion that the idea of making a collection of the autographs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence originated with Dr. Sprague and undoubtedly he was the first to complete his set. It was his enthusiasm, too, which kindled in Mr. Tefft desire to make his collection of Signers' autographs complete.

In spite of the extraordinary start Dr. Sprague had had, it took him twenty years, however, to complete his first collection. When he passed away, May 7th, 1876, he had made three complete sets of the Signers, one of which is now in possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. His best set was acquired by Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia, and the third was broken up to complete other collections.



"SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE." PAINTED BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

John Hancock is seated at the table on which rests the Declaration. Near him, standing, are Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston.

In Rev. Thomas Raffles, D. D., LL. D., of Liverpool, England, Dr. Sprague inspired (about 1828) desire to make the remarkable collection of the Signers, which passed upon the death of Dr. Raffles into the possession of Honorable T. Stamford Raffles, his son. This collection was bound in a beautiful volume which its owner valued almost as much as he would the famous Koh-i-noor.

Another early collector, was Mrs. Eliza H. Allen of Providence, R. I., the only woman who ever succeeded in gathering a complete set of the Signers. She died August 30th, 1873 and her collection of the Signers was inherited by her daughter, Mrs. William D. Ely, of Providence, from whose estate they have now come into the hands of William Ely.

Just now there seem to be twenty-three complete sets of Signers' autographs in existence. The finest set known, embracing fifty-four (all but two) autograph-letters, and including the only autograph-letter of Thomas Lynch, Jr., in existence, is now in the Lenox library, New York, to which institution it has been entrusted by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York. Dr. Emmet, a descendant of that Robert Emmet who was one of Ireland's national heroes, was born near Charlottesville, Virginia, May 29th, 1828, where his father, John T. Emmet, was professor of chemistry and natural history in the University of Virginia. Dr. Emmet has long been ranked among the ablest members of the medical profession in New York City, but it is as an autograph collector that he stands pre-eminent. He began the collection of autographs in general at the early age of twelve, and started the forma-

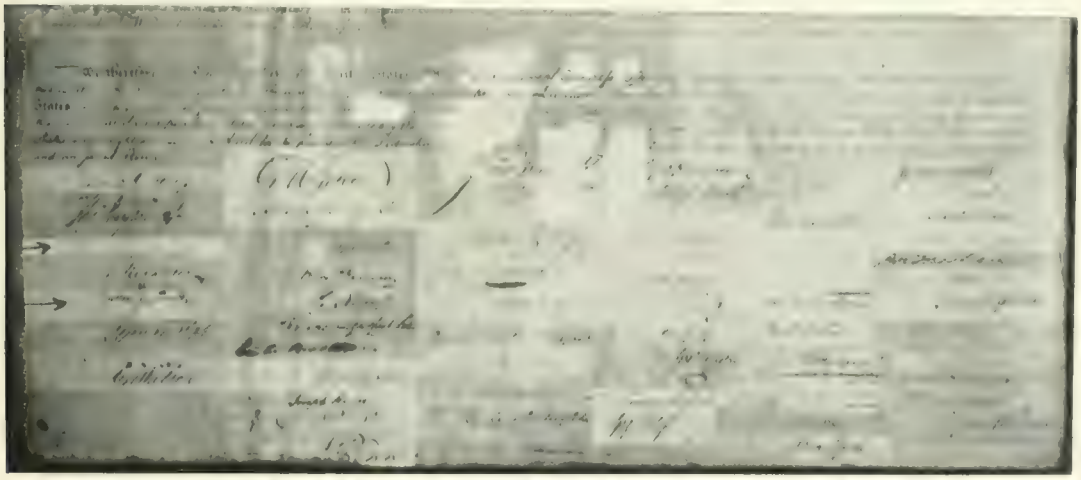
tion of his first set of the Signers, about 1860. During the past forty years more autographs of the Signers have probably been handled by him, than by anyone else in the country. He is generally called "The Premier American Autographer." By common consent his best set of the Signers takes precedence of all others in the country. It includes fifty-four full autograph-letters of the fifty-six Signers, the only exceptions being very fine specimens of autograph documents, signed by both Hart and Gwinnett. Of Gwinnett no known full letter is extant. The pre-eminent specimen of the collection, which stands unmatched and unapproachable, is, however, the unquestioned Lynch letter, addressed to General Washington,—July 5th, 1777,—and having the General's endorsement on the back in his well-known hand-writing. This is the only Lynch letter in existence and was conveyed to Dr. Emmet from the Washington papers of Dr. Sprague, by an exchange of autographs which practically cost the latter seven hundred dollars.

"In one way or another," writes Dr. Emmet, "I have spent some twenty-five thousand dollars on the set, and have not yet gotten it to my satisfaction." There are in this country, however, several collectors who would gladly give twenty-five thousand dollars for Dr. Emmet's peerless Lynch letter alone.

To discuss all the other sets now in existence, would take us too far afield. Suffice it, then, to say that a very excellent set is in the possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society (to whose essay on "The Autographs of the Signers," written some eighteen years ago by Dr. Lyman Draper, I am indebted for much of the material in this paper); and that Joseph W. Drexel of New York, the State Library at Albany, Z. T. Hollingsworth of Boston, and the Maine Historical Society are others, not already mentioned, who possess complete sets of the Signers. The Maine set was collected by Dr. John S. H. Fogg of South Boston, and is very valuable, consisting almost wholly of signed autograph-letters on public affairs, written in the year of the Declaration of Independence, or as near that time as such letters could be obtained. For the Button Gwinnett autograph alone Dr. Fogg paid $125 several years ago, but inasmuch as many people lack only this signature to complete their sets the item would doubtless be worth a great deal more to-day.

The Z. T. Hollingsworth collection consists largely of letters pertaining to the time. Its most expensive item was doubtless the Thomas Lynch, Jr., autograph purchased a few years ago for $500.

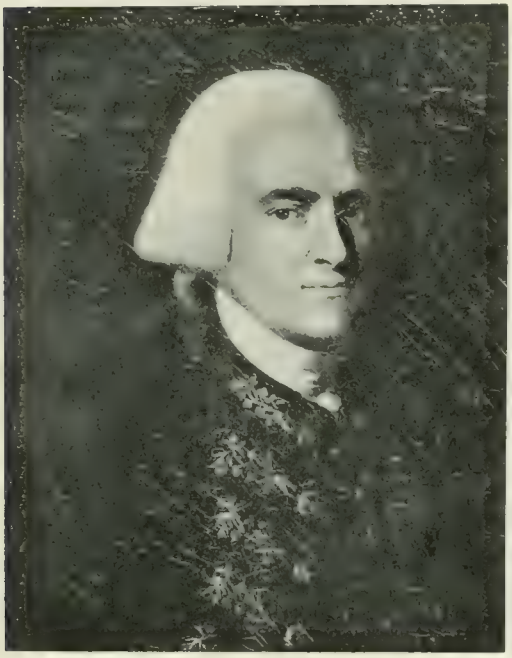
The late Judge Mellen Chamberlain of Boston, collected during his life-time a set of autographs only, which came after his death to the Boston Public Library where it is now viewed each year by thousands of interested



A PAGE OF THE SIGNERS — DEPICTED BY JUDGE MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN, OF BOSTON

The collection is now in the Boston Public Library. The arrows, at the left, mark the two rarest signatures

pilgrims to the modern Athens. Judge Chamberlain's set is unique in its character and arrangement. It is made up of the genuine signatures, pasted on a fine copy of the full size Declaration in *fac simile* printed on parchment-colored paper. The document is glazed and framed. It thus faithfully represents the great Declaration itself, and is infinitely more



John Hancock

pleasant to look upon than the mis-used and time-worn original at Washington.

So far I have discussed only such collections as have been made by men of considerable wealth. Of course, intelligence must enter into this pursuit even when there is a liberal income besides, but a *young* man, who, in these days, can collect, without the help of a liberal income, fifty-five of the fifty-six Signers' autographs, has to possess a real genius for the work. For this reason, the collection of the late Hon. Howard K. Sanderson of Lynn, possesses unique interest. Mr. Sanderson began, when only seventeen, to gather his set of autographs. When he died three years ago, he was still the youngest man in the country to be following this absorbing pursuit as a hobby. His collection, therefore, is intimately interesting.

I remember with great pleasure an afternoon I passed with Mr. Sanderson, shortly before his premature death, listening to a description of the manner in which his remarkable letters and signatures had been gotten together. The very rarest signature of the fifty-six originals is of course that of Thomas Lynch, Jr., and this Mr. Sanderson for a long time lacked. Mr. Lynch, it will be remembered, sailed for England the year after the Declaration was signed, and was lost at sea. Moreover, very little was known of him before he came to the Continental Congress, although we read that, with Franklin, he visited Boston to inspect the camp at Cambridge when Washington took command of the troops there. Only one autograph-letter of Lynch, as has been said, is in existence. Everything else is in the nature either of a document signed by him, or a cut-signature.

Something less than twenty years ago, the Dr. Draper to whose interesting essay on the history of the Signers reference has already been made, corresponded with all the descendants of the Lynch family that he could trace, in the hope of bringing more autographs to light. In the possession of the family of a sister of Lynch, he finally discovered a number of volumes in which the Signer himself had written his name "Lynch," as he was in the habit of doing. He secured all these autographs by buying the volumes at a high price. Thus fifteen collectors, who had for years been looking for a Lynch signature, were able to complete their sets. Mr. Sanderson got the seventh of the cut-signatures, paying $75 for it. The guarantee that went with the name, reads as follows:

"This Lynch signature, discovered and obtained since the printing of the essay on the Autographs of the Signers, clipped from a volume of Swift's works, London, 1766, preserved in the family of a sister of T. Lynch, Jr., is guaranteed to be genuine.

"LYMAN C. DRAPER."

The second rarest signature is that of Button Gwinnett, of Georgia. He was a planter,

living on St. Catherine's Island in the Savannah river, and in 1777, he became involved in a dispute with Lachlan McIntosh of Georgia. A duel resulted, and Mr. Gwinnett was killed. His autographs are invariably in the form of receipts, and are mere scraps of paper at best. For many years none have appeared on sale. In all probability no others will ever turn up.

The third rarest signature of them all is that of the fourth Signer from South Carolnia, Arthur Middleton. One of the most interesting things in the Sanderson collection is the form in which it has this name. It is at the end of a Revolutionary letter signed by Mr. Middleton and five of his colleagues,—Robert Treat Paine, Josiah Bartlett, William Ellery, William Williams and George Wythe, at a time when the six together formed a committee of Congress. On this little piece of paper—a treasure, indeed, for the collector—are thus to be found one-ninth of all the Signers!

Autographs of Lyman Hall, of Georgia, are likewise extremely difficult to obtain, but after waiting for many years, Mr. Sanderson secured at a large price a letter written by Hall's secretary and signed by Hall himself, resigning his office as judge. The date of the letter is 1787.

John Hart, of New Jersey, is the next rarest man,—except in the form of signatures on Continental currency, many pieces of which he signed. He was a farmer of no prominence, little known either before or after the Revolution. The folio legal document signed by him in 1768, which is now in the Sanderson collection, is, therefore, of great value.

William Hooper, of North Carolina, was a Boston young man, who studied law in the office of James Otis, and who represented North Carolina in the Continental Congress. A folio-autograph letter signed by him and interesting because it gives a legal opinion, is in the Sanderson collection. It is probably worth one hundred dollars.

A document which has greatly appreciated in value since it was acquired by Mr. Sanderson fifteen years ago, at a cost of $35, is a beautiful two-page quarto-autograph letter written in 1775 by Joseph Hewes, of North Carolina, concerning the arms and ammunition to be sent from Philadelphia to the troops then forming in his own state. It was addressed to Gov. Samuel Johnson at Newburg. This letter is worth a very large sum now.

Mr. Hewes' colleague, John Penn, of North Carolina, is likewise a rare man autographically. The Sanderson collection has a quarto-autograph letter written by him in 1772 on legal affairs. This letter was obtained about twelve years ago at a cost of $50, but is worth much more to-day.

The first man to sign the Declaration of Independence was Josiah Bartlett of New Hampshire, who had lived formerly in Amesbury, Massachusetts. He is represented in the collection now being described by a legal document dated 1772.

Two weeks before the battle of Bunker Hill, Matthew Thornton, an Irishman, who was not made a member of the Continental Congress until the November following the July 4 of the original draft, signed the commission of Henry Dearborn, (afterward General Dearborn), as captain in General John Stark's regiment. The collection now being described has acquired this commission, which is of great interest, because Stark and Dearborn both distinguished themselves at the battle of Bunker Hill. Though Thornton was not a member of the original body of Signers, his signature appears with theirs upon the original document, inasmuch as a resolution was passed that nobody should be a member that year unless he signed the very important paper which should hold him accountable with the rest.

Robert Treat Paine, the first of the name, is represented in the Sanderson collection by a business letter written and signed in his own hand. Letters or manuscripts with Paine's signature are very scarce.

Elbridge Gerry of Marblehead, who was vice-president of the United States under Madison, contributes a friendly letter to the United States consul at Paris, dated 1798.

John Adams, when United States minister at France, sent under date of Brest, 1777, a letter to the Hon. Arthur Lee, which is of great historical interest. In this letter Adams says, "We have a terrible battle to fight. I never saw, before the war, so much embarrassment

from selfishness, vanity, flattery and corruption, as I now find." The time of this letter, it will be observed, was that of Valley Forge, when everything about the American cause was dark and gloomy. It, as well as another beautiful autograph-letter written in Adams' old age, is in the Sanderson collection.

William Whipple, the third New Hampshire Signer, who came from Portsmouth, is represented by a long and exceedingly interesting letter to his colleague, Mr. Bartlett, in which Sullivan's Rhode Island expedition is carefully described.

A fine folio autograph-letter written by John Hancock in 1769, a very rare treasure, is likewise in this collection. A full autograph-letter written by Samuel Adams to a friend in Massachusetts, headed Boston, 1783, and congratulating the friend on "the glorious Treaty of Peace," is another very valuable manuscript here to be found. Mr. Adams seldom wrote a letter himself, his wrist being so lame that it bothered him to handle a pen.

Of the Rhode Island Signers, Mr. Ellery is represented by a delightful little letter on the new constitution just adopted, and Stephen Hopkins by a letter written to his wife before the palsy, which makes his signature in the Declaration of Independence so uncertain in its outlines, had come upon him. Apropos of this same uncertain signature an interesting story is told. Hopkins' hand, history tells us, shook like a leaf when he signed the document, and John Adams offered to guide the pen for him. This offer the plucky Quaker declined, observing: "If my hand trembles, my heart is firm."

William Williams, of Connecticut, is represented by a letter written when clerk of the Council of Safety in 1782; Oliver Wolcott, from whom the family of the late Gov. Wolcott of Massachusetts is descended, by a letter written in 1796; Roger Sherman, from whom Senator Hoar was descended, by a legal document written and signed; Samuel Huntington, by an autograph-letter dated 1789; William Floyd, of New York, by a business letter of the same year.

Francis Lewis, a Welshman, is represented by a personal letter which shows his extraordinarily fine penmanship, and is dated 1772. Philip Livingston, of Albany, has a letter signed by himself in 1775; Lewis Morris signs a letter in 1774.

Of the New Jersey men, Abraham Clark writes Gen. Dayton in 1778 a revolutionary letter of importance; Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, whose autograph is rare in any form, signs a legal document in 1766. The autograph in letter form of George Ross, of Pennsylvania, is very rare, but the Sanderson collection contains a fine personal letter written by him to a friend in 1773. James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, has an autograph-letter dated 1782.

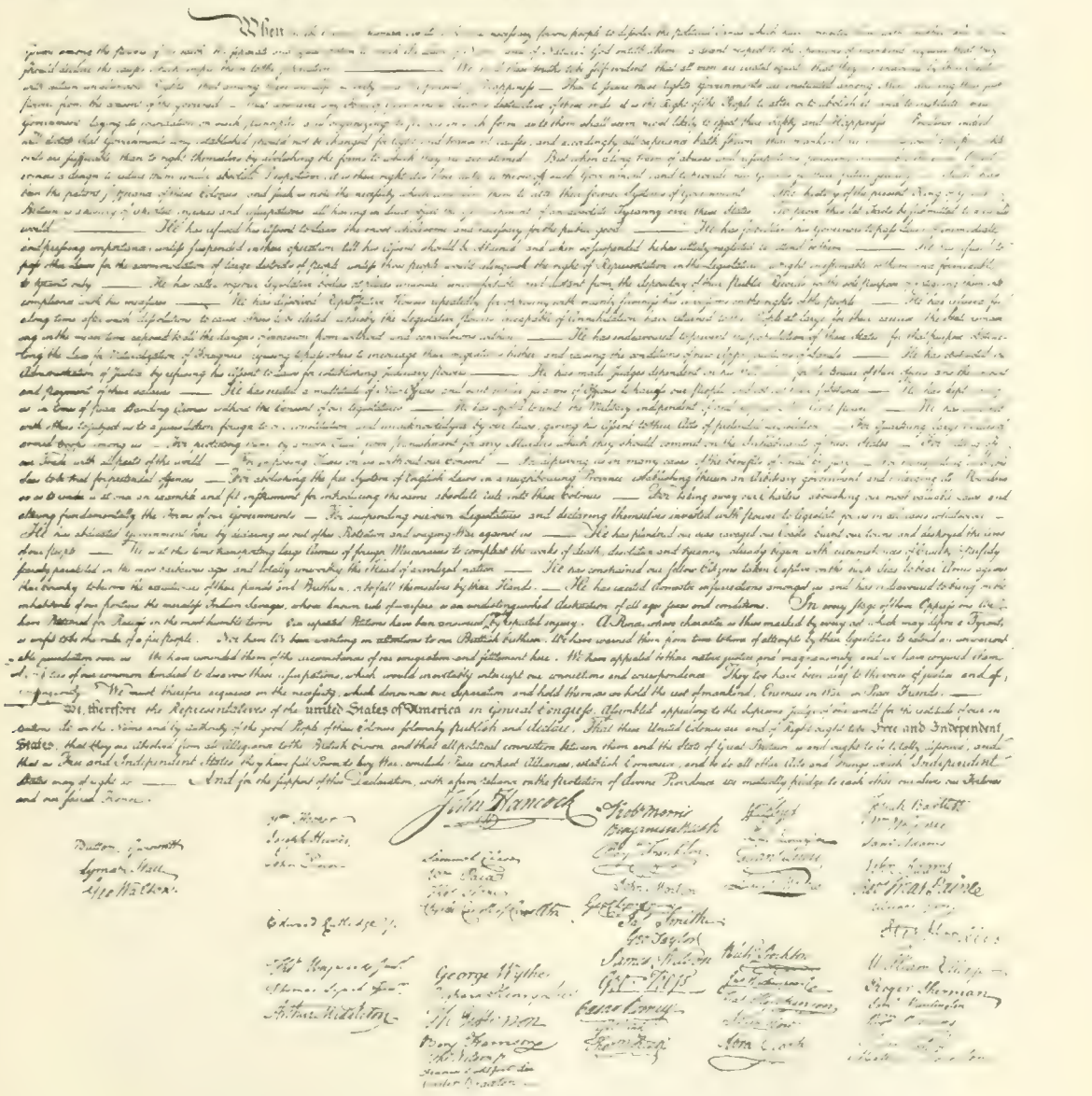
Very interesting historically, as well as because his autographs are very rare, is a letter signed by George Taylor, of Pennsylvania, recommending (in 1775) a friend as lieutenant in the Continental army. Dr. Benjamin Rush writes a personal letter to a friend in 1793. James Smith is represented by a long legal document signed by him, his autograph-letters being almost impossible to obtain. George Clymer is represented by a three-page autograph-letter to a friend, dated 1780.

John Morton is among the rarest of the Signers, and Mr. Sanderson therefore considered himself especially fortunate to obtain a commission signed by him in 1776, as speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly. For this letter he paid $25, having got it at a great bargain. Robert Morris is represented by an autograph-letter. Signatures of Morris are quite common, being worth but a dollar or two. Cæsar Rodney, of Delaware, sends a beautiful letter to his brother a week after the battle of Lexington. Thomas M'Kean, of Delaware, has a nice autograph-letter dated 1787. George Reed, who strenuously opposed the passage of the Declaration of Independence, because he thought the time was not ripe for such action, but finally signed the document, is represented by a nice autograph-letter dated 1772. William Paca, of Maryland, has an autograph-letter dated 1775; Samuel Chase, of Maryland, an autograph-letter dated 1776.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, has an autograph-letter written and signed in 1805. An interesting story is told of this man. When

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America,



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

he signed the Declaration of Independence, some friend, knowing how rich he was, and feeling sure that the cause upon which he was embarking was a lost one, remarked, "There go a few millions." Whereupon Carroll turned to the man and said, "That being the case, I 'll let King George know where to find me." Then he signed his name "Charles Carroll of Carrolton." And ever after he used that form. He outlived all his colleagues, dying in 1834 at the age of ninety-four. Thomas Stone, of Maryland, is represented in the collection by a four-page folio autograph-letter, which is very valuable because excessively rare. This letter is worth one hundred dollars.

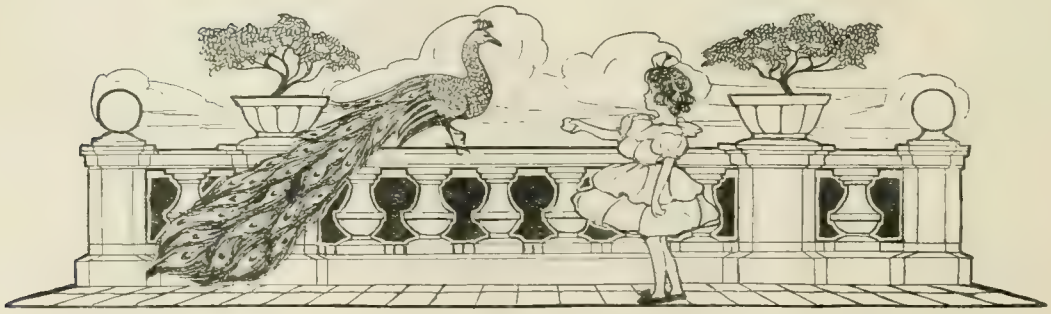
Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, the drafter of the Declaration of Independence, contributes to the Sanderson collection a beautiful autograph-letter addressed to Benjamin Harrison, then Governor of Virginia, and giving notice (1781) of the arrival of a hostile fleet in Chesapeake Bay. Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the Declaration of Independence, contributes a signed autograph-letter addressed in 1780 to Thomas Jefferson. Carter Braxton, of Virginia, is represented by an autograph-letter dated 1790; George Wythe, of Virginia, by a very rare autograph-letter dated 1763, and Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley, Virginia, by an autograph-letter concerning business matters, dated 1770.

A very interesting letter on revolutionary matters is that addressed to Baron Steuben by Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, in 1781. It was Nelson, it will be remembered, who at the seige of Yorktown, ordered the bombardment of his own house. Thomas Heywood, Jr., of South Carolina, is represented by a commission which he signed as governor of the state. His colleague, Edward Rutledge, has a two-page autograph-letter.

Occasionally, a love letter falls into the hands of autograph hunters. One such, now in the Sanderson collection, was written in 1780 by Francis Lightfoot Lee (Richard Henry Lee's brother), to his wife. The letter is headed Richmond, 1780, and begins, "My dearest."

George Walton, of Virginia, is represented by a letter signed by him in 1775, John Witherspoon by an autograph-letter dated 1784, Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey, by an autograph-letter dated 1779.

Perhaps the most interesting letter in the whole collection was that shown the visitor last, a note in Franklin's own hand, bearing his own impressive signature and private seal, and addressed to Mr. Strahan, his bookseller in London. It is dated 1751. The letter is a personal one, for Strahan was then very much Franklin's friend, though the patriot afterward quarrelled with him (because of his attitude toward the American cause) in that famous epistle ending, "You are now my enemy and I am yours, B. Franklin."



A WARM AFTERNOON ON THE TERRACE.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

By Agnes McClelland Daulton.

Chapter XVII.

THE OWLS AND THE DOVES.

"What is she like?" asked Nan, who had just enrobed herself in her little bedragoned kimona, tucked her feet into turkish slippers, stuck a fez atop her saucy head and was now perched on her biggest trunk, where she sat thumping her heels against it to the tune of Dixie. She had not been in the Hall an hour, but her faithful handmaids had gathered from the uttermost parts to her room, and swarmed over the floor, and bed and window seat.

"Do stop that tattoo, Nan, if you don't want Mrs. Rood rushing in here," cried Enid Fenno, tossing a cushion with such unerring aim that Nancy had to duck dangerously to one side. "Well, I should say that Number 21 is out of the question. Virginia Clayton, judging from the few words she has deigned to address to your humble servant, is rich, refined and awfully affected by the rarified air of culture. I can tell you, right here, she 'll have no use for the Screech Owls. So just count her out."

"Umph,—don't want her!" sniffed Nan contemptuously, "The Mourning Doves can have her, and welcome. But how about her roommate?"

Nancy Jane Dempcy was hardly what you would expect from her quaint old-fashioned name, for from the tassel of her fez to the tips of the turned-up toes of her slippers she was a bundle of mischief and vivacity. Miss Hope said openly, that she had given her more trouble than any girl she had ever had in the Hall, but then, too, she was perhaps the most brilliant mentally, and the most vividly alive. She was never happy, except when engaged in some mad prank. With her great brilliancy, and her mad spirits, it was perhaps no wonder that the girls inclined toward insubordination flocked around her, for with Nancy's wits at work upon a plot, it was apt to be carried through, and with her courage to defend, one was apt to escape one's just punishment. Besides, there was always something going on where Nan was; few dull moments were passed in her society and so her room was always overflowing with girls.

Nan was founder and president of a musical, literary and social club called "The Screech Owls," and the initiation of the Owls was made as blood curdling as Nan's vivid imagination could conjure it.

Much to the girls' astonishment, Miss Hope had made no objection to the forming of this club, in fact she had expressed her entire approbation of it. Perhaps their astonishment would have given place to chagrin had they known her reason.

"It is a very good thing, indeed," she had remarked to Mrs. Rood. "In this way we shall find at the beginning of the term just who will fight under Nancy's banner. If the foolish things only knew it, it is a natural division of the goats from the sheep, and their taking matters into their own hands only simplifies the question and makes my work that much easier. My Mourning Doves are safe, my Screech Owls will bear watching. Indeed, Mrs. Rood, I am very much obliged to Nancy for her really brilliant idea."

At the year's beginning the new girls were at once talked over by both clubs and decided upon, although this was unnecessary as the girls really found their places by natural gravitation.

"The Mourning Doves" had been renamed by the Screech Owls, their choice of "Utilian" being laughed to scorn by the impertinent Owls and for some unknown reason the derisive nick-name had been accepted by the girls themselves. It is needless to say that all the

best students were among the Doves, and it was daring rather than scholarship, with the exception of Nancy, that kept the Screech Owls up to the mark at studies.

Nan always made a point of getting back to Hope Hall at the last possible moment. She was fully a week late this term, and the classes had settled down to their accustomed work. But the news of her return had flown as if by magic from room to room, from class to class, and at the first tap of the noon rest bell the girls went flying down the hall to number 14 to greet their chief.

Sue had stood at her door and looked a bit wistfully after Enid Fenno who had whispered hurriedly as she passed: "Nan's back. Now look out for gay old times," and then had sped away following the trail of a dozen other laughing girls, who were scuttling along for dear life, as if their leader might disappear if not promptly visited by her worshipers.

"My," thought Sue with a sigh, "It must be lovely to be the leader of a lot of girls like that."

And so now the gay queen of "The Screech Owls" sat upon her throne gathering information about her possible future subjects.

"Sue Roberts, and she spells herself S-I-O-U-X,—is all that that spelling would indicate," explained Enid, leaning her head comfortably against Nan's knee. Enid had a certain shrewd ability in reading character that made her of immense use to Nancy. "Not that Sue is an Indian," went on Enid, "but she is the sort of girl who would be up to tricks of that sort. She is original, slangy and a tom-boy. She sings with what Miss Gribble calls "quality," whatever that means: her voice is one of those rich velvety contraltos that makes a lump come in your throat, and she would give the Owls a lot of help in our musicals this year. She is pretty, with a sort of dashy style, and poor, I should judge, though she has an elegant tepee fixed up in her room and a lot of fine Indian things. She is a pretty fair student, and talks a lot, but I don't think she will ever make a Screech Owl."

Immediately a shriek of protest went up from the other girls. Sue Roberts not a Screech Owl! Why from the very first day when she had slid down the bannisters the Owls had marked her for their own and they had just been waiting to hear Enid give Sue's chief characteristics that Nan might know what an exceptional Owl had been awaiting her arrival.

"Why, Nan," Maze Wood had fairly to scream to make herself heard over the clatter of protest, threats, denouncements and explanations that were taking place, "Sue Roberts is one of the jolliest, funniest girls you ever saw. She will *have* to belong to us; besides every one of us has invited her."

Nan frowned imperiously at this, for she never allowed them to forget she was president, as Enid grumbled sometimes. Besides she felt from what the girls said she would prefer to see Sue Roberts herself before she was admitted, and even if Enid had not pronounced against her, she knew that already Sue had strongly attracted them and there was no room among the Owls for two leaders. She would wait and see, but in the mean time it would be as well to find out every thing possible.

"Well," Enid went on, "I did n't expect to bring such a hornet's nest about my ears by my simple remarks, but I think that very fact proves my point. In a club like this you can have only one real leader, or the first you know there will be 'feelings,' then sides, and by and by a regular breaking of the ranks and a stampede. 'In union there is strength' ought to be our motto, and if we go to quarreling we are going to get caught before the term's out and Miss Hope always has her eye on us. Sue Roberts is a born leader and so is Nan. You just let her go among the Doves and if the feathers are n't flying before a week I'll treat you all to fudge. I don't think Helen is pining to have Sue in her club either for she will be turned down and Sue elected president inside a month. Not that Sue is pushing, or anxious, or anything of that sort, but she's bound to rise, like a cork. Besides she has *principles*, with the whole word in capitals. She may, and will, break rules, but she will choose her rule; while she would be loyal to the death she might get stubborn at the most important moment. We'd better let her alone."

"But I'd like to know," grumbled Maze, "what poor Sue will do if she won't be a Dove and can't be an Owl?"

Enid shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm sure I don't know," she said, "but I don't think it would have made any difference if we had invited her; she wouldn't have joined us anyway. She thinks she would now, but Virginia Clayton has a lot of influence over her. I never saw better friends, and Virginia does n't believe in us. That's all."

So it was settled, that the three girls from Monroe were not to be called to the high estate of Screech Owls.

Enid Fenno was mistaken about the Doves, for Sue received in the same house mail with Virginia and Martha a pretty little invitation to join the "'Utilian' . . . the most noted literary, musical and social club in Hope Hall." But, to the Doves' astonishment, Martha alone accepted, and then a few days later came the startling announcement that Hope Hall was to have a new club—the "Minnehaha" Club of which Sue Roberts was President, or as the girls put it, the "S-i-o-u-x, or heap, big Injun!"

Here was news indeed! To both Helen Campbell and Nancy Jane Dempcy was this prospect unwelcome. Neither leader cared for another rival and moreover a rival with the fascinations possessed by Sue. Helen, who was a dear girl, and much loved by the Doves, could not help feeling that Sue would offer far more original and interesting affairs than she could hope to, and Nan knew already that many of the more timid Owls would feel safer under Sue's banner than under hers; for after three weeks most of the girls knew that, in spite of Sue's rollicking and slang, Enid had been right. Sue had principles, and strong ones.

"Who will join?" was upon everybody's lips, "What will Miss Hope say?" But Miss Hope fairly shook with laughter when Miss Thaw told her.

"Another weeding out," she said. "How the dear things help me with their follies! I really dreaded Sue's fascinations and her abundant energy. I did not at all want her with Nancy, and now see, she has placed herself exactly under my microscope. Dear me, if I had planned it I could hardly have invented a better way, and I believe I could write a list of the girls who will flock around her—Helen's gayest ones and Nan's best ones. It is only Virginia Clayton who does not fit, and she will stay for love of Sue. Well, well Miss Thaw, this is very good news! Very good news, indeed!"

But Miss Thaw had not brought it for good news and she did not at all approve of her chief's way of accepting it.

Miss Vashti Edna Thaw had never taught in a girl's school before and she was considered a very strict disciplinarian. Her long, narrow face, her sharp nose, her small blue eyes set closely together, her jerky movements and shrill voice were not prepossessing and yet there was not a girl in her classes who did not grow enthusiastic about her as a teacher.

"Call her Thaw!" groaned Nan Dempcy after the first day. "Why she 's a regular frost! The very minute she fixed those little blue eyes on me, I felt the Screech Owls had better hoot pretty low while she's around; but all the same I never had such a teacher, not even excepting Miss Hope. Why, Enid, positively Annette Stone raised her head and took notice. She did, she did! I know it sounds like a dream, but, goodness me, a donkey would have listened. The way Miss Thaw translated that page of Virgil was something worth hearing. It left me perfectly breathless. Didn't that dry-as-dust glow and sparkle? And didn't one just ache to go and do likewise? As a teacher Vashti Edna is a bright, particular star."

But personally, Miss Thaw was not a favorite, for, among the girls, with the exception of Miss Decker, whom she had known before, and Martha Cutting, she seemed to have no friends, even the other teachers finding her cold and severe. Of Nancy Dempcy and Sue Roberts, Miss Thaw had disapproved from the first, and she said openly that if she were in Miss Hope's place the Owls would not be tolerated for a moment, and now it seemed beyond belief that another club was to be allowed whose purpose, in her eyes, was plainly mischief. And when she heard Miss Hope's laughing approval, and understood that nothing was to be done to crush the Minnehahas, she sailed down the hall with her lips set in a hard straight line.

Chapter XVIII.

TROUBLE IN NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

Although Sue was unanimously elected chief of the "Hahas," as the Owls at once dubbed the members of the new club, it was really Virginia's idea.

Lessons had settled down to smooth running, practice hours were falling into regular lines, days were beginning to flow along as school days should, study hours in their place, recitations in theirs, rules in theirs and fun spread in like jelly between layers of cake, but still Sue and Virginia were what Nancy called "unclubbed." It was n't especially noticeable, as neither the Owls nor the Doves had had time for any open meetings, the first of the year is always such a busy time, but Sue had heard rumors of forbidden feasts, of fudge-making and chafing-dish messes that had set her all-a-twitter to display her skill.

Number 21 had many callers, for news of its unusualness had soon spread through Hope Hall and each girl had wished to see its beauties for herself.

Sue and Virginia had thoroughly enjoyed making their room as home-like and artistic as possible. Together they had draped their bay window with the soft red silk Virginia had brought from Kinikinnick; they had tacked up the Indian prints, the bows and arrows, and papoose cases, thanking their lucky stars for the plain red wall paper that made such an excellent back-ground; spread the Navajo blanket over their divan and heaped it with red and russet pillows; hid their bed back of the dull red canvas screen, upon which Virginia had roughly drawn Moqui designs of Thunder-birds, Man-eagles, and flights of queer wild geese in gray-greens, indigo-blues and "warm browns." There were the peace-pipes, the feather bonnets and the fringed leggings, that dangled from the picture railing, with the bead bags, moccasins and the strings of wampum, and last and best, the picturesque tepee was set up in the corner; such an interesting tepee, with its brownness made gay by the swollen rain clouds, the yellow suns and blue thunder bolts the Indians had painted upon it. Within the charmed interior Virginia had set her pretty little tabouret, and the double-handled copper kettle, the red cups, yellow cracker jar and dusky little green tea pot, for, as Sue hastened to explain to their guests:

"If Indians don't have tea tables, they ought to, so we 'll go them one better."

Miss Gribble had been pleased as one of the girls over the picturesque prettiness of it all. Mrs. Rood and kind Miss Sargent had drunk a cup of tea with them, and even Miss Hope had stepped in for a moment to compliment them for their originality, and it was over all this pleasant kindness that Virginia and Sue had their first tiff, the little rift within the lute that might, if they were not careful, make all the music—of their girlish friendship mute.

Virginia was sitting at the table one evening, just after study hour bell, toiling away at her French translation, while Sue, curled up among the pillows on the divan, was supposed to be industriously conning her Latin verbs, when suddenly she sighed so deeply and profoundly that the divan fairly creaked under it.

"Why poor old Sue! What is the matter?" inquired Virginia, dropping her pen in dismay. "Are you homesick, or can't you get your conjugations?"

"Homesick? Oh I'm always that. Would n't I give my head to see the whole lot of them to-night? But that is n't what's the matter with Susie, and it is n't verbs. The truth is, honey, I sighed, as Ben would say, 'a-purpose.' I wanted to talk to you, and, you know, I promised not to speak."

"O Sue, won't it keep?" pleaded Virginia, looking longingly at her Fontaine. "This fable is so interesting, and Miss Hope is coming in to-morrow to recitation, and I do want to make a good translation."

"It won't take a minute, really, Virginia," assured Sue, drawing her feet up under her comfortably. "It 's about a club. Enid Fenno says Nancy Jancy Dempcy has decided that she does n't care to have us as Owls, which is as well since we would neither of us be caught being one."

"No, I suppose not, as they are always breaking rules, and I suppose their not wanting us is really a compliment, but Miss Gribble says some of their entertainments are splendid."

"That is all right, but I don't want any Dempcy in mine. I said 'tommy-rot' before Nan the other day, and she pretended she could n't understand me, and, after she had made me repeat it two or three times, she said she did n't speak the language, and asked if it was dead. Of course the girls almost



died laughing, you know they just stand around waiting for her to speak, but I told her I guessed she had n't read her Kipling to very good purpose."

"What did she say to that?"

"That if I had n't brought anything better away from my Kipling than that, she would advise another course,—sassy thing!"

"Well, its true, Sue. Please don't feel hurt," and Virginia picked up her pen, "but if one brings away only the slang—and the uncouthness from a book, it is better not read."

Sue frowned for an instant, and then shook her head, much as Toddlekins used to when he wished to get rid of a fly. She did n't intend to quarrel with Virginia, so she would not reply to any dangerous remark like that.

"Well, anyhow," she said at last, just as Virginia had found her place in the dictionary. "I think you might talk it over with me."

"All right," and Virginia, submissively putting the stopper in her ink bottle, pushed back her chair and folded her hands meekly in her lap.

"Oh shucks!" snapped Sue, burrowing her head in the cushions. "I don't care to talk to a miserable martyr."

"It seems to me, Sue, you are rather hard to please."

Virginia's tone had unmistakably cooled. "If you prefer I can go back to my work."

"There, there, lambie, don't get huffy," laughed Sue, appearing from the cushion's depth, disheveled and repentant, "I 'm a regular cross-patch to-night, but the truth is I 'm boiling over at Martha Cutting. In spite of promises to Masie and vows to you I can't get on with her."

"I like her," said Sue, her chin turning up obstinately. "Your true friends always tell you all the mean things they hear about you, so you can protect yourself."

"Nonsense, Sue!" protested Virginia, "Then



"THEY HAD LOCKED UP THE INDIAN PRINTS."

"Why I think she seems very nice to you now, Sue. She said our room was so pretty, and told you what Miss Gribble said of your voice, and was just as pleasant as any girl that called."

"Yes, and ran right off to Enid and said she would as soon live in a curiosity shop, and when Enid said she thought it very artistic in coloring, Martha said: 'Oh, that is Virginia. Sue Roberts has n't any more taste than a savage; and afterward she said my voice sounded like a chicken-hawk's."

"Enid Fenno was very unkind to repeat it to you. I would let that girl alone, if I were you, Sue."

"Why didn 't you tell me Nancy Dempcy said I was a stuck-up Yankee. You heard it, didn 't you."

"Why who told you, Virginia?" cried Sue, sitting up in dismay, "I hoped you wouldn 't hear that. I was afraid it would hurt you."

"Foolish old Sue," laughed Virginia, "So *you* are n't *my* true friend! Oh. Enid Fenno

told me that, just as she tells all the other bits of disagreeable news she can gather. I did not care, for I knew if Nan could say that she simply did n't know me. Girls are the same, I suppose, all the world over. I am sure most of the girls here are lovely, and we don't need to rush into new friendships. Let 's wait a bit. But please, Sue, do hurry and say what you want to about the club, the evening is going and I haven 't two lines translated."

"Well then, I won't be a Dove and I can 't be an Owl, and that's all!"

"Then there is only one thing to do—start a club for yourself!"

"What—did—you—say?" shrieked Sue, springing to the floor.

"Get up a club yourself," repeated Virginia with a teasing laugh, "is that so very dreadful of me? It might be an Indian club, you know."

Sue had not stopped to listen, but was performing her own particular war dance silently, but with such vigor that her hair was tumbling to her shoulders before she dropped in a breathless heap at Virginia's feet.

"You precious old darling!" she panted, "It's the finest idea going, and I never even thought of it. An Indian club, of course, with war dances, buffalo hunts and scalping parties. Oh joy be! and I named it while I danced—'The Minnehaha.'"

"You ridiculous Sue," protested poor Virginia, who had been joking all the time. "I was only in fun. Why we haven 't time for it, and beside where would you get your members?"

"Oh, they would come fast enough. We won't ask a soul, but, you see, they will come. I'll be president, no, chief, that sounds better, because I can whoop 'em up better than you can, Virginia; but you shall be medicine man or any old thing you want to."

"But Sue, Miss Hope! You will have to ask her permission."

"Not by a good deal! I'll spring it on her and then if I get called down—"

"Sue, I never heard such slang as you are using, I think you would better start an anti-slang league."

"Oh dear, I always use slang when I get excited. Well, what I meant to say was, that I shall establish the club without asking permission of our esteemed principal, and then, if she makes any serious objection, we can immediately desist from operations. Does that suit your ladyship?"

Virginia laughed, for really you can not very well talk of dignity to a girl who is kneeling at your feet, her face a-light with good-fellowship and fun,—at least if you are a girl yourself with your heart hippity-hopping as every girl's should.

"But Sue—" and it was Virginia's turn to hesitate and sigh, "Oh dear!"

"Out with it, my dear. We are smoking our peace-pipes to-night and the war-paint is all washed off, so don't be afraid."

"Well, I expect you will call me a regular spoil-sport, Sue, but I 'm not going to disobey any of the rules, and I promised your father and mother to try and take care of you. I know that most of the girls break the study hour rule and think it is great fun, but—"

"Father said, Virginia Clayton, that if I attended to my lessons I was to have the very best time I could, and Miss Sargent said to-day she was very much pleased with my work. I 've really flunked only once this week, and that was in history, and I don't care a penny if I didn't know who Guy Fawkes was, for he was n't in the lesson, and I guess he was n't any great shakes any way. I am not going to disobey except—about not cooking in the room, and not going in the halls after eight, and study hours, and that nonsense. Those rules were just made to be broken, May Price says, and she 's a monitor."

"Well, I am not going to," said Virginia, "Miss Gribble and Miss Sargent have been so kind to us. Why, just think, even Mrs. Rood and Miss Hope have been here to see our room and I think it would be a shame to abuse their confidence. If you really mean to have a club, and we may, I think it will be great fun, but I 'm going to be good—You know as well as I do, Sue, that if it was n't for study hours we never would get time for our lessons, for our room would be overrun with girls."

"What of it?" inquired Sue tauntingly, for she was nettled at what she considered Virginia's superior manner. "Are we going to settle

down to be bumps on a log? Why, I 've been stewing up in this room every evening for two weeks and going to bed at half past nine, when if I was at Cherryfair I 'd be flying all over the place and up till eleven, and I guess Father and Mother know just as well what 's good for girls as an old maid like Miss Hope. All the other girls are having jolly times, while we are nambypambying around here."

"Not all, Sue. You know very well Helen, Alice, Winifred and that set of girls have not, nor Martha Cutting—"

"Martha Cutting!" cried Sue witheringly. "I should think you would be ashamed to mention her in my presence. Holding her up to me for a pattern!"

"I am not!" replied Virginia, her head going up in the air and her lips set in a straight line — "you have interrupted my study hour—"

"Well, I shan't any longer," stormed Sue, beginning frantically to unbutton her shoes. "You are getting too stuck up for any good use, Virginia; and I 'm going out for a lark."

Virginia sat perfectly still, a red spot glowing on either cheek, her hands clenched tightly in her lap, determined that the tears that were stinging her eyes should not escape and betray her. At home she would have sailed in high dudgeon from the room; here there was nothing to do but sit silent, biting her lips to keep back the pain.

She watched Sue get herself into her dark wrapper, and slip on a pair of moccasins that her steps might be noiseless and yet in her mind she was going over and over her talk with Mrs. Roberts upon that last Sunday night. "Virginia," she had said, and Virginia remembered the little tremble in the sweet voice, "Virginia, we are going to trust Sue in your hands. She has been such an unselfish daughter, such a loving, generous sister, that we have overlooked her faults, as strangers will not, and I fear we have cheated her out of her share of rightful discipline. She is so impulsive and thoughtless where you are calm and controlled, and she loves you so dearly she will be led by you and, I know, too, you will always try to lead her toward the right." Then Virginia remembered the tender kiss with which her promise had been sealed. She thought too of Mrs. Roberts' fond "God bless both my little girls and have them in his keeping" upon that last morning. It was so hard for Virginia—it was never easy for her to ask forgiveness and Sue was in the wrong and—yet and yet—

"O Sue!" she said, and then the tears welled over, "O Sue! please, please, don't go! Forgive me for being cross, but your father and mother—"

In a moment Sue's arms were around her, Sue's cheek pressed against hers.

"There, there," crooned Sue, "Susie was an old sinner; it was n't your fault at all. There, there, honey, don't waste a tear over bad me. I 'll be good, indeed I will, honey. I just thought you were showing off a little and it made me mad. Here we are, all made up, don't cry, don't you cry one more tear."

In ten minutes, impetuous, easy-going Sue was cuddled down with her head in Virginia's lap planning the new club, bubbling over with fun, laughing, talking as if nothing had happened. Virginia tried with all her might to enter into all the happy scheming and to hide the deep hurt in her heart, but long after Sue was asleep she lay in her little white bed with wide open eyes, and when at last she slipped away into dreamland the long black lashes were wet against her cheek.

(To be continued.)



AN "EIGHTEEN-IN-HAND"



A HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD CHURCH.

By J. L. Harbour.

Next year one of the most interesting churches in all New Hampshire will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its erection, although the church society is much older than the present building. This is old St. John's Church in the Town of Portsmouth. As long ago as the year 1732 there stood on the site of the present St. John's Church a small and simple house of worship called Queen Caroline's Chapel. This name had been given to it in honor of Queen Caroline. When word went across the seas to the royal lady, of the honor that had been done her, she showed her appreciation by sending to America a handsome service of silver for the altar, and this communion service is still in use by the church. She sent also to the church two chairs, one of them being still in use in the church. The other chair was destroyed when the Chapel was burned many years ago.

But perhaps the most interesting of all of the Queen's gifts to the church was the "Vinegar Bible" still to be seen in the church. What kind of a Bible is the "Vinegar Bible"? you may ask. It was a Bible published in the year 1717 in Oxford, England, by a man named John Baskett, the king's printer. The printer made a blunder in setting up the "Parable of the Vineyard" so that it read the "Parable of the Vinegar." Forty copies of the Bible with this mistake

in them were printed before the error was discovered and rectified. It is said that but four copies are now in existence, and one of them is the copy Queen Caroline sent to the church named in her honor. Another copy is in the famous old Christ Church in Boston; one is in the Lenox Library in New York, and the fourth is in Christ Church, Philadelphia. These copies are very valuable.

The first of November in the year 1789 was a great day in the history of old St. John's Church, for on that day General Washington attended services in the church and sat on the chair presented by Queen Caroline. General Washington made this record in his diary of his attendance at church that morning: "Attended by the president of the state (General Sullivan), Mr. Langdon and the marshal, I went in the forenoon to the Episcopal church under the incumbency of Mr. Ogden and in the afternoon to one of the Presbyterian or Congregational churches in which a Mr. Buckminster preached."



CHAIR PRESENTED TO ST. JOHN'S CHURCH BY QUEEN CAROLINE.

It is on record that General Washington made a very handsome appearance that morning. He wore an elegant suit of rich black silk velvet, with brilliant buckles. He sat in the governor's pew which had a wooden canopy over it and heavy red plush curtains.

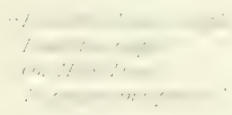


MR. ROUSSELET PROPOSING TO MISS MOFFATT IN OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Queen Caroline's Chapel was destroyed by fire on Christmas eve of the year 1806—just one hundred years ago next Christmas eve. The erection of the present building was at once begun and it was occupied before the year 1807 was done. This story is told in connection with the building of the church. There was in Portsmouth on that day a miserly but well-to-do man, Shepherd Ham by name who was considered even too

stingy to feed his horses half as much as they should have had. One night one of his poor old bony horses got out of the miserable barn that afforded it but little shelter. The next morning all of Portsmouth saw a strange sight. It was Shepherd Ham's old horse away up by the steeple of the church, to which lofty elevation he had been lifted by some mischievous persons by means of the elevator used for hoisting building material.

The bell in the tower of St. John's Church has an interesting history. It was captured from the French at Louisburg in 1745, and brought to Portsmouth by the officers of the New Hampshire regiment assisting in the capture. The bell hung for many years in Queen Caroline's Chapel. When it fell during the burning of the chapel it was so badly damaged that it had to be recast, and this work was done by Paul Revere. One may read this rhyme on one side of the old bell.



On another side of the bell are these words:

"I am the voice of life;
I call you; come! Pray!"

There are plenty of tales of romance associated with this century-old church, a delightful description of which, by the way, you may read in Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's charming story of "The Country Doctor." Mr. Charles Brewster, who has written much about old Portsmouth, tells the story of a Mr. Nicholas Rousselet who proposed to a Miss Moffatt in a unique way during a service in the church. Mr. Rousselet had become very much enamored of the pretty Miss Catherine Moffatt, but, like many another love-lorn youth, found it difficult to offer her his heart and hand by a spoken word. On Sunday morning he went to old St. John's Church and sat in the Moffatt pew with Miss Catherine.

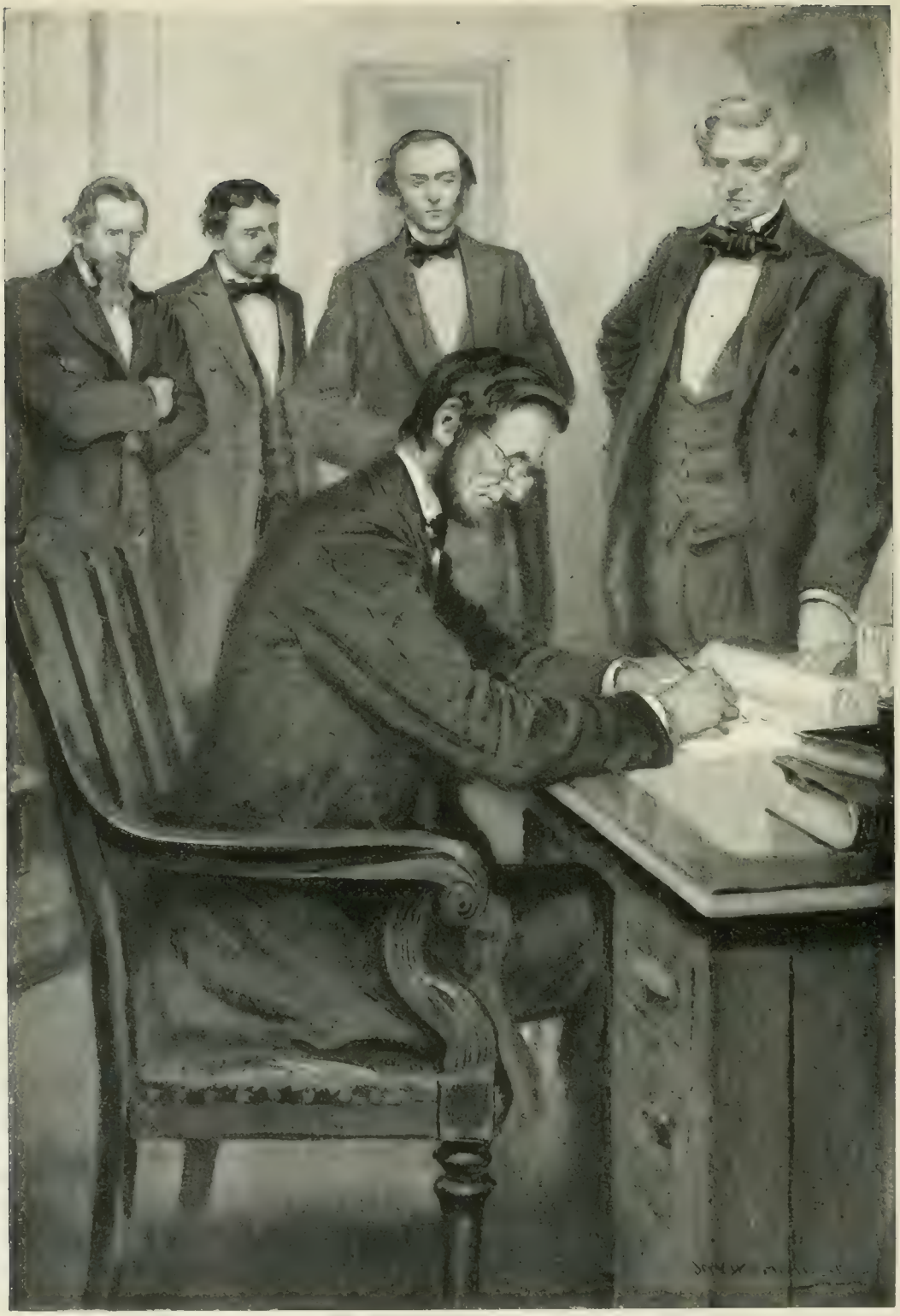
One fears that his mind was not fixed on the sermon, for while it was in progress young Nicholas handed Miss Catherine a Bible with pencil mark around some words in the first verse of the Second Epistle of John. These words were: "Unto the elect lady." The fifth verse of the same chapter was marked, and it is as follows: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." Miss Catherine blushed as she read these words; then she reflected for a few moments and presently the Bible went back to young Nicholas with these words in the book of Ruth marked: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord so do to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Naturally enough a wedding soon followed this unusual proposal.

An interesting thing in connection with the St. John's church of to-day is the fact that it still continues its "dole" of bread to the poor.

It is now more than a century since a member of the church died and left the church a legacy the income of which was to be forever used for giving to the poor of the parish a "dole" of twelve loaves of bread each Sunday morning, and for more than one hundred years this "dole" has been provided. The twelve tempting-looking loaves are placed on the baptismal font and covered with a snowy napkin. At the close of the service the bread is given away by the rector, and although there may not always be applicants to apply in person for the bread it finds its way to the homes of the poor. About seven thousand loaves of bread have been given away since this "dole" was first established.

The history of this ancient church is well worth studying. In the churchyard and within the walls of the building rests all that is mortal of many of the men and women who worshipped in the church before any of its present members were born, and no church in our country, with the exception of the Old South in Boston, has a more interesting history than has this ancient church in one of New Hampshire's ancient and most charming towns.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By Helen Nicolay.

IX.

FREEDOM FOR THE SLAVES.

By no means the least of the evils of slavery was a dread which had haunted every southern household from the beginning of the government that the slaves might one day rise in revolt and take sudden vengeance upon their masters. This vague terror was greatly increased by the outbreak of the Civil War. It stands to the lasting credit of the negro race that the wrongs of their long bondage provoked them to no such crime, and that the war seems not to have suggested, much less started any such attempt. Indeed, even when urged to violence by white leaders, as the slaves of Maryland had been in 1859 during John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, they had refused to respond. Nevertheless it was plain from the first that slavery was to play an important part in the Civil War. Not only were the people of the South battling for the principle of slavery; but their slaves were a great source of military strength. They were used by the Confederates in building forts, hauling supplies, and in a hundred ways that added to the effectiveness of their armies in the field. On the other hand the very first result of the war was to give adventurous or discontented slaves a chance to escape into Union camps, where, even against orders to the contrary, they found protection for the sake of the help they could give as cooks, servants, or teamsters, the information they brought about the movements of the enemy, or the great service they were able to render as guides. Practically therefore, at the very start, the war created a bond of mutual sympathy between the southern negro and the Union volunteer; and as fast as Union troops advanced and secession masters fled, a certain number found freedom in Union camps.

At some points this became a positive embarrassment to Union commanders. A few days after General Butler took command of the Union troops at Fortress Monroe, in May, 1861, the agent of a former master came to insist on the return of three slaves, demanding them under the fugitive-slave law. Butler replied that since their master claimed Virginia to be a foreign country and no longer a part of the United States, he could not at the same time claim that the fugitive-slave law was in force, and that his slaves would not be given up unless he returned and took the oath of allegiance to the United States. In reporting this, a newspaper pointed out that as the breastworks and batteries which had risen so rapidly for Confederate defense were built by slave labor, negroes were undoubtedly "contraband of war," like powder and shot, and other military supplies, and should no more be given back to the South than so many cannon or guns. The idea was so pertinent and the justice of it so plain that the name "contraband" sprang at once into use. But while this happy explanation had more convincing effect on popular thought than a volume of discussion, it did not solve the whole question. By the end of July General Butler had on his hands 900 "contrabands," men, women and children of all ages, and he wrote to inquire what was their real condition. Were they slaves or free? Could they be considered fugitive slaves when their masters had run away and left them? How should they be disposed of? It was a knotty problem, and upon its solution might depend the loyalty or secession of the border slave States of Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, which, up to that time, had not decided whether to remain in the Union or to cast their fortunes with the South.

In dealing with this perplexing subject Mr. Lincoln kept in mind one of his favorite stories: the one about the Methodist Presiding

Elder who was riding about his circuit during the spring freshets. A young and anxious companion asked how they should ever be able to cross the swollen waters of Fox River, which they were approaching, and the elder quieted him by saying that he made it the rule of his life never to cross Fox River until he came to it. The President, following this rule, did not immediately decide the question, but left it to be treated at the discretion of each commander. Under this theory some commanders admitted black people to their camps, while others refused to receive them. The curt formula of General Orders: "We are neither negro stealers nor negro catchers," was easily read to justify either course. Congress greatly advanced the problem, shortly after the battle of Bull Run by passing a law which took away a master's right to his slave, when, with his consent, such slave was employed in service or labor hostile to the United States.

On the general question of slavery, the President's mind was fully made up. He felt that he had no right to interfere with slavery where slavery was lawful, just because he himself did not happen to like it; for he had sworn to do all in his power to "preserve, protect and defend" the government and its laws, and slavery was lawful in the southern States. When freeing the slaves should become necessary in order to preserve the Government, then it would be his duty to free them; until that time came, it was equally his duty to let them alone.

Twice during the early part of the war military commanders issued orders freeing slaves in the districts over which they had control, and twice he refused to allow these orders to stand. "No commanding general should do such a thing upon his responsibility, without consulting me," he said; and he added that whether he, as Commander-in-Chief had the power to free slaves, and whether at any time the use of such power should become necessary, were questions which he reserved to himself. He did not feel justified in leaving such decisions to commanders in the field. He even refused at that time to allow Secretary Cameron to make a public announcement that the government might find it necessary to arm slaves and employ them as soldiers. He would not cross Fox River until he came to it. He would not take any measure until he felt it to be absolutely necessary.

Only a few months later he issued his first proclamation of emancipation; but he did not do so until convinced that he must do this in order to end the rebellion. Long before, he had considered and in his own mind adopted a plan of dealing with the slavery question — the simple easy plan which, while a member of Congress he had proposed for the District of Columbia — that on condition of the slave-owners voluntarily giving up their slaves, they should be paid a fair price for them by the Federal government. Delaware was a slave State, and seemed an excellent place in which to try this experiment of "compensated emancipation," as it was called; for there were, all told, only 1798 slaves left in the State. Without any public announcement of his purpose he offered to the citizens of Delaware, through their representative in Congress, four hundred dollars for each of these slaves, the payment to be made, not all at once, but yearly, during a period of thirty-one years. He believed that if Delaware could be induced to accept this offer, Maryland might follow her example, and that afterward other States would allow themselves to be led along the same easy way. The Delaware House of Representatives voted in favor of the proposition, but five of the nine members of the Delaware senate scornfully repelled the "abolition bribe," as they chose to call it, and the project withered in the bud.

Mr. Lincoln did not stop at this failure, but, on March 6, 1862, sent a special message to the Senate and House of Representatives recommending that Congress adopt a joint resolution favoring and practically offering gradual compensated emancipation to any State that saw fit to accept it; pointing out at the same time that the Federal government claimed no right to interfere with slavery within the States, and that if the offer were accepted it must be done as a matter of free choice.

The Republican journals of the North devoted considerable space to discussing the President's plan, which, in the main, was favorably received; but it was thought that it must

fail on the score of expense. The President answered this objection in a private letter to a Senator, proving that less than one-half day's cost of war would pay for all the slaves in Delaware at four hundred dollars each, and less than eighty-seven days' cost of war would pay for all in Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Kentucky and Missouri. "Do you doubt," he asked, "that taking such a step on the part of those States and this District would shorten the war more than eighty-seven days, and thus be an actual saving of expense?"

Both houses of Congress favored the resolution, and also passed a bill immediately freeing the slaves in the District of Columbia on the payment to their loyal owners of three hundred dollars for each slave. This last bill was signed by the President and became a law on April 16, 1862. So, although he had been unable to bring it about when a member of Congress thirteen years before, it was he, after all, who finally swept away that scandal of the "negro livery-stable" in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol.

Congress as well as the President was thus pledged to compensated emancipation, and if any of the border slave States had shown a willingness to accept the generosity of the government, their people might have been spared the loss that overtook all slave-owners on the first of January, 1863. The President twice called the representatives and senators of these States to the White House, and urged his plan most eloquently, but nothing came of it. Meantime, the military situation continued most discouraging. The advance of the Army of the Potomac upon Richmond became a retreat; the commanders in the West could not get control of the Mississippi River; and worst of all, in spite of their cheering assurance that "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong," the people of the country were saddened and filled with the most gloomy forebodings because of the President's call for so many new troops.

"It had got to be midsummer, 1862," Mr. Lincoln said, in telling an artist friend the history of his most famous official act. "Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game. I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy, and without consultation with, or the knowledge of the cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a cabinet meeting upon the subject . . . . I said to the cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read."

It was on July 22 that the President read to his cabinet the draft of this first emancipation proclamation, which after announcing that at the next meeting of Congress he would again offer compensated emancipation to such States as chose to accept it, went on to order as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, that the slaves in all States which should be in rebellion against the government on January 1, 1863, should "then, thenceforward and forever be free."

Mr. Lincoln had given a hint of this intended step to Mr. Seward and Mr. Welles, but to all the other members of the cabinet it came as a complete surprise. One thought it would cost the Republicans the fall elections. Another preferred that emancipation should be proclaimed by military commanders in their several military districts. Secretary Seward, while approving the measure, suggested that it would better be postponed until it could be given to the country after a victory, instead of issuing it, as would be the case then, upon the greatest disasters of the war. "'The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force," Mr. Lincoln's recital continues. "It was an aspect of the case, that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory."

The secrets of the administration were well kept, and no hint came to the public that the President had proposed such a measure to his

cabinet. As there was at the moment little in the way of war news to attract attention, newspapers and private individuals turned a sharp fire of criticism upon Mr. Lincoln. For this they seized upon the ever-useful text of the slavery question. Some of them protested indignantly that the President was going too fast; others clamored as loudly that he had been altogether too slow. His decision, as we know, was unalterably taken, although he was not yet ready to announce it. Therefore, while waiting for a victory he had to perform the difficult task of restraining the impatience of both sides. This he did in very positive language. To a man in Louisiana, who complained that Union feeling was being crushed out by the army in that State he wrote:

"I am a patient man, always willing to forgive on the Christian terms of repentance, and also to give ample time for repentance. Still, I must save this government if possible. What I cannot do, of course I will not do; but it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game leaving any available card unplayed." Two days later he answered another Louisiana critic. "What would you do in my position? Would you drop the war where it is? Or would you prosecute it in future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose-water? Would you deal lighter blows rather than heavier? Would you give up the contest leaving any available means unapplied? I am in no boastful mood. I shall not do more than I can, and I shall do all I can, to save the government, which is my sworn duty, as well as my personal inclination. I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing."

The President could afford to overlook the abuse of hostile newspapers, but he also had to meet the criticisms of over-zealous Republicans. The prominent Republican editor, Horace Greeley, printed in his paper, the "New York Tribune," a long "Open Letter," ostentatiously addressed to Mr. Lincoln, full of unjust accusations, his general charge being that the President and many army officers were neglecting their duty through a kindly feeling for slavery. The open letter which Mr. Lincoln wrote in reply is remarkable not alone for the skill with which he answered this attack, but also for its great dignity.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt. . . . My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

He was waiting for victory, but victory was slow to come. Instead the Union army suffered another defeat at the second battle of Bull Run on August 30, 1862. After this the pressure upon him to take some action upon slavery became stronger than ever. On September 13 he was visited by a company of ministers from the churches of Chicago, who came expressly to urge him to free the slaves at once. In the actual condition of things he could of course neither safely satisfy them nor deny them, and his reply, while perfectly courteous, had in it a tone of rebuke that showed the state of irritation and high sensitiveness under which he was living:

"I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will . . . . I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me. . . . What good would a proclamation of emanci-

pation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet." "Do not misunderstand me. . . . I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves; but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind by day and night, more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

Four days after this interview the battle of Antietam was fought, and when, after a few days of uncertainty it was found that it could be reasonably claimed as a Union victory, the President resolved to carry out his long-matured purpose. Secretary Chase in his diary recorded very fully what occurred on that ever-memorable September 22, 1862. After some playful talk upon other matters, Mr. Lincoln, taking a graver tone, said:

"Gentlemen: I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery, and you all remember that several weeks ago I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to anyone, but I made the promise to myself, and—[hesitating a little]—to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say, without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. . . . . I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use, or in any minor matter which any one of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

It was in this humble spirit, and with this firm sense of duty that the great proclamation was given to the world. One hundred days later he completed the act by issuing the final proclamation of emancipation.

It has been a long-established custom in Washington for the officials of the government to go on the first day of January to the Executive Mansion to pay their respects to the President and his wife. The judges of the courts go at one hour, the foreign diplomats at another, members of Congress and senators and officers of the Army and Navy at still another. One by one these various official bodies pass in rapid succession before the head of the nation, wishing him success and prosperity in the New Year. The occasion is made gay with music and flowers and bright uniforms, and has a social as well as an official character. Even in war times such customs were kept up, and in spite of his load of care, the President was expected to find time and heart for the greetings and questions and hand-shakings of this and other state ceremonies. Ordinarily it was not hard for him. He liked to meet peo-

ple, and such occasions were a positive relief from the mental strain of his official work. It is to be questioned however, whether, on this day, his mind did not leave the passing stream of people before him, to dwell on the proclamation he was so soon to sign.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, after full three hours of such greetings and handshakings, when his own hand was so weary it could scarcely hold a pen, the President and perhaps a dozen friends went up to the Executive Office, and there, without any pre-arranged ceremony, he signed his name to the greatest state paper of the century, which banished the curse of slavery from our land, and set almost four million people free.

(To be continued.)



"IT WAS A MEAN TRICK OF THE FIREFLIES TO GO ON STRIKE THE VERY NIGHT OF THE KATYDIDS' BALL."



PROFESSOR OWL EXHIBITS HIS NEW FLYING MACHINE.

FOXY MR. FOX: "HEY! MISTER AIRY NAUGHT, LET 'S SEE YOU RUN IT WITHOUT USING YOUR WINGS!"

THE SONG-SPARROW'S TOILET.

By H. H. Bennett.

A SPLASH into a silver brook;
  A dainty little dipping;
A dart into a quiet nook,
  With all his feathers dripping;
A little shake, a little tweak,
  To stir up every feather;
A pretty preening with his beak
  To lay them all together;
A stretch of wing, some fluffy shakes;
  A flash — he 's flown away!
This is how the sparrow makes
  His toilet for the day.



A PATRIOTIC EXPLOSION.

The match was white,
The flame was blue,
  The giant cracker red,
And Tommy saw the stars, when he
  Came down upon his head!

Pauline Frances Camp.





THE STONE OF SUCCESS.

By Mary E. Mitchell.

If an American boy of about twenty years ago could have looked down upon Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, he might have seen what would appear to him a circus procession winding its glittering way through the streets, past the grey bamboo houses, past the glistening, golden palaces of the King, splendid in their barbaric magnificence, past the gay bazaars busy with noisy traffic, out into the country roads and up toward the hills beyond. And the same boy might venture many a guess before he would alight upon the true purpose of this gay train of soldiers and grandees, and great elephants, brightly trapped, walking with dignified and ponderous tread. For just such a parade was peculiar to Mandalay, that city of "the sunshine, and the palm trees, and the tinkling temple bells."

Around the Burmese capital rise the Ruby Mountains with jungle-covered slopes and wild beast-haunted forests, holding in their clefts and recesses stores of rich red treasure. The King of Burmah was called the "Lord of the Rubies." He owned all the mountain mines of precious stones, and when a valuable gem was found, a runner from the hills bore the glad news to the palace. Then the King would order out his troops with all the trappings of state, and the procession would set out on the mountain road to meet the ruby, welcome it and escort it back to the monarch and the royal treasury. For, next to the sacred white elephant, no possession was so cherished by the Burmese royalty, as was the ruby.

In 1886, Burmah was annexed to England and the British government took the mines. The processions no longer wind their welcoming way to the hills; the elephants are busy "pilin' teak, in the sludgy, squdgy creek," and the ruby has lost a bit of its charm by becoming merely a valuable article of commerce, instead of an almost sacred treasure.

All through the ages the ruby has been called the stone of good luck. According to the old stories, whoever owned a ruby would never fail in anything he undertook, for that beautiful jewel held in its glowing red heart a magic power which always brought success. No matter how dangerous the task, the ruby was sure to give courage and victory. In the days

of ancient Greece, when a rich man wished to express to a friend good wishes for wealth or honor, he sent to him a ruby engraved with the figure of an orator. To-day, the ruby is considered the luckiest of stones, though the good fortune, as we see it, lies in the owning of anything so precious, for even the diamond is not so valuable a gem.

The ruby is the stone of July, and the fire which abides in its red heart is truly typical of that burning month of summer. According to legend, however, this fire varied with the fortune of the owner. A popular superstition in regard to the ruby was the belief in its power to foretell danger or disaster by the changing of its color.

It was a favorite talisman and love-token in the time of the Crusaders. Many a gallant knight, clothed in armor, has borne to battle his lady's heart in the shape of the burning gem; or has ridden out to wage war with the unbeliever, leaving a pledge of his true love in his sweetheart's keeping,—a red, and flaming ruby.

Henry V wore a magnificent ruby at the Battle of Agincourt and it proved to be a stone of success for him. Queen Elizabeth had a weakness for jewels. Mandeville says that she displayed to him "a fair ruby, great like a racquet ball." Sir John's stories, however, will always bear a little pruning. Elizabeth presented a ruby ring to each of her favorites, the Earls of Essex and Suffolk. There is a sad little story connected with Lord Essex's ruby. When that noble, sentenced for treason, was in the Tower awaiting his death, he sent the ring, the gift of happy days, to the Queen. Perhaps it would have softened her heart with its memories of old time friendship, but she never received it. Instead, it fell into the hands of Lady Nottingham, who, by her husband's advice, withheld it. When she was dying, Lady Nottingham sent for the Queen and confessed. "May God forgive you!" cried Elizabeth. "I never can."

The Coronation ring of Scotland was set with a ruby. It was the custom to send this jewel with the messenger who notified the heir of his coming to the throne. When James the Second made his unkingly flight across the Channel, he had the ring concealed in his person, and it narrowly escaped being taken by the fishermen who searched their royal passenger for gold. The ring is now in the royal collection at Edinburgh.

The finest ruby in the world is owned by the King of Burmah. The largest European ruby is in Russia and is the size of a pigeon's egg.

There are three ways of obtaining the ruby: by cuttings made in the hill sides; by boring into the clefts and seams; and by washing the ruby gravel. The small stones are of little value, but a perfect ruby of five carats is worth five or six times as much as a diamond of the same size and quality.

After all, what is a ruby? The man wise in science will at once say that it is a transparent and colored variety of corundum, possessing properties of double-refraction and electricity; that its color is of the heart of the solar spectrum, that its name "rubino" signifies red, and that the Oriental is the only true ruby. But all that means so little; it explains nothing of the beauty and mystery of the stone. It does not tell how that light, caught from the deepest tint of the heart's blood came to be held in the tiny crystal; nor how the fable grew up about it and the fairy tale clothed it with its charm. Why try to analyze it? Rather take it as it is, a bit of petrified glory out of the great warm earth, set in a shining circle of myths and fancies.

There is a very old story, or legend, associated with the ruby. It is told by an ancient Latin writer:

THE CRANE'S GRATITUDE.

A BIT OF GREEK FOLK-LORE.

Heraclea sat at her door, her baby on her knee. Before her, at the foot of the hill-slope, lay Athens the Beautiful, the Violet-crowned. Beyond the low, flat roofs of the city rose and fell the many-tinted waters of the Gulf, sparkling in the happy light of day. Warm breezes scented with wild thyme lifted the dark tresses of the mother's hair and fanned the little one's cheek.

But Heraclea's heart was heavy. The battle of life had been hard since Callias left her, twelve weary months ago. Phorion was a wee baby

when the fever had carried off his father and left the still youthful mother with three children to keep from hunger. Heraclea did not often find an idle moment in which to sit, as she was sitting now, a lazy part of the sleepy noonday world.



As she sang to her baby boy a shadow fell across Heraclea's sunny door-way. A tall, handsome man was coming up the little foot-path with that leisurely carriage which characterized the Athenian of the better class. A flush came to Heraclea's cheek as she recognized the newcomer. It was the wealthy and noble citizen Euclemion to whom she was in debt, and a quick little anger stole into her gentle heart as he gave her a kindly but patronizing greeting. She remembered the past if he did not. Callias had once done Euclemion a great service, so great that in the warmth of the moment Euclemion had said that no favor could be too great in return. Yet when Callias had fallen upon ill times and gone to his friend for help, Euclemion had lent him money, it is true, but at a high rate of interest, and he had said nothing of his former gratitude. Callias had concealed his hurt, but Heraclea never forgot it. The home in Athens was given up, the little house on the hillside taken and the debt gradually paid. The once warm friends stood only in the relation of debtor and creditor. Then came Callias' death, and Heraclea, helpless in her poverty, had humbled her pride and borrowed once more from Euclemion.

Heraclea laid her boy softly in the shoe-shaped osier cradle and greeted her guest with a dignity worthy of a Greek matron. He refused to be seated, saying that his chariot awaited below.

Little Phorion, roused by the voices, stretched and sat up in his cradle.

"That s a fine boy of yours, Heraclea!" exclaimed the visitor. "What is to become of him?"

The mother snatched the baby in her arms. "I know not, oh, I know not!" she cried. "Nay, mother's little one, my red carnation, do not grieve," she continued, as Phorion began to whimper.

"Heraclea, I came to-day to speak of the debt; the time for the interest is at hand, but I have changed my mind. In a twelve-months give me that boy and I will forgive you the obligation, yes, and more; I will pay you a sum over and above," said Euclemion.

"Give you my Phorion!" cried Heraclea. "Give you my baby! Have you not a tiny one of your own? Surely you have enough children to bless your hearth."

Euclemion smiled, a little scornfully.

"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I have children enough to bless my hearth. My youngest is but a six-months old. In a few years this boy will be of the right age to—to tend him. He shall grow up with him and serve him."

The truth, with all its brutality, broke upon the mother. She remembered now; she had heard of debts being cancelled in that way, with the sanction of the law. Gently putting Phorion on the ground she rose to her full height.

"And so you, *you*, Callias' friend, come for his child as your *slave!*"

"And why not, Heraclea? You cannot feed these great children much longer. It will be many a day before your other boy Glaucon can help you; especially if you let him keep at the schools instead of putting him to work in the fields or shops. I will give you the year in which to decide; when it is ended the debt must be paid in good coin or—Phorion. Let this thought grow in your mind."

"The debt shall be paid," said Heraclea. "I will work night and day. The gods will help me. As for selling my child to be a slave, I will tell you, Euclemion, I would rather see him laid by his father in the tomb yonder."

But Euclemion only smiled as he turned and went down the slope.

"Mother, Mother!" cried a fresh voice, that of Glaucon, and two strong arms were thrown about her, as she stood with her face in her hands. "What is it? and why has that man troubled you?"

It was a lithe young figure which held her and the thick black curls brushed her cheek, so tall was her big boy.

"No, no, my Glaucon, I am not troubled; he is but an evil dream that vexed me. Now it is passed. I will think of him no more."

"I hate him," thought Glaucon.

"Mother," he said aloud, as they stood, their arms entwined, while little Phorion on the ground called lustily for attention, "Why do you not let me go to work? I am big and strong."

Heraclea smiled down at her boy as she took his slender hands in her own.

"The gods have given you a great gift, my son. Some day my Glaucon will be a famous sculptor; we must keep these hands for their true work. Meantime learn all you can."

As the little group stood in the sunshine a flutter and whirl overhead drew their eyes upward. For a number of years a couple of cranes had been accustomed to feed in the garden of the house, welcome and fortunate guests. Now, there was a great commotion about the wall, a hurried flapping of wings and hoarse cries of distress. Suddenly, one of the cranes fell, a fluttering white heap, directly at Heraclea's feet. She stooped and touched it with a gentle hand.

"Nay, Master Crane, it is a friend; do not glare so fiercely. See, Glaucon, its leg is broken; oh, it is cruel, poor bird." So together they worked until a splint had been bound about the fracture and the hurt was soon healed.

Time went on; the golden summer days passed and the air was tinged with the chill of approaching winter. The big birds as usual took their flight to their southern home.

When the Spring returned it brought no awakening gladness to Heraclea. To be sure, little Phorion waxed strong again; he was able to play out once more in the warm sunshine; the color crept into his wan little cheeks and the sweet curves came back to his dimpled limbs. But his mother's heart was agonizing over the thought which had grown to a dreadful certainty. She no longer could hide the truth

from herself. There was no possibility of her paying anything toward the debt.

One day Heraclea told Glaucon the fate which was hanging over them. The boy's grief and anger were piteous to see.

"It cannot be, Mother!" he cried. "Our Phorion! Euclemion is a wicked man. Can nothing be done?

Heraclea shook her head. "It is within the law, my son."

Then Glaucon, with a look which sat strangely on his boyish face, declared that he would offer himself in Phorion's place; that he would bury all his hopes in slavery that the little lad might grow up in freedom.

"Did ever mother have such a son?" thought Heraclea proudly; but she only said, as she put her arms about him and looked into his clear, true eyes:

"Nay, my Glaucon, you are your father's eldest son and the head of the home. It is as the gods have willed. The luck has departed



from the house; even the cranes have not returned to us."

It was a warm, spring afternoon a week later, and Heraclea sat once more at her door.

A soft stirring and fluttering overhead, roused her for a moment.

"The cranes have returned," she said to herself. "It is too late. What good fortune can they bring?" and she put her face down to her lap and burst into sobs. A slight touch on her shoulder brought her back to the present and she raised her head. A great white bird stood by her side.

"Master Crane!" she cried. "Why, Master Crane! Did no one welcome you back, poor bird? Oh, it is a sad house to which you come, Master Crane."

The crane maintained his solemn and unruffled dignity as Heraclea stroked the glossy neck. Then, putting out his long bill, he dropped something into her lap, and with a sudden whir was off to his nest. Heraclea looked in astonishment. "The pretty red glass!" she exclamed aloud. "To think of Master Crane's bringing a gift. Let no one say that a bird does not have a grateful heart."

A little stone lay in her hand like a crimson drop. She fingered it curiously, and entering the house she laid it carefully on a shelf.

Glaucon came in before long, sad and tired, but with a look of resolve on his young face.

"Mother," he said and hesitated. "Mother, I have found work in the market. To-morrow I leave the school."

Heraclea's heart rebelled within her, but she said nothing. She would not make the sacrifice harder for her good boy. So she only kissed his cheek and laid her hand softly on the dark curls. Then, to divert his attention, she told him of the crane's gift.

"Is that it upon the shelf?" cried Glaucon. "Why, Mother, in the dark corner it shines like a lamp. One could almost see by its light." Heraclea looked in astonishment; a red glow illumined the shadows in which it lay.

"What can it be?" she exclaimed. "Is it the work of demons?"

Glaucon took the little stone between his thumb and finger and carried it to the light. It was glowing like a drop of rich red wine.

"Old Cleon the goldsmith is wise in such matters," he said. "I will go and bring him," and before his mother could remonstrate the boy was off and down the hill.

Glaucon forgot his tired limbs as he sped over the slope to Athens

Old Cleon was in his shop. He growled a bit at the long walk on the wild goose chase of a boy's notion, but he was fond of the bright-faced, willing lad who had more than once done him a favor, and, leaving his stall in the care of his apprentice, he bade Glaucon lead on.

Heraclea received Cleon as a distinguished guest. Chloris brought water for his tired feet and simple refreshments of bread and fruit. Heraclea put the crane's gift into his hand. A change came over the rough face. The eyes under the shaggy brows lighted up with a glance so keen that it seemed to penetrate to the very heart of the little crystal. For some time he said nothing; he tapped and weighed the tiny stone and held it up, peering at it in all lights. Then he turned to Heraclea:

"I know not how you came by this," he said, "but there is none such in all Athens. If it is yours, you are favored of the gods. Never but once have I handled such a ruby."

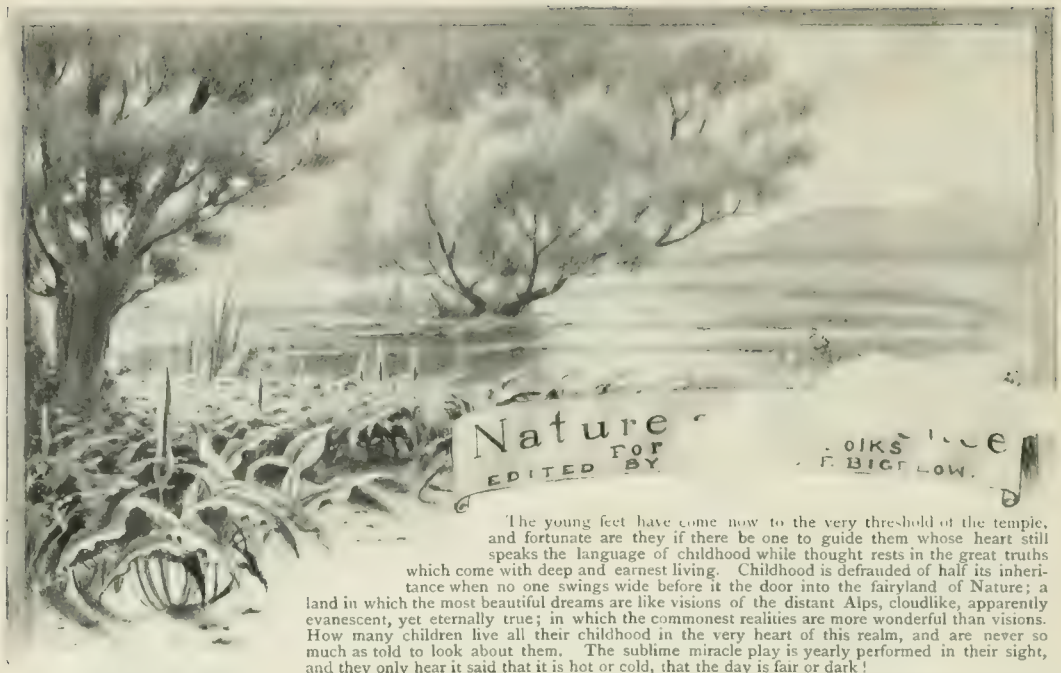
The sun rose brightly on the little house the next morning. Heraclea and Glaucon had been too happy to sleep. Phorion was theirs, and peace and prosperity and Glaucon's future were secure. It was almost too much joy to come at once: Ah, the blessed crane!



THE MEADOW-GRASS SINGING SOCIETY GIVES A CONCERT

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.





The young feet have come now to the very threshold of the temple, and fortunate are they if there be one to guide them whose heart still speaks the language of childhood while thought rests in the great truths which come with deep and earnest living. Childhood is defrauded of half its inheritance when no one swings wide before it the door into the fairyland of Nature; a land in which the most beautiful dreams are like visions of the distant Alps, cloudlike, apparently evanescent, yet eternally true; in which the commonest realities are more wonderful than visions. How many children live all their childhood in the very heart of this realm, and are never so much as told to look about them. The sublime miracle play is yearly performed in their sight, and they only hear it said that it is hot or cold, that the day is fair or dark!

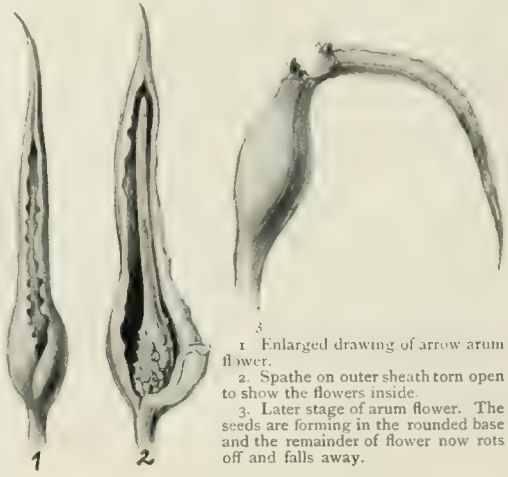
—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

THE ARROW ARUM (PELTANDRA VIRGINICA) GROWING IN THE SWAMP.

SOME SWAMP FLOWERS OF JULY.

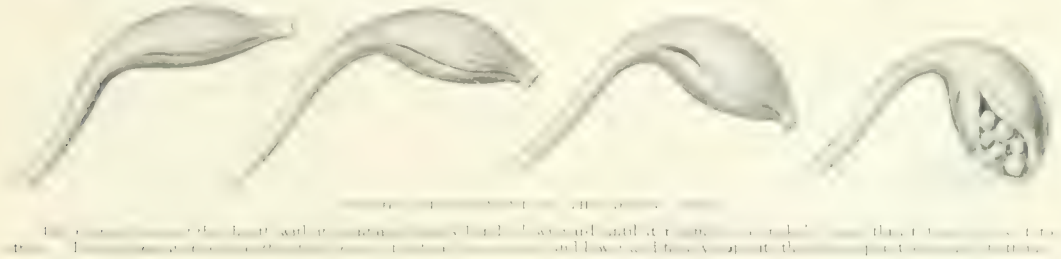
Such a splendid floral company is formed in the lowlands at this season, by the red Turk's-cap lilies, sunflowers, and lobelias which gather along the shore; and by the white and yellow pond lilies which float out upon the still water, that less conspicuous flowers are likely to pose unnoticed.

The arrow arum's green sheath is so uninviting that we have doubtless passed it many times as an object incapable of affording either interest or pleasure. Yet, like many another inconspicuous flower, the green arrow arum (*Peltandra Virginica*) is distinguished by very peculiar and interesting habits and as we watch it through the summer months, some remarkable movements will be seen to take place. The green sheath or spathe is so closely folded about the spike of flowers that, if we were not acquainted with its nature, we would be apt to wait for a further unfolding before beginning our study. This, however, would be a mistake for the ruffled edges spread no farther apart than is shown in the illustration. If we wish to examine a flower in detail, and we must do this in order to understand its later development, then, it is necessary to tear the outer sheath apart. This has been done in the sketch marked 2, where we see the inner cream colored spike, covered for most of its length with flat, disc-like shields. These discs hold the staminate flowers beneath their irregular edges, while the group of berry-like projections at the stalk's base are the pistillate flowers and will develop into the seeds.



1 Enlarged drawing of arrow arum flower.
2. Spathe on outer sheath torn open to show the flowers inside.
3. Later stage of arum flower. The seeds are forming in the rounded base and the remainder of flower now rots off and falls away.

A transformation of the entire structure takes place as the seeds begin to grow. The sheath's edges at the base slowly approach each other and, as they develop, clasp the young seeds safely and tightly inside, while, at the same time, the upper part of the spathe with its contained spike of withered flowers begins to rot and fall away. This decay takes place down to a point just above the rounded base, upon a line as clearly defined as if it had been previously marked and determined. This stage of growth is complete by the last of June or early July and the seed receptacle now looks like illustration 3 at the bottom of page 840.



Gradually the supporting stalk leans away from the perpendicular and, at the same time, the rounded seed holder bends itself still more sharply downward, until it looks like the first figure at the top of this page. It resembles a snake's head thrust forward as if about to strike. This likeness increases for the head leans lower and lower with the inclining stem, and, as the seeds enlarge, the sheath's edges, which have been so tightly clasped, now gape wider and wider, mouthlike, until the ripened seeds are cast out upon the muddy bottom. This growth is very slow and extends over the entire summer and autumn. The stage which is shown third in the above series is not reached until the middle of August, while the final act of seed scattering takes place in the middle or last part of September.

The column of emerald foliage which the false hellebore rears above the swamps and creeks in spring is one of the most beautiful features of the opening season. Its flowers, however, which open in May and continue to bloom even into July, are much less conspicuous and are rarely noticed. It almost seems as if the plant had put all its effort and vigor into the perfecting of its lustrous foliage and so had been unable to prepare flowers which would fittingly crown the lofty stem. Even so they form most decorative features in the dense mid-summer swamps and lift their dull green or yellowish flowers seven feet or more into the air. This great plant is packed away during the winter in a large conical bud, which reposes just beneath the surface of the swamp. Covered with long bristly hairs it successfully withstands the cold and takes the first encouraging spring days as a sign to push upward and expand. Like its neighbor, the swamp cabbage, the false hellebore or Indian poke is poisonous to taste both in its leaves and root, so, although we can admire at a distance, we should avoid a close acquaintance.



THE FALSE HELLEBORE GROWING IN THE SWAMP.
On account of their green color the flowers are not likely to attract general attention.

The bluish-purple spikes of the pickerel weed decorate the swamp borders and are lifted above the shallow water along the shore. Although



THE PICKEREL WEED IN BLOSSOM.
These purple flowers are visible all through the summer.

these blue flowers appear in June and may be seen even in late September, the individual blossoms last for only one day, and the long floral season is made possible by the succession of new flowers which open each morning. Here, too, the brilliant swamp milkweeds overlean the bank and allow their bright orange and scarlet reflections to shine in the still water. The purplish rose-colored spikes of the false dragon-head or obedient plant will attract us by the peculiar trick they have of swinging about on the stem as the wind blows, so as to present their mouths or heads in the opposite direction. Very shy dragon-heads they certainly appear to be, for any child can blow upon them until they turn timidly away, and obediently remain there on the opposite side of the stalks. It has been suggested that this habit of turning away from the wind is useful to the plant, particularly in stormy weather, as the flower openings are then preserved from the rain and kept dry.

It has been suggested also that on fair days the flower turns to leeward so as to present its gaping lips in sheltered position where insects can best alight. Perhaps our young folks will observe and give their explanations. Scientists are rather in doubt as to the reasons.

Many other obscure and little-noted plants have unusual activities; such as the eel-grass (*Vallisneria spiralis*) which springs from the pond bottom and separates its submerged staminate flower from the parent stem that it may rise to the surface and scatter its pollen there. Indeed, it would seem as if those plants which lack beauty and attractiveness—the worthless and obscure—are gifted with some remarkable faculty, some strange and exceptional life custom, that we may realize how the forces which are at work in the earth to-day are as ordered and wonderful as those which determine the revolutions of the stars.

HOWARD SHANNON.

A BURL SUGGESTING A HUMAN HEAD.

ON page 748 of Nature and Science for June was illustrated a peculiar growth of wood as the result of an injury to the tree. It was explained that ornamental forms for veneer and other uses are also sometimes the result of similar injuries.

Herewith is an illustration of a piece of veneer that—with no great exercise of fancy—shows a striking resemblance to a human head, with eager, wistful eyes, a determined expression of mouth, luxuriant head of hair and regular grandfather's beard.

Perhaps this remarkable face was "touched up" slightly by the veneer artist, but the essential outlines were undoubtedly all of Nature's own making.



A CURIOUS PIECE OF VENEER.

A SWARM OF BEES BENDS DOWN A SMALL TREE.

It was in the early afternoon of a fine day about the middle of June. Nature was doing her bountiful and wondrous work, the clover was in full bloom, it seemed as if the entire atmosphere in the vicinity of the apiary was delicately perfumed, and the bees by thousands were going to and fro between the hive and the fields, filling the air with a joyous hum of contentment. That murmur was noticed to become suddenly louder, and to sound a certain peculiar note familiar to the learned ear of the observant bee-keeper, who, looking toward the apiary discovered that the air was crowded with bees circling about a particular hive. As he approached he found that the bees were coming out so rapidly that many of them could not gain a footing so as to take wing, and consequently they landed in large numbers on the grass in front of the hive. With difficulty those on the ground gradually managed to fly into the air carrying the heavy load of honey, with which on swarming they are always well supplied. When they were almost all on the wing, they formed an army of myriads, and darted so swiftly through the air, that they looked like so many strings extending upward through the atmosphere, and making a sound that can only be described as a roar. The scene was a grand one, and one of which a person who has not observed such a swarm, must fail to form any but the most inadequate conception. After hovering over the apiary for a few minutes, they gradually began to alight on the top of a small locust tree that stood near the middle of the yard. When they had partially alighted, the tree, which was an inch or less in diameter, began gradually to bend. As the bees became more and more numerous, and more of them settled down on the cluster, the tree continued to bend, until its top rested on the ground. Then the apiarist was obliged to prop it up so that the little fellows might have a more comfortable place on which to rest, and so, too, that they might be photographed to better advantage.

An empty hive was prepared and brought close to the bunch, and by a quick jolt of the tree the swarm was shaken off close to the entrance. On discovering the opening they started into the hive at a rate almost as swift as that at which they had come out, at the same time setting up a buzz of delight as they marched in by the thousand, apparently without any respect for one another's person, and without giving the slightest heed to the man that was so interested in watching them.



A SWARM OF BEES BENDING DOWN A SMALL TREE.

A. L. Errett.

A WHITE THISTLE.

"Stop, please," I said to my companion. "There's a flower I want." We were driving over the Berkshire hills and something new by the roadside had attracted my attention. On climbing out of the carriage, I discovered that a clump of pasture thistles (*Cirsium pumilum*) had borne a snow white flower-head. Now I do not mean a faded yellow white blossom that has withstood rain and sun and has been drained of its sweets by insect visitors, but a large white flower-head of exquisite beauty. It was fully as fragrant as its purple neighbors and measured nearly two

inches across. A bee was busily at work in its plume-like fringes.

There were several buds on the plant, and,



WHITE THISTLES.

The flowers of most thistles are reddish-purple; those of some varieties are yellowish, but rarely white or cream color.

after examining them, I decided that this bunch of thistles bore only white flowers.

Doubtless this beautiful blossom was a freak of nature, a variation among the pasture thistles, and not a new species. It is suggestive to remember that from such variations in our garden flowers some of our prized varieties have been obtained. However in Nature's garden they seem to make little headway. Had the seeds of this plant ripened they doubtless would have produced a large proportion of white thistles, but I picked the fairy-like blossom and before the rest of the buds had unfolded, a farmer came along with his scythe and mowed off the plant. Perhaps this was not mere chance, for Nature never allows such abnormal freaks to increase in numbers, although they are sometimes far more beautiful than the species to which they belong. Like the albino among animals, perhaps such variations are less adapted to their surroundings.

W. C. KNOWLES.

ROBBING THE MAILS.

SINCE free delivery of mail in rural districts has been established I have been pleased to discover two or three pairs of bluebirds nesting undisturbed in mail boxes by the roadside. It is gratifying to know that the birds allowed themselves to be disturbed two or three times a day, and yet not abandon their nests. But the thing that gives the bird lover the greatest delight is the fact that no one robbed the nests. I am sure the bluebird will in time learn to appreciate this kindness, and the day is not far distant when it will be a common occurrence to find some kind of bird's nest in every home-made box that holds a letter.

In this prospect there is, however, one disturbing factor—the despicable English sparrow. One mail-carrier has already brought serious charges against this ruffian. In the first case money was taken by sparrows from a mail box on two occasions and seemingly for revenge. A pair of sparrows had started to build a nest in a mail box; the owner at once threw out the



THE MAIL BOX OCCUPIED BY BIRDS.

nest—to the annoyance of the sparrows. They in turn carried off, on two occasions, stamp-money wrapped in paper from the box. One

parcel was found about twenty feet away and the other fully one hundred yards off.

From another box, because they wanted to build in it, the sparrows carried away two letters which were recovered by mere accident. The gentleman who had placed the letters in the box, soon after, in passing, looked in to see if the carrier had yet come. The letters were missing and the man would have thought nothing more about the matter if he had not spied an English sparrow in a near-by hedge tugging at a piece of white paper. On investigating he found both of his letters in the hedge. So a new charge can now be brought by the postal authorities against the saucy, bothersome English sparrow.

Strange to relate, this same letter carrier has a grievance for a similar offense against a robin; the truth is, he caught Mrs. Robin in the very act of "robbin'" the mails.

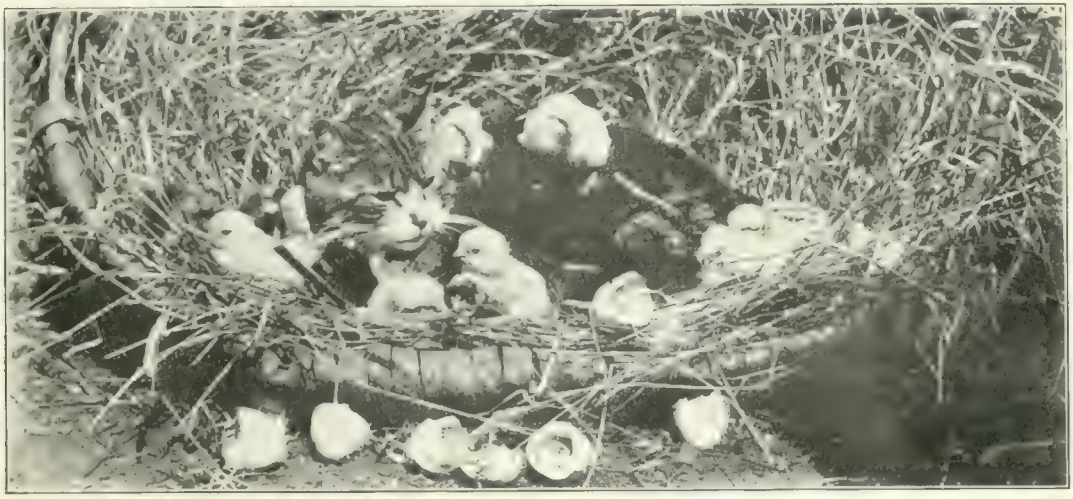
On this particular occasion a letter had been dropped into the box by the letter carrier, who thereupon drove to the last box on his route, a short distance beyond. As he turned to drive back he saw the robin drop something white over the hedge across the road from her nest. On investigation he found the robin had taken the letter from the box and dropped it in the field.

Now, instead of throwing her nest and young out, the good carrier put the letter back into the box and laid a stone on it, thinking more than ever of Mrs. Robin and her babies.

ARTHUR RUSSELL MILLER SPAID.

A STORY OF A CAT.

"BABY" was her name. She was beautifully marked with gray and white, and was renowned for her gentleness and her graceful manner. She was early taught that she should not even look at a bird. The lesson began in the house by placing her near a canary, and then gently slapping her if she looked at the bird. She understood what was intended.



"BABY," THE CAT, IN A HEN'S NEST IN A BASKET, WITH LITTLE CHICKENS
(Courtesy of "Poultry Husbandry")

She was exceedingly kind and careful about hurting any living thing. Even for her kittens she never caught birds or squirrels as do most mother cats. She was, however, taught to catch mice, and for these she would hunt faithfully. She was very fond of chickens, and would often take a nap in a hen's nest.

The accompanying photograph shows her in such a nest. She would lie in this basket for hours, and if a little meal were sprinkled near her and on her fur, the young chickens would go and pick it up, and, finding her fur soft and warm, would nestle down beside her. This seemed to gratify her, and she plainly made them welcome.

C. F. VAN SANT.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

CEDAR APPLES.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We study mushrooms every year. We know the poisonous ones from the harmless. Last summer, during a rainy spell in June, we found some very curious mushrooms, at least we thought they were mushrooms. Their color was a deep orange. They were moist, fleshy and very frail, and I think they belong to the trembling kind. They were bunches of tassels that grew out of the fruit of the cedar tree. Will you please tell me their name?

Yours truly,
HELEN G. BRISTOW (age 10).

I have read the letter which Helen G. Bristow wrote you describing some very "curious mushrooms" which she found in June during a "rainy spell" growing "out of the fruit of the cedar tree." From the description which she gives it is easy to see that the "mushroom," or fungus, which she found, is one of the "cedar rusts." What Helen calls the fruit of the cedar is known popularly as "cedar apple," but it is not the fruit of the cedar. It is a "gall" which is caused by the growth of the "spawn," (or more correctly speaking *mycelium*) of the cedar rust in the leaves and twigs of the cedar. The "spawn" of the cedar rust enters the leaves and twigs of the cedar early in summer, and stimulates the growth of the tissue of the cedar to form this gall known as cedar apples, somewhat as the "sting" of

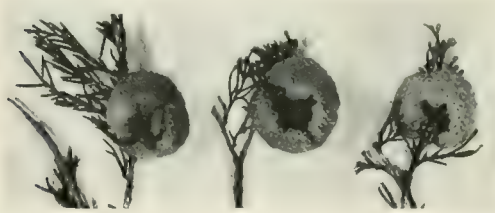


FIG. 1.—"CEDAR APPLES" AS THEY APPEAR IN THE WINTER AND SPRING BEFORE THE WARM RAINS COME.

an insect causes the growth of the oak galls sometimes formed on leaves of the oak. But we must remember that the two are very different, and that in the tissue of the "cedar apple" there is a great amount of the mycelium of the cedar rust. This gall or "apple" continues to grow during the summer and in the autumn is about the size of a small crab apple in well-formed specimens as shown in Fig. 1. In this condition it remains during the winter.

The surface of the "apple" is marked by very curious round pimple-like projections each one seated in a little circular depression. Underneath this "pimple" there is formed a mass of the spawn or mycelium which develops a vast number of curious tiny bodies known as spores

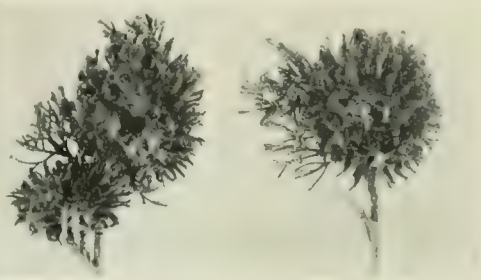


FIG. 2.—"CEDAR APPLES" WITH THE LONG, ORANGE, JELLY-LIKE "TASSELS" OF THE CEDAR RUST.

which serve the purpose of seeds for the rust fungus. Also there is formed a great quantity of an orange jelly-like substance. Now in the spring when the warm rains come the water soaks up this jelly and causes it to swell and ooze out in long orange yellow "tassels" as Helen calls them.

Now this fungus, like many other rust fungi, leads a very curious life. It has its summer, autumn and winter home on the cedar. But for a short time in spring and early summer it goes off on a vacation, so to speak. Its vacation home is on the apple (apple rust) in the orchard, or on the wild crab apple, or even on the june berry or shad bush. It builds here a "cottage," as it were, that is, its home is smaller. It sends its "spawn" or mycelium, into the leaf or twig of the cedar and finally forms long tubes which grow to the outside like chimneys, and the walls of these tubes become split into very slender strips which curve back on the apple leaf like fine lace. These tubes are filled with spores of the fungus which are carried by the wind to the cedar when the rust returns after its vacation. These spores behave something like "seeds," for they germinate and form the spawn or mycelium which enters the cedar.

There is another very curious thing about these rusts that go off on a vacation for a part of the year. The spores formed on the apple are very different from those formed on the cedar, and those formed on the cedar are not carried to the apple. How then does the rust get from the cedar to the apple? It packs itself and its luggage, so to speak, into a very much smaller spore than the one formed on the cedar or apple. These tiniest spores are formed from the larger ones on the jelly-like "tassels," and the wind then carries them to the apple where it spends its vacation.

Helen asks for the name of the "mushroom." I have given its common name but there are so many of these rusts with the same common name, I think St. Nicholas ought to allow me to give the scientific name. From her description I should say the name of the one she saw is *Gymnosporangium macropus*, which is the one shown in figures 1 and 2. In this one the "tassels" on the cedar apple are long, slender and pointed. There is another one which forms cedar apples also, but the "tassels" are short and somewhat wedge-shaped, the free end being broader than the end attached to the cedar apple. This one is known as *Gymnosporangium globosum*, and the cedar apples are usually smaller.

There are a number of other rusts on the cedar which do not form apples. In some the orange "jelly" oozes out of the injured branches, and one of them forms "birds' nests" or "witches' brooms" on the cedar.

GEO. F. ATKINSON.

DUCKS FEEL WITH THEIR BILLS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that in Stow Lake there was a circle of ducks going round and round with their beaks in the water. I would like to know what the cause of it is.

Your friend, the sister of a subscriber,

MARTHA WEEKS.

They were probably searching for food. The tip of a duck's bill is so sensitive, that food may be recognized and picked up without being seen by the bird. While it appears to be hard and horny, it is said to be more sensitive than the tip of your finger.

PREVENTING RABBITS FROM KILLING THEIR YOUNG.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of rabbits and raise quite a good many when I am in the country. Please tell me if they need salt. I can't find out and would very much like to know.

Does a father rabbit in the wild state kill his little ones if he gets a chance? Does the mother hide them



YOUNG ENGLISH RABBITS.

At this age, six or eight weeks, one at a time they should be taken away from the mother.

from him? I find that if any of my little rabbits are in the same cage with their father when they are born, even though the cage is quite large, that he tears the nest to pieces (the mother pulls the fur off her body to make it warm), and kills the little rabbits, sometimes he eats them.

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH ELLSWORTH (Age 13 years).

In captivity it is the rule amongst animals for the strong to bully and oppress the weak, and even to kill them. There are very few exceptions to this law, and the case of the rabbit is merely an incident which illustrates it. Of course this is one of the results of captivity, and lack of opportunity to work off surplus energies in natural ways.

The stress of captivity sometimes induces the mother also to kill her own young, especially if they are kept too long with her or she is put in distress by lack of proper care, especially of water. In undue thirst she seems partly crazed and will do strange things.

Rabbits should occasionally (about once a week) have a little salt. It may be dissolved in drinking water, or sprinkled in meal or bran, or given in any other convenient way.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

FOR

JULY.



"A HEADING." BY RICHARD A. REDDY, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

No longer they wend through field and wood,
Gone are the times of Fancy and Fay,
And the true old tales of the fairies good,
Are called the myths of a bygone day!

THIS month we have given our "Honor Member" poets a chance—not especially because we wanted to do so, but because their work was so good that it demanded place, and would not be put aside. Indeed, most of the poems in this number of the League would do credit to the pages of the big magazines, and if our young verse makers keep on—if they persevere and do not become discouraged because of failure at first, and perhaps for what seems a very long time, the editor feels safe in prophesying that not fewer than half a dozen names in this issue of the League will be found by and by in many "Tables of Contents."

Perseverance and the refusal to confess defeat are essential elements in the making of success. The most superlative genius without them will flare and flicker and go out in a night of despondency and failure. The smallest spark of talent may be carefully nursed and tended and fanned into a torch of triumph. Someone has said that genius is only the ability to take infinite pains. It is not that. It is a great God-given gift, but if the possessor does not add to it industry and resolution, it is a wasted prize and a doubtful blessing. The possessor of the tiniest talent who will fight and keep on fighting, without discouragement and without neglect will attain the greater heights of victory and will know the greater joy which comes of success well and manfully won. This is not meant to be a sermon, though it may sound like one. It is only the repetition of some things we have said before, suggested again now, by the fine poems in this issue, all, or nearly all, the work of old and persevering members who, if they do not faint and fall by the way, will some day make their mark.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY MARGARET EWING (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE moon shone white o'er hill and dale,
O'er the sentinel wheat and the whisp'ring trees,
Lofty and calm, serene and pale,
Like a white, bright boat in the sky's vast seas.

The wee stars laughed with their sparkling eyes,
And clustered and crowded hundreds deep,
Looking and laughing down from the skies,
At the queer earth-people who needs must sleep.

And now in the field there's a rustling low:
Perhaps it is only the sly night breeze,
But the wheat stalks are whisp'ring "We know! we know!"
As they bend and sway like storm-blown trees.

And now the rustling dies away,
Where trees on the wheat their shadows throw
Where the field path turns to a woodland way,
And the deep green moss doth thickly grow.

Look! 'twas no breeze that swayed the wheat
But the tiny forms of a fairy band,
That tripping along on elfin feet
Went forth to dance in the forest land.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION, No. 78.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Miriam Allen DeFord** (age 17), 2116 N. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Margaret Ewing** (age 12), 629 McCallie Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Silver badges, **Primrose Lawrence** (age 14), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Gladys Vezey** (age 13), Care Davies Hotel, Walla Walla, Wash.

Prose. Gold badges, **Herbert A. Crozier** (age 15), 209 W. 84th St., N. Y., and **Margaret Eleanor Hibbard** (age 13), Iberville, Quebec, Can.

Silver badges, **Helen A. Russell** (age 13), 29 First Ave., Ilion, N. Y., **William Sisson** (age 12), Flagstaff, Ariz., and **Elizabeth Thompson** (age 10), [illegible], N. H.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Richard A. Reddy** (age 17), New Brighton, S. I.

Gold badges, **Ethel C. Irwin** (age 15), 3d and Main Sts., Quincy, Ill., and **Edwin G. Cram** (age 16). [illegible]

Silver badges, **Katharine Hunt** (age 13), 204 Buckminster Road, Brookline, Mass., and **Lewis Tenney Ross** (age 9), Care Capt. Tenny Ross, Ft. Assiniboine, Montana.

Photography. Cash prize, **Gertrude M. Howland** (age 13), [illegible], Mass.

Gold badges, **Mary M. P. Shipley** (age 13), 1034 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Hermon B. Butler, Jr.** (age 14), 1920 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Marvin** (age 17), 1 S. Spring St., Pensacola, Fla., and **Susan J. Appleton** (age 13), 74 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Wild-creature Photography. First prize, "Pelicans," by **Francis du Pont** (age 12), 808 Broome St., Wilmington, Del. Second Prize, "Juncos" by **Anne Wales Brewster** age (12), 25 Sigourney St., Jamaica Plains, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Buford Brice** (age 12), 1404 Harvard St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and **Isabel McGillis** (age 12), [illegible], Montana.

Silver badges, **G. Huntington Williams, Jr.** (age 13), 303 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md., and **Arthur Davidson** (age 10), 238 East 69th St., New York City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Cecil H. Smith** (age 11), 150 Rock St., Fall River, Mass., and **John Irving Pearce, 3d.** (age 13), 2808 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Felix Umscheid** (age 13), 502 Fifth St., San Antonio, Tex., **Harold S. Hill** (age 11), Gorham, Me., and **Angela C. Darkow** (age 16), 3911 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pa.



"SOME LANDMARKS" BY [illegible], AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

A VOICE FROM THE BYGONE DAYS.

[illegible]

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD (AGE 17).

[illegible]

"'CARTHAGO,' dicebat, 'delenda est.'"
"Delenda est!" and in those words the curse
Fell on that proud fair city of the south
Whom men called Carthage. And from out her walls
Arose the wail of women, and anon
The short weak cry of some babe, over-young
To die the death of famine.—So she fared,
Until the Roman eagles, swooping down,
Screeched with a hoarse and bloody-gargling voice
Their triumph; and the Roman fire-brands flamed,
And once again and for the last time burned
To earth the fiery South-queen. Thus her site,
Once fertile, now grew barren. On it stands
Only a miserable fisher-town,
A piteous echo of the days gone by.—
"Carthago," diximus, "deleta est."

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET [illegible] (AGE 13).

[illegible]

IT can scarcely be called a "family" tradition which I am about to relate, but it is an incident which is connected with an old sword, at present in my father's possession.

In the year 1784, my great-great-grandfather, who was a U. E. Loyalist, left the United States and came to Canada with many other people. He received a grant of land from the British Government, consisting of [illegible] acres, bordering on the Chateauguay River, and many of my relatives are now farming on the land. I myself visit there frequently. On this land he lived happily for half a century, and, as I said before, his descendants are still living there.

In 1813, his son was engaged in the battle of Chrysler's farm, where he did service as a Canadian trooper. During the fight, when the Canadians were forcing their enemies to retreat, he managed to wrench a sword from a young American, but at the same instant he fell with a bullet in his right leg. He held on to the sword, however, and when he was allowed to return home, he brought it with him.

Long after the war was ended, and peace was restored, he found the original owner of the sword, and discovered that they were distant cousins.

The American had remained loyal to his country; the Briton had remained loyal to his father's cause.

They soon became firm friends, despite the difference of opinion concerning political matters, and both lived to a good old age, grandfather being eighty-nine years



"WALL OF LADY JANE GREY'S BIRTH-PLACE." BY MARY M. P. SHIPLEY, AGE 13 (GOLD BADGE.)

old when he died, but the age of the American was not definitely known.

And this is the tradition connected with grandfather's sword.

THE SOLDIER'S BYGONE DAYS.

BY PRIMROSE LAWRENCE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

YES, this is an empty sleeve, lad,
And a scar 's across my head,
And you see this dent in my hand, lad,
That too, had a taste of the lead.

And many a time have I sat, lad,
Within the camp-fire's glow,
Many a mile from home, lad,
In those days of long ago.

And once in a battle I fought, lad,
'T was a scene I'll never forget
I can hear the voice of the general, lad,
And the cannon's booming yet.

And my comrades lying round, lad,
In agony and in pain;
'T was a pitiful, fearful sight, lad,
I wish ne'er to see it again.

But, oh, 't was a glorious time, lad,
And as long as I live, I know—
I'll be proud of a soldier's scars, lad,
And those days of long ago.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HERBERT A. CROZIER (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

A TRADITION passed from generation to generation in our family is the story of the engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. While to the general reader there would seem nothing unusual in this to us it is more than an ordinary story, for Captain Pearson, the commander of the Serapis, married a Crozier, and was therefore related to ancestors of ours.

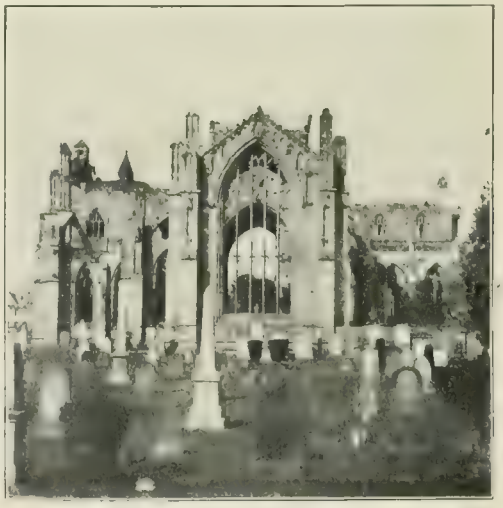
It was on Sept. 23, 1779, that the engagement took place on the coast of Yorkshire, H. M. S. Serapis and Countess of Scarborough being the ships on one side and a squadron under Commodore John Paul Jones on the other.

The British ships were escorting home a merchant fleet, and when off the coast of Yorkshire, the American squadron was sighted. The merchant fleet immediately withdrew to the protection of the guns of Scarborough Castle, while the men-of-war drew out in battle array to meet the enemy.

The engagement lasted upwards of four hours and only terminated when the British captain finding his mainmast shot away, and his ammunition exhausted, surrendered. For some inexplicable cause the rest of the American ships, with the exception of the Pallas, (which defeated the Countess of Scarborough), looked on the engagement without giving assistance to their comrades.

Captain Pearson although defeated, was knighted by King George III, and presented with a service of plate, and also the freedom of their corporations, by those boroughs on the east coast which lay near the scene of the engagement. He was also offered the deputy governorship of Greenwich Hospital, which position he accepted and held until his death. The original painting and autograph of Captain Sir Richard Pearson is in possession of the family.

I consider that I am fortunate to be connected with one who had the honor to be the opponent of that immortal hero of the American Navy—John Paul Jones.



"MELROSE ABBEY." BY HERMON B. BUTLER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Ne'er seem so pure and near to
[illegible]
When gone will seem more dear to us.

Sweet memories of the by-gone days,
Life's fairest, richest treasure:
Solace of our checkered ways
And source of dearest pleasure.

And little things will break the chain
That binds us to the present:
A rain drop on the window pane:
Above—the new born crescent.

The song of bird; the hum of bees,
Among the garden flowers:
The blossoms on the apple trees
Recall our happiest hours.

Thus memory with her magic wand,
Smites all the clouds that bind us
To that enchanted fairy land
That we have left behind us.



[illegible] PHOTOGRAPH.")



[illegible]

A FAMILY TRADITION

BY HELEN A. [illegible] (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

PROBABLY most of the readers have heard of the regicides, Goffe and Whalley, two of the judges who condemned Charles the First to death, and fled to this country in 1660. They landed at Boston on July 27.

These men stayed in the vicinity of Boston until March, 1661. As it was not safe to remain there any longer for fear of detectives, they went to New Haven, Connecticut. They did not stay in the town of New Haven much of the time, however, but dwelt in small towns, nearby. Among these were Milford and Paugussett.

In the latter town lived some of my mother's ancestors, [illegible]. They sheltered the regicides in their home for some time.

After leaving the New Haven region, they went to Hadley, Massachusetts, where they arrived in October, 1664. The minister of Hadley, Reverend John Russell, was my ancestor, eight generations removed. Goffe and Whalley stayed with him for fifteen or sixteen years. I do not know that they stayed all of the time at my great-grandfather's house, however. Some authorities say that they spent the time between the families of Mr. Russell, Mr. Peter Tilton, and Mr. Samuel Smith. Others say that they stayed all of the time with Mr. Russell.

It was during the time of their stay with him, that Goffe was supposed to be the "Angel of Hadley." The story is told, that when an attack was made on Hadley, a mysterious person came from the minister's house, and rallied the soldiers in defense of the town, against the Indians. When the red men had been beaten, this man disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. This was supposed to be Goffe.

The last account of him was dated April 2, 1679. It is not known when he died. Whalley probably died about 1676.

Some writers say that they were both buried in my great-grandfather's cellar, others, that only Whalley was buried there, and still others, that their bodies were removed to New Haven. It is not known which is correct.

I think that Mr. Russell did not suffer for having sheltered the regicides.

From time to time, when their wives or families sent them money, Goffe and Whalley turned over part of it to Mr. Russell, so he was fully repaid for his trouble.



[illegible]



"HEADING." BY ETHEL C. IRWIN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 16).

(*Honor Member.*)

THE golden music of Apollo's lute
No longer echoes through the skies;
And Pan, half god, half brute,
He, too, is mute—
His broken syrinx in the swamp-grass lies.

The chaste moon-goddess drops her silver bow,
And guides her noble milk-white pair
Above the haunts of doe,
Above the low
Wild hanging caverns which the rude beasts share.

The lovely wood nymphs, crowned with garlands gay,
Leave dimpled stream and shelt'ring tree;
The Hours and Graces stray
Far in their play
From earth, and former scenes of revelry.

All gone—all but sweet Psyche—sad and lone,
With draggled wings and weary feet.
She wanders from her throne—
An ivy grown
Shrine, where young Love and Psyche used to meet.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I AM going to tell you something about my great-uncle. In 1851 he went to California during the gold fever time. He was successful in mining and started for home in August 1857. After crossing the isthmus by railroad he sailed from Aspinwall on the Central America which proved to be the George Law, an old steamer which had been refitted to bring passengers from California. The ship struck a gale off Cape Hatteras, and the steamer began to leak badly. For hours the men worked to save the ship, but that night the ship went down with hundreds on board. The women and children were put aboard a brig, whose captain saw the steamer's distress signals. Several passengers went crazy; some strewed their bags of gold around their cabins. My great-uncle pulled off his cabin door in hopes to keep afloat on it, then he with others jumped overboard. They heard the ship go down with a roar and all was still, except for the cries of more than five hundred men in the rough sea.

The men clinging to the door, drifted for hours and were nearly dead.

Nine of them were picked up by a Norwegian vessel bound for England.

The crew of this ship were superstitious and all night a large sea bird had kept flying in their faces, which they thought meant trouble, so they turned their course and came upon these struggling men.

Billy Birch, the famous minstrel, was one who was picked up, and my great-uncle said Birch kept them awake while out in the water with his funny jokes, and so helped to save their lives.

Mrs. Birch, the wife of the minstrel, was among the women saved.

Before she left the sinking ship she put her little canary bird in a small box and put it safely into her bosom.

When she reached Norfolk, Va., the little songster was shown alive in a little cage made for it by the sailors.



"WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE." BY SUSAN J. APPLETON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY [illegible] (AGE 12).

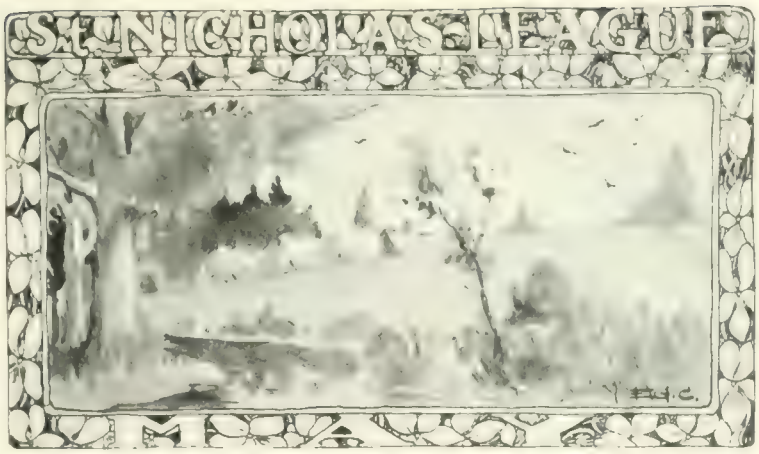
(*Honor Mention.*)

'T is spring again; the brooklet sings
The same old song it sang of years;
The mead is green and cloudless skies
O'erspread the waking earth once more.

The scent of flow'rs upon the breeze
Arises the watchers [illegible]
But though I search through wood and vale
In vain I seek the thrill of May.

In youth full often I would roam
Through vale, o'er hill at dawn of spring,
To seek the May-flow'r 'neath the leaves,
To stoop and hear the blue-bell ring.

I love the wild, but now my foot
O'er moor and heath no longer strays;
Old age is here, my youth is fled,
It vanished with the bygone days.



"[illegible]" BY [illegible] AGE [illegible] (SILVER BADGE)

NOTICE.

The ST. NICHOLAS League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers. Its membership is free. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.



"ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR SHOP." BY ELEANOR MARVIN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY NANNIE CLARK PAGE (AGE 15).

(*Honor Member.*)

THE sun, bright fingers of joy is laying
On placid valley and hilltop high;
And June incarnate is laughing, playing,
Where runnels rival the limpid sky.
'Tis dark to me, for my heart is straying
In that lost June of the days gone by.

We wandered over the land together,
Our thoughts as glad as the red-birds' cry,
Our dreams as free as a floating feather,
Our souls far up where the swallows fly.
No portent dimmed the enchanted weather
That other June of the days gone by.

The sun-gem drops from its azure setting,
The day is gone, with a dying sigh;
My soul is weak with the old regretting
Of days we reveled in, you and I.
Forget? Alas, there is no forgetting
That other June of the days gone by.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY WILLIAM SISSON (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ON the night of May 9, 1775, my great-great-grandfather, Henry Willcox, and one companion were awakened by the soldiers of Colonel Ethan Allen who were on their way to capture Fort Ticonderoga.

They asked my grandfather if he could get them boats to cross Lake Champlain. He and his friend said that they would try, so they dressed quickly and ran down the shore two or three miles where a negro had charge of some British boats.

The young men motioned for him to come ashore but he refused until shown a jug of liquor which they



"OLD RELICS." BY KATHARINE HUNT, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

said was for him. No more persuasion was needed and while drinking the contents of the jug he was seized and bound to a tree.

They then jumped in the negro's boat and towed the others to where Ethan Allen was waiting.

The soldiers and my grandfather with them hastily rowed to the other side and made ready for the attack.

Early in the morning the fort was startled by the sound of guns. The British soldiers were still asleep and it was an easy matter for our soldiers to gain an entrance.

Ethan Allen rushed into the room where the commander of the fort was still in bed, demanded surrender "in the name of God Almighty and the Continental Congress" contrary to history which gives "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

Although Henry Wilcox is not mentioned in history I think he played an important part in the capture of Fort Ticonderoga.

THE BYGONE DAYS.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

(*Honor Member.*)

WE are only the toys, and we 're broken and old ;
And packed in the chest up here
In the lonely garret we 've lain untouched,
Forgotten for many a year.

The elephant's stuffing has all come out,
The doll and her house are worn,
The iron engine has lost its wheels,
And the picture-books are torn.

We lived down stairs in the bygone days,
In the days that will come no more ;
And the children played with us all day long
In the land of the Nursery Floor.

Oh, those were the days when the dolls had heads
And the battered stone blocks were new ;
But now we lie in this silent place,
And the nursery is lonely too ;

For our friends the children have quite grown up :
They 've forgotten their childish plays ;
But we, the toys, though we 're broken and old,
Still dream of the bygone days.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY JOSEPHINE FREUND (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IT always was the fashion then,
For children to be quiet when,
The ladies talked to gentlemen,
In bygone days.

But now it is another way,
The children talk all through the day.
And do not mind what people say
As in the bygone days.

THE TRADITION OF OUR HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY ALICE NAHAOLELUA (AGE 17).

IF you would take a long journey with me down to Honolulu, you would see sights strange to American eyes—

The native boys in their canoes, out fishing, the beautiful color of the sea, and also the tropical foliage.

And if we should take the boat there, and go still further to Lahaina in the Island of Maui, which is the



"GUILFORD COURT HOUSE." BY MARGARET L. LEE, AGE 12.

third largest island of Hawaii, we could go to my summer home.

There you would notice two houses, one of stone, and the other of wood, with a large stone foundation. Strangers say when they sleep in this house they are thrown out of bed, in the middle of the night. This is supposed to be because the stones of the foundation were taken from an old heathen temple. This temple was in a cocoanut grove, and the people went there to worship stone idols. When they became Christians it was abandoned, and one of my ancestors took the stones to build this house. Being very superstitious the people believe it is haunted, and the members of this family will never be able to disprove this story, as only strangers are said to be treated in this unceremonious way.

BYGONE DAYS

BY [illegible] AGE 17.

(*Honor Member.*)

I [illegible]
Our wild imaginations ruled.
Then you were Mrs. Vanderbilt
And I, your neighbor, Mrs. Gould.

[illegible]
Our dolls were dressed in silk and lace.
We made a palace in our dreams
From out a bare, unlovely place.

You were a beauty in a robe
Of silver white with silky sheen,
I looked my best in velvet gowns
Of garnet, rose and misty green.

Our gems were set in purest gold,
Bracelet, pendant and solitaire
And brilliant light a diamond gave
Shining against your dusky hair,

Only a farce: we played it well.
And blighting circumstance was fooled,
When you were Mrs. Vanderbilt,
And I, your neighbor, Mrs. Gould.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY [illegible] AGE 16.

WHEN my great-great-grandfather and grandmother Uptograph first came to America, everything was covered with woods, and they had no near neighbors. They soon made a clearing and built a loghouse, a barn, and a pig-pen.

One day Grandpa noticed that one of his pigs was gone. The next night he was wakened by a pig squealing, and went out to see what was wrong. To his surprise, a bear was sitting on the pig's back. The bear did not kill the pig but was biting its head. The pig was trying to get away, but instead of getting away, it only carried the bear with it. Of course the pig could not go very fast, but I think the bear must have enjoyed its ride. Grandpa did not know what to do, so he straddled the bear's back and took hold of its ears. The pig soon dropped after the bear and Grandpa were both on its back.

At last the bear got tired of the pig, and began to pay some attention to grandpa, who then had his ride. It only lasted a few seconds, but I do not think he enjoyed it very much. He began calling for Grandma,



"[illegible]" BY HELEN [illegible], AGE [illegible]

and she came out with the pole-ax and pounded the bear on the head until it was dead.

Grandpa was cold by this time for he had nothing on but his night clothes, so he hurried back to the house.

After that he thanked God that he had such a good brave wife, and I think he was many times kinder to her than before.



"[illegible]" BY [illegible], AGE [illegible]

TALES OF BYGONE DAYS.

BY [illegible] AGE 12.

(*Honor Member.*)

WHEN in the firelight's ruddy glow
The children gather after tea,
They ask for tales of long ago,
Tales of the days that used to be;

Of ladies fair and gallant knights,
The true, the noble and the brave;
Of battles fought on land and sea;
Of those who earned a glorious grave;

Of those brave men, who left their homes,
To fight upon the far Crusade;
Of Joan, who died for France, her land,
Burned at the stake, the fearless "Maid";

Of those who fought in freedom's cause,
For Scotland's right, nor fought in vain
Of others yet, a countless host,
Whose days will never come again.

Oh, fast the evening hours will fly,
There in the firelight's ruddy blaze,
When to the children gathered round
Are told the tales of bygone days.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 7).

BYGONE days were fairest,
Bygone days were best,
So the old folks tell us
Grandma, and the rest.

Children—never naughty,
Did as they were told,
Always knew their lessons
In the days of old.

Had no trains, nor trolleys,
Electric lights—unknown.
Never dreamed of such a thing
As talking thro' a "phone."

Fashions were quite funny,
Hoopskirts then were new:
Indians roamed the country,
Dreaded sight to view!

Tho' the old folks, tell us
How fine the bygone days!
I notice they 're contented
With all our modern ways.

As for me, I'm glad, that,
No matter what they say,
Bygone days *are* bygone
And *this* the *present day*.



"OLD TOWER AT NEWFORT." BY ALLAN LINCOLN LANGLEY, AGE 13.

A DARING ACT.

BY MARGARET WHITNEY DOW (AGE 14).

PEOPLE do not often realize how our little army was fighting Indians after the close of the Civil War. Nor do they realize how bloody a war it was. As many were killed as in some better-known wars, though not in the same length of time. My father's cousin, Lloyd Brett, was in the army at the time of which I speak. He was a dashing, brilliant young fellow, and once when his general went on a small expedition, he put Brett in command of a body of scouts. Suddenly they were surrounded by Indians (a no uncommon situation) in great numbers. The Sioux had dismounted and made the attack on foot, leaving their ponies in the rear in charge of a few guards. The soldiers were greatly out-numbered and the Indians were as well equipped as they. There seemed no hope for the little body of whites.

Suddenly an idea occurred to Brett. He had learned from experience (and also what his Indian allies had told him) that Indians were very fond of their ponies, and if they were stampeded the Indians would do anything possible to quiet them. So Brett advanced to the commanding officer and asked permission to break through the lines and stampede the ponies. "Well, Brett," was the reply, "I don't order you to do it; you would be taking your life in your hand. But it is your life or all of ours, and I see no other way."

Then Brett drew up his small body of scouts, and made one great dash straight for the ponies. Of course the Sioux had no idea of his intention, but they strove to keep him back. But Brett and his men forced their way through. The Indians, thinking he had gone to get aid, hastened the attack, seized the soldiers and—well, a miss is as good as a mile. Brett's party stampeded the ponies, and the pony guards gave the alarm. The main body of Indians, thinking they were attacked from the rear, broke up and escaped as quickly as possible, leaving their prisoners behind. Thus the expedition was saved by Brett, and later he received a gold medal for his courage and daring on this occasion.



"HEADING." BY ALWYN C. B. NICOLSON, AGE 17.

THE FLAMES.

BY MARY BURNETT (AGE 10).

UP the chimney leap the flames
Red, and blue, and yellow.
In the fire a lovely man
Such a bright green fellow!
Pictures in the flames I see
Cities, castles, towers,
Children playing in the sand,
Pretty parks with bowers.
Thus the pretty, changing flames
Entertain me daily
Through the winter I am told
They are dancing gaily.

OUR FAMILY TRADITION.

BY CONRAD E. SNOW (AGE 16).

THE Snows were a hardy, sea-faring family of New England pioneers. The one of whom I write, Thomas Snow, was the captain of a Cape Cod whaler, in about the year 1770. He was my great-great-great-grandfather.

One day, while cruising along in a stiff breeze, somewhere in the North Atlantic, the look-out, high in the masthead, cried, "There she blows!" A spout of water in the distance announced a whale. At once all was bustle. The boats were manned, and the gruff old sea-captain himself, climbed down into the first one.

An exciting race for the huge "bull-sperm" followed. My grandfather's boat arrived first. The harpooner, standing in the bow with his heavy iron-barbed weapon in his right hand, and with the coil of rope to which it was attached, in his left, speared the whale. With a snort of pain, the monster dived, dashing spray over the boat with his tail.

The rope sang across the bow as it swiftly uncoiled from its tub. Finally it slackened, and the crew waited expectantly for the whale to rise, spouting, to the surface.

Then a most unusual thing happened—he came up directly under the boat, and with a blow of his great tail, stove it to splinters. The men were thrown among the white caps, the captain among the rest.

Here my grandfather always paused, and a smile ran around the family circle.

When he struck the water, my grandfather sank beneath the surface. But, kicking out in a vigorous attempt at swimming, he struck something hard with his foot. A rush of water followed, and he was thrown forcibly forward and to the top, as he relates, directly from the mouth of the whale, which had evidently rushed upon him at that instant. It was his lower jaw he had kicked. Their would-be prey was not seen afterwards.

By this time the other boats had reached the scene, and picked him up with the rest of the struggling crew. And he lived to tell the tale; our only family tradition.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY [illegible] (AGE 17).

LONG ago there lived a class of theologians called schoolmen, who derived their name from the fact that they were trained in the great cathedral schools founded by Charlemagne.

Some of these schoolmen were wise and good, but they were so dogmatic in their teachings that after a while they became unpopular; and when a new school of learning arose almost every one deserted them.

A few still clung to the old learning and its teachers, the leader of whom was Duns Scotus, one of the most famous of Franciscan monks; but most scholars thought it a mark of progress to despise them all, Duns Scotus in particular.

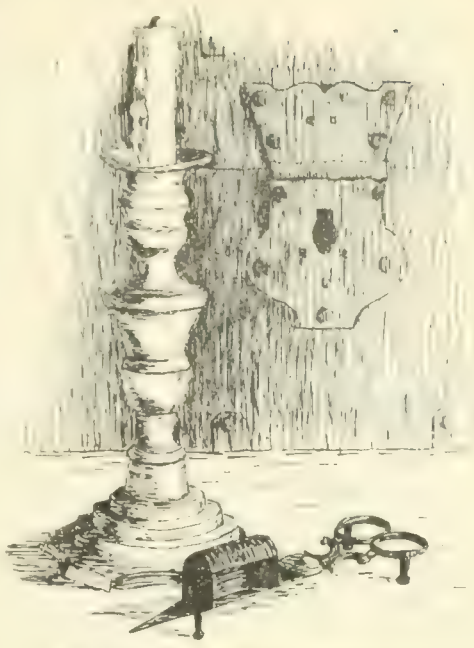
Whenever one of his followers attempted to prove an argument by citing some opinion which he had expressed, his adversary would contemptuously reply, "Oh, you are a Dunsman," or "I see you are a Duns."



"A SHOWER." BY DORA GUY, AGE 11.

As the old learning became more old-fashioned, so the schoolman became more and more an object of ridicule and scorn, until Tyndal wrote: "Remember ye not how within this thirty years and far less the old barking curs, Dunce's disciples, and like draft called Scotists, the children of darkness, raged in every pulpit against Greek, Latin, and Hebrew?"

And long after, when teachings and teacher have alike been forgotten, his name still survives in the form of dunce, an epithet of reproach applied to every stupid school-boy.



"GIDDIES." BY [illegible], AGE 13.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY IRENE BOWEN (AGE 14).

THE hero of "Gulliver's Travels" is Lemuel Gulliver, an Englishman who lived in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1727 he started on a voyage and, like the famous Robinson Crusoe, was shipwrecked and had to swim for his life. He landed safely on the shore of the imaginary kingdom of Lilliput. The people who lived there were tiny pygmies, only six inches tall. For them Swift originated the word "Lilliputians."

The pygmies made Gulliver a prisoner and carried him "up country." One day, several of the guards wished to see his face and climbed upon him while he was asleep. One of them stuck his spear up Gulliver's nostril, which made him sneeze violently. The frightened pygmies stole quietly away, and Gulliver did not know for three weeks why he awoke so suddenly.

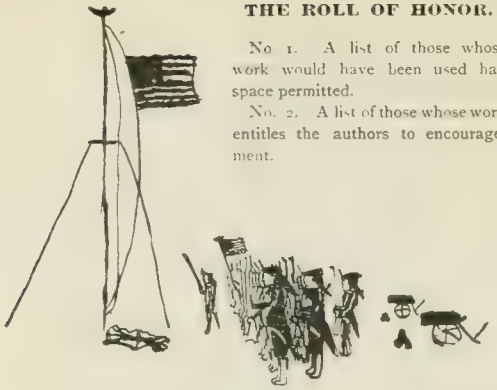
The capital of the kingdom was Milendo, where the king's palaces were. The city was five hundred yards square, and the wall around it was two and one half feet high and eleven inches wide. This was broad enough for four Lilliputian horses to go abreast upon.

"The king," Gulliver says, "was fully one half inch taller than the others, which in itself was enough to inspire awe."

He always wore a tiny suit of golden armor.

"I could appreciate the wonderful sight of the Lilliputians," Gulliver remarks, "when I saw a cook pulling a lark no larger than a common fly, and a girl sewing with invisible needle and thread."

When "Gulliver's Travels" was first written people meant only the inhabitants of Lilliput when they said "Lilliputian." Gradually, however, it came to mean any very small person or dwarf. Now the word is an accepted part of the English language and is quite common.



"A HEADING." BY LEWIS TENNEY ROSS, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles the authors to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Mary Veala Westcott
Maude H. Brisse
Nannie Clark Barr
Jessie Freeman Foster
Louisa F. Spear
Margaret Elizabeth Allen
Helen Parsons
Helen Margaret Lewis
Catharine H. Straker
Marion Annette Evans
Anita Nathan
Doris F. Halman
E. Babette Deutsch
Elizabeth P. James
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Katharine H. Neumann
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Edith Archer
Juniata Fairfield
Frances A. Emmons
Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
Anne Heidenheim



"AN OLD RELIC" BY ARTHUR T. OCHTMAN, AGE 10.

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Eleanor Scott Smith
Clara Allen
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Dorothy Fox
Sophie F. Mickle
Helen English Scott
Rosamond Johnston Walker
Chauncey M. Butler
Carl Guttzeit
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William Gould Low
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Stuart B. Taylor
Robert Swanton Platt

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[illegible]	Gertrude Purves	
John S. Perry	Margaret Loving	Margaret Williams
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	Arthur Blue
PUZZLE	Blanche Ross	Martha F. McCrillis
	Edith Younghem	Dorothy L. Anderson
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[illegible]	Clarina Hanks	Irma A. Hill
[illegible]	[illegible]	Charles C. Amidon
[illegible]	[illegible]	Anne H. Whiting
[illegible]	Frances H. Jackson	Franklin Mohr
Dorothea S. Walker	Dorothy Rutherford	Mahlon Schnacke
[illegible]	[illegible]	

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 892. "Laetae Sex." Anna Burdett, President; Elizabeth [illegible], Secretary; three members. Address, [illegible] Road, Woburn, Mass.

No. 893. Joseph W. Homer, President; Edith Reid, Secretary; three members. Address, 18 Elm St., Worcester, Mass.

No. 894. Julius Winterfeld, President; Ferdinand Oppenheim, Secretary; eight members. Address, 22 Mount Morris Park, W. New York City.

No. 895. "N. A." Max C. Holmes, President; Ralph Ensign, Secretary; five members. Address, Box 35, Detroit, Minn.

No. 896. Michael Rotheisen, President; Louis Feldman, Secretary; ten members. Address, care of Chicago Boys Club, 262 State St., Chicago, Ill.

No. 897. "The Laetae Sex." Mary Blake, Secretary. Address, Woburn, Mass.

JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.

[illegible] Chapter has [illegible] Saturdays [illegible] [illegible] the Soldier's monument which will be erected this summer. They have a good deal of money in their treasury and intend to buy books for a chapter library. We would like to receive suggestions for some good inexpensive books.

Your loving reader,

[illegible],
President.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our Chapter has been getting along finely since it started about two years ago.

We have done several things for the benefit of the Chase Children's Home of this city, but the one that I think would interest you most is the fair that we gave last April.

It was held in the Colonial dining-room of a hotel here on the 30th day of April, 1905.

We had a candy table, a fancy table and a flower table. The room was lighted by electricity and the flower table was in the centre back-ground with the fancy and candy tables one on either side of it.

There are six members in our Chapter and so there were two at each table

Each member wore a Dutch cap and apron with a bunch of May flowers on one shoulder.

The admission was seven cents and every seventh person was admitted free and every article on sale was seven or a multiple of seven cents.

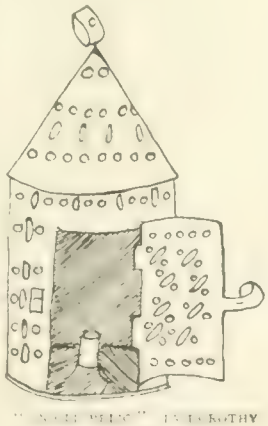
[illegible] and seventy-seven cents. Was it not peculiar that that should be the [illegible] was a seven cent fair?

Besides the fair we have given the children of the Home a large scrap book, ice cream and cake at Christmas time, a "Jack Horner" pie filled with home-made candy at Thansgiving, valentines on St. Valentine's Day and last Washington's birthday we gave them a cake with his name on it.

With the hope that this letter will prove interesting to you and perhaps your readers,

I am, ever your devoted enthusiast,

[illegible],
Secretary of the [illegible] Chapter.
No. 754.



"SUMMER TIME." BY DOROTHY HILL, AGE 12.

Other interesting and welcome letters have been received from The St. Gabriel Chapter, Chicago Boys Club, Van K. Allison, Margery Blake, Mary Pemberton Nourse, Ralph W. Ensign, Sylvia Platt, Cora Faye Donaldson John E. Burke, Grace Pearson Whitman, Pierre W. Laurens, Helen F. Greene, Esther Foss, William Baxter, Alwyn C. B. Nicolson, Louise Willard Rodgers, John L. Taylor.



[illegible]

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 81.

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 81 will close **July 20** (for foreign members **July 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **November.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, to contain the word "Orchard."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "Description of a fire." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Brook."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "The Old Fence" and a Heading or Tailpiece for November.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

FOURTH OF JULY. If you had asked any small boy on the glorious Fourth what he was celebrating, I have no doubt he would have told you, in some form or other; but if you began by calling the Fourth a "Literary Anniversary," even a well-grown boy might be surprised, not realizing that the great event celebrated by means of so much noise, so much fire, and so much enthusiasm, is the publication of a document. It was the Declaration of Independence that made Independence Day, and that document was only a piece of writing signed by a number of gentlemen for their friends and neighbors. It was a challenge, the knocking of a chip from the shoulder of George III, for, really, the fight was more against him and his ministers than against the British. We claim, therefore, even the Fourth of July for the Books and Reading department, as a literary anniversary.

A STUDENT IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. From the "Memoirs of Henri de Mesmes" is quoted a passage that gives a rather startling idea of the work done by law-students in the sixteenth century. The rising hour was four o'clock; prayers, at about five, were followed immediately by the study-hour, when the students, with big books under their arms, and carrying inkhorns and candles, settled themselves to their work before it was light. Work continued until ten, and was followed by dinner, the only change of occupation being during one half hour when notes of the lectures were compared by the students. After dinner, came recreation; but do not imagine that these young fellows wasted their time in frivolous games. Their "recreation" consisted in reading Sophocles, Aristophanes, Euripides, Demosthenes, Virgil, or Horace! If such was the play-time, one wonders what the study-hours could have been. Refreshed by these light amusements, the students returned at one o'clock to their tasks, which continued until six. After supper, the modern boy or girl would certainly have considered a fair amount of rest or amusement to be earned by such a day's work; but these sixteenth century boys read Greek or Latin in the evening. The writer, Henri himself, ends his account by saying, "On holy days we went to high mass and vespers; the rest of the days a little music and walks."

However, we need not waste sympathy upon the students, for the editor who prints the extract suggests that even in these old times the students found something more amusing than going to church, and that in these passages we have quoted he was explaining to the folks at home how hard he studied.

GREAT THOUGHTS BECOME COMMONPLACES. Sometimes in taking up a book that is celebrated, one has a sense of disappointment upon finding that the ideas expressed are commonplace or are "what everybody knows." But we must not forget that as a British essayist puts it, "The genius of the past is in the atmosphere we breathe"; by which he means that the thoughts of great masters have now gone into the possession of all of us. The first genius who discovered that the earth moved round the sun is none the less great because the same truth is taught to-day to little toddlers who have just learned to read. It was a very clever remark of a bright writer that it was a brave man who first ate oysters, and yet that feat is performed by many without a thought of heroism.

By the way, is there not some young friend of ours who will let us know who made this very reflection about eating the first oyster?

WORDS AS SYMBOLS. It used to be the fashion to have books of Definitions, so that children could learn the meanings of words and how to distinguish them from one another. If such is still the fashion, you know already how hard it is to give in a few words the meaning of a well-known term; and yet we can understand the writings of any author only by clearly knowing the meaning of each word he uses. There is nothing more difficult to define than a familiar word, and the more familiar the word the more difficult it usually is to define.

Not many months ago a London magazine asked its readers to define in a short sentence

the word "Home." There were more than eight hundred replies, and from these the five below were put first in rank. These sentences are none of them true definitions, being more like epigrams.

1. Home: a world of strife shut out; a world of love shut in.

2. Home: the place where the small are great and the great are small.

3. Home: [illegible]; the mother's world, and the child's paradise.

4. Home: the place where we grumble the most and are treated the best.

5. Home: the center of our affections, round which our heart's best wishes twine.

No doubt you all are aware that words are only symbols, and like symbols they stand at one time for one thing and at another for something very different. The word "house," for example, may mean anything from a dog's kennel to a palace, and yet it is through word-symbols as vague that writers must let us know their ideas.

"YANKEE DOODLE." A writer from Anaconda, Montana, is kind enough to come to our aid with an explanation of the word "macaroni." He also gives us a number of interesting items about other terms in the song "Yankee Doodle." It appears that there was an old English song making fun of Oliver Cromwell and beginning:

"Nankey Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
With a feather in his hat
Upon a macaroni."

According to the dictionaries, "doodle" means a trifler; "nankey" may possibly be the same word that we see often in Shakespeare's plays as "nunky," or uncle. So "nankey doodle" would be a term of derision easily changed into *Yankee* doodle when the word Yankee came to be applied to New Englanders.

As for "macaroni," it is a word with a long history. Our young correspondent says that in the verse sent us "macaroni" means a knot of ribbon on a hat; but in the song we all know so well it would appear to be used in precisely the sense in which young people now use the word "dandy," and with the same meaning. A full explanation of this will be found by consulting the Century Dictionary.

A SONG OF THE FAIRIES. Among the Elizabethan poets of far more renown in their own day than in ours, is William Lyly, known to all students of English literature as the one who brought into fashion that taste for high-flown and stilted language known as euphuism. And yet, to show that he was able to write in the simplest and plainest words, what proof could be better than this exquisite little "Song of the Fairies?"

"By the [illegible] we spend our play,
With the night begins our day:
As we dance, the dew doth fall,
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we."

What could be a prettier bit of verse to teach to a little brother or sister who was just beginning to learn about the fairies? There is but one word in it that even the youngest might stumble over, the word "urchins." But what does he mean by speaking of tripping as lightly as a bee? Certainly bees do not "trip."

BOOK-GLUTTONY. We receive many letters that are exceedingly interesting to us, and yet when we think how many thousands of readers look at these pages, we hesitate to show you any letter that is not very well worth while. Here, for instance, is a letter from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, containing a list of books read in *one month* by a girl whose handwriting shows her to be about fifteen. There are twenty-five books, nearly all of considerable length. We can only hope that she does not mean what she says, and that the books were read in a *year* rather than in a month. Among them are "Gulliver's Travels," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Westward Ho!" Miss Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds," and "The Gorilla Hunters."

Four such books would be an over-dose for a month's reading. Our excuse in criticizing her list is found in her inquiry what we think of it. We think it indicates book-gluttony. If she cannot read more slowly she should read in some foreign language that would compel her to think over each sentence read. This is an excellent remedy for careless reading. She may have only meant that she read somewhat of each.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer we spent the month of July at Alexandria Bay, New York, on the St. Lawrence river. We were launching nearly every day. Occasionally we would fish, never having any luck, however; perhaps we would catch only a few perch. We met a man there, who had a few summers before caught a muskelonge weighing fifty-five pounds. They are rarely ever caught. To catch one weighing so much is a very unusual thing. I enjoy reading your letters each time you come. Your devoted reader,

LESTER COFFEEN (age 13).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Autumn were seen a great many bears in the city limits.

One day when I was driving with a party of fifteen children, three bears, a big one and two little ones, came out of the woods in front of us and walked across the road to the woods on the other side and did not seem afraid.

I have seen three wild deer also in the city limits. A porcupine came in our yard and climbed a tree, a branch bent way over and almost dropped him. He stayed in the tree about fifteen minutes, then got down and waddled away, and looked so very funny.

Another day I saw a queer kind of an animal, which I do not know. It was not a wild cat. If I described it, perhaps you will know. The fur looked like a cat's. It was the size of an Irish terrier. I thought its face looked like an owl's.

I fear my letter is getting too long, so I will say good-by. Your loving friend,

PENELOPE TURLE (age 9).

MANDARIN, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and my brother took you for one or two years, when he was here. His name is Vincent Nicholl. He is in England now. He and our Cousin Wynne Nicholl take you.

I think that "Pinkey Perkins; Just a Boy," and "The Crimson Sweater," are my favorites.

Sometime I will write and tell you about my pets.

From your loving reader,

MARGARET A. NICHOLL (age 11).

THEN AND NOW.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Oh, tiny was the village
And stern the teacher's rule,
And cold the little school-house
When Franklin went to school.

The crier's bell was ringing
Along the public way;
No boys called daily papers
In Cotton Mather's day.

There was no unseen message
With battle news to fly,
And telephones were wanting,
When Paul Revere rode by.

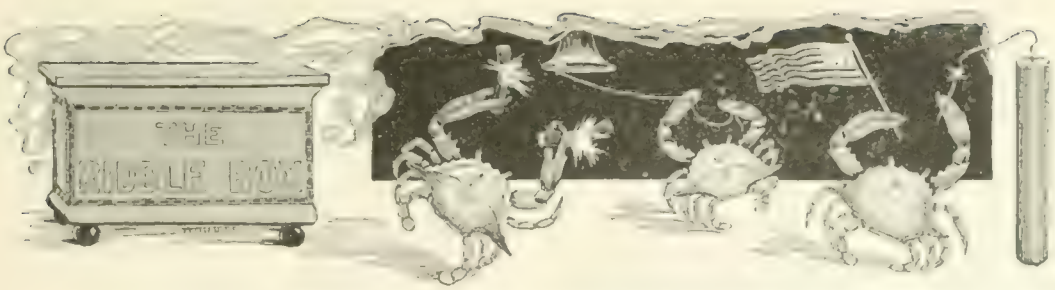
No motor cars nor autos
Through town and country flew,
Nor hummed along the highways,
That Daniel Webster knew.

Let him that cares to, envy
The boys of yesterday
Who knew the race of heroes—
We like the modern way,

When wonders all about us
Have only just begun,
And every day there 's something
That 's new beneath the sun.

Oh, tiny was the village,
And stern the teacher's rule—
But in the mighty cities
New Franklins go to school;

New voices speak with wisdom,
Strong arms lift Freedom high,
And swift for country's honor
New Paul Reveres ride by.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

[illegible]

[illegible] 1. Clasp. 2. [illegible] Among. 4. Mirror. 5. Pause.

[illegible] At Nurse. Expense. Was you walk me [illegible] the sprite [illegible] the day.

[illegible] Zeros. [illegible] Among. Lapse. [illegible] 4. Sila. Mirror. Crossroads. 2. Grease. 3. Pause. 4. Wrest. 5. Quarry. 5. Assign. 6. Marble. 7. Carpet. 8. Parley. 9. Prune. 10. Hurst. 11. Tease.

Acrostic. Novel. [illegible]

"Alone the pass the [illegible] was [illegible] battling.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Socrates. 1. Basin. 2. Crown. 3. Laces. 4. Forty. 5. Crane. 6. Dates. 7. Spear. 8. Cradle.

REMAINDERS. 1. Cellar, seller, case. 2. Formally, formerly, real. 3. Carrot, caret, oar. 4. Key, quay, quake. 5. Martial, marshal, hits. 6. Anker, anchor, choke. 7. Weigh, [illegible]. 8. Collar, choler, heal. Saratoga.

[illegible] DIAMONDS AND CENTRAL ACROSTIC. [illegible] 1. 2. Cockles. [illegible] 4. [illegible] Lapse. [illegible] 2. Cat-ful. 2. Dahlias. 3. Galeoid. 4. Matched. 5. Brother. 6. Doorway. 7. Naiades.

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS AND SQUARES. I. 1. T. 2. She. 3. There. 4. Ere. 5. E. II. 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Stere. 4. Ere. 5. E. III. 1. P. 2. Pen. 3. Petal. 4. Nay. 5. L. IV. 1. [illegible] Pen. 3. Petal. 4. Nay. 5. L. V. 1. [illegible] 2. Idle. 3. Lass. 4. Rest. VI. 1. [illegible] Elk. [illegible] 2. [illegible] VII. 1. Rest. 2. Elko. 3. Skip. 4. Tope. VIII. 1. Tope. 2. Open. 3. Pearl. 4. Lark.

[illegible] Puzzles, Answers to Puzzles, and Lists of Names must reach us not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to [illegible] Puzzles in the [illegible] Number were received, before February 15th, from [illegible] M. Murray, 1 — W. Whited — H. Beaty — "Duluth" — M. Griffith — F. Lowenhaupt — J. Slocum — C. Hutton — John F. Simons — B. W. Smith — L. Treadwell — E. G. Coombs — W. Woodcock — N. Ott — H. M. Sea — Jo and I — M. Mullins — Jas. A. Lynd — H. Scofield — "Allil and Adi" — Nessie and Freddie — I. Meyer — I. F. Jones — W. S. Murray — A. R. Lane.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from G. Moore, 1 — R. W. Moore, 1 — J. McK. Sanford, 1 — E. M. Warden, 1 — E. Dashiell, 1 — F. Dawson, 6 — N. C. Jacobson, 1 — E. P. Shaw, 3 — J. Little, 1 — E. Meade, [illegible] — A. M. Hulme, 1 — [illegible] — R. Jandell, [illegible] — R. H. Clemenshaw, 1 — T. Dehl, [illegible] — A. Mante, [illegible].

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from E. Steiner — A. Lowenhaupt — Lutry and Dudley — H. Elger, Jr. — T. R. Moody — W. Beaty — H. S. Hadley — Peggy and Mother — H. L. Swan — [illegible] — J. A. Lynd — C. C. Johnson — "Duluth" — F. Umscheid — W. H. Bartlett — M. L. Mooney — H. S. Hill — P. W. Laurens — J. and E. Hopkins — P. R. Deschere — C. H. Smith — F. G. Switzer — A. C. Darkow — J. R. Bryan — J. I. Pearce, 3d — M. A. Jones — L. F. Rogers — W. M. Mills — T. Dehl — H. T. Armstrong — H. S. Sidell — I. V. Bigger and Mother — Elsie, Lena and Lulie — "Allil and Adi" — Jo and I — Nessie and Freddie — M. Griffith — A. R. Lane — N. Zarifi — A. Mante.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from J. E. Burke, 3 — A. Haupt, 1 — S. C. Williams, 1 — E. Noble, 1 — M. Brooke, 1 — K. A. Williams, 1 — N. M. G. Ford, 1 — R. Clemenshaw, 1 — P. G. Kase, 7 — D. K. Ford, 1 — H. P. Browning, 1 — J. Little, 1 — M. Thomas, 1 — E. M. Godwin, 1 — A. H. Wright, 6 — DeW. Peck, 3 — N. W. Richardson, 1 — D. Reese, 2 — I. Crawford, 1 — M. Young, 1 — M. Baker, 1 — M. I. Skelton, 1 — D. Mackay, 2 — I. Meyer, 1 — M. Hurst, 6 — J. W. Baxter, 4 — C. Dickey, 1 — M. Bartlett, 7 — E. P. Shaw, 2 — G. Torrey, 1 — E. Lord, 7 — D. Wright, 4 — E. Underwood, 3 — C. J. Gladding, 1 — S. Dashiell, 3 — C. S. Bayne, 1 — R. L. Seelman, 3 — H. L. Patch, 7 — G. M. Murray, 4 — A. M. Pemberton, 1.

CHARADE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My [illegible] at the end of day;
My [illegible] 's a common little word;
My [illegible] is what all sailors dread;
My [illegible] 's a sweetly singing bird.

ARTHUR DAVIDSON.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail notwithstanding, and leave a pronoun. 2. Mashed, and leave a kind of meat. 3. A warm garment, and leave to consume. 4. A glass bottle, and leave cannot. 5. To fix, and leave moved swiftly. 6. A fleeting view, and leave a sprite. 7. Commented, and leave to brand. 8. Determine, and leave the sun. 9. Leered, and leave a grain beloved by horses. 10. Ignorant, and leave a time of darkness. 11. A dweller, and leave the margin of a surface. 12. Mourned, and leave to cry. 13. Larger, and leave to consume. 14. Precisely, and leave to perform. 15. Tried, and leave to incite. 16. More distinct, and leave a part of the head. 17. Dressed, and leave a beam from the sun.

When these words have been rightly guessed, doubly beheaded and doubly curtailed, the initials of the seventeen words remaining will spell the name of a story now running in St. Nicholas. BUFORD BRICE.

IRREGULAR DIAGONALS

1 [illegible] 3
[illegible]
2 4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small piece of pasteboard. 2. To send by water. 3. A cicatrix. 4. Gumbo. 5. A girdle. 6. To carve. 7. Wrong doings.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 spell the name of a famous writer. "MARLBOROUGH."

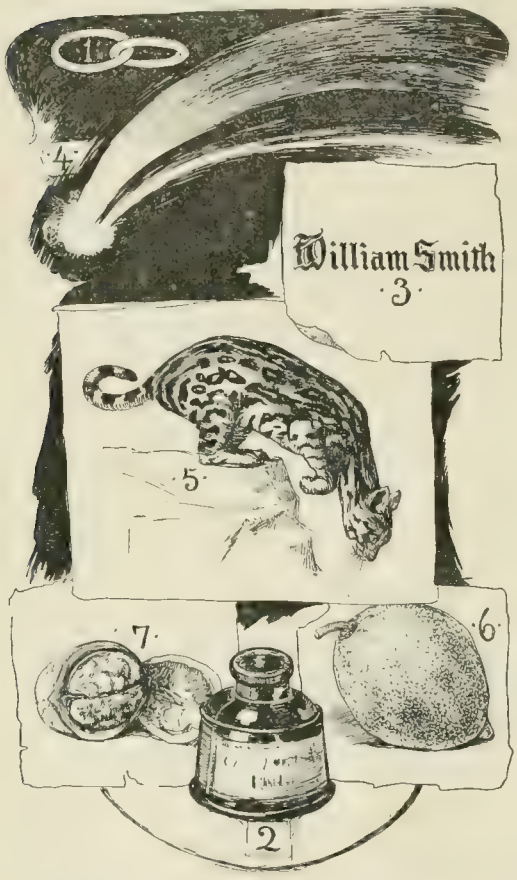
CHARADE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My *first* may be a bed of rock,
It may be coarse or fine;
My *second* is an ornament
Which comes from out the mine;
My *whole* is sometimes thought a sin,
But often helps commanders win.

G. HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS, JR.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



When the above seven objects have been rightly named and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous American. Designed by

HENRY W. KIRBY (League Member).

ADDITIONS

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

(EXAMPLE: Add R and I to a famous Italian poet, rearrange and make drilled. Answer, Dante, trained.)

1. Add *a* and *e* to a large box, rearrange, and make property which falls to the state, for want of heirs.

2. Add *a* and *a* to ardor, rearrange, and make a beautiful Easter plant.

3. Add *s* and *h* to a staff showing authority, rearrange, and make a sagamore.

4. Add *d* and *u* to a substance used in brewing, rearrange, and make a book of Hebrew laws.

5. Add *f* and *e* to a rural festival, rearrange, and make worn out.

6. Add *u* and *r* to a horned animal, rearrange, and make a highly seasoned stew.

7. Add *s* and *c* to silent, rearrange, and make military science.

8. Add *s* and *o* to profit, rearrange, and make a polygon whose angles are equal.

9. Add *r* and *y* to a nickname for father, rearrange, and make a wood nymph.

10. Add *i* and *x* to a shelter for doves, rearrange, and make foreign.

The initials of the new words will spell a Spring festival.

ISABEL MCGILLIS.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC

WHEN birds are in the tree tops
And all the world 's in tune,
Go seek, with loving eyes and hands,
The perfect gift of June.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. WHEN Willie saw a terrapin moving up the street,
2. He said a horror held him and paralyzed his feet.
3. He saw a place secure from foes upon his neighbor's stoop,
4. When up it crawled and grinning said, "Do use me in the soup."

ANNA M. PRATT.

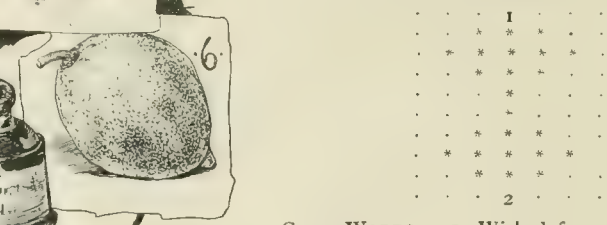
WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. PART of a door. 2. A bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. To absorb. 5. To penetrate.

II. 1. A HARD substance. 2. A stout cord. 3. A precious stone. 4. A feminine nickname.

A. WILLIAMS and R. WISNER (League Members).

ENCLOSED DOUBLE DIAMOND.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wished for. 2. A wrench for unscrewing the couplings of a hose. 3. Seasons of the year. 4. A detached bastion. 5. Everlasting. 6. Disproves. 7. Most loved. 8. Headdresses. 9. Impaled. 10. To join.

I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In Runic. 2. A feminine name. 3. To bury. 4. A snare. 5. In Runic.

II. LOWER DIAMOND: 1 In Runic. 2. A verb. 3. Belonging to a city. 4. Part of the head. 5. In Runic.

From 1 to 2, a word meaning "between cities."

C. E. W.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and my finals each name a battle fought in July.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. To earn by service. 2. A mountain system in Siberia. 3. Brief and pithy. 4. A fiery mountain. 5. Pertaining to Europe. 6. Circular. 7. The god of the sea. 8. A Trojan champion. 9. A deep blue color. 10. That which lades or constitutes a load or cargo. 11. Melted rock.

ELIZABETH DAVIS.



"THE ROSES STOOD UP SIMULTANEOUSLY, REGARDING EACH OTHER WITH GLANCES OF HAUGHTY AND INDIGNANT REPROACH."

(*See page 869.*)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII. AUGUST, 1906. NO. 10.



BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE mountain had a little trick of hiding itself for two or three days together behind an impenetrable curtain of mist, and then appearing again suddenly with an artless air of having been just freshly created, and presented for the first time, a vast and splendid purple bulk against the sky, to the eyes of an astonished and admiring world.

It might have spared itself the pains, on this occasion, as far as Buckhout's was concerned; for all the boarders who were not taking their afternoon naps were out on the piazza at the other end of the house, where no mountain was to be seen, mist or no mist.

Johanna herself was not there. She had gone, still weeping, to finish some of her belated tasks. But her affairs were being discussed with as lively an interest as ever. It is not often that the quiet summer days at Buckhout's are broken by such an excitement as a theft in the house! And when a waitress—such a kind, good, faithful waitress, too, as Johanna—has her purse stolen by the cook,—or perhaps I should say, the laundress,—but indeed, this was the very question that was agitating the back piazza while the mountain wasted its splendors upon the front. The season was nearing an end, and the cook and the laundress had both gone away by the morning train, before Johanna's loss had been discovered.

"The cook was fat and red," said Alec. "I think it was the cook."

"The laundress was lean and snappy," said Gladys. "I think it was the laundress."

"The cook roomed with Johanna," said Bell, "and had the best chance to find out where she kept her money."

"The laundress didn't like Johanna," said Bab, "and had the most reason for stealing it. As if anyone could help liking Johanna!" she added, indignantly. "The kindest, willingest thing,—is n't she, Rose?"

They both looked up, Rosalind from the step

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where she was sitting, with the sunshine glinting on her bright hair, and Rosamond from the railing of the porch, where she leaned, a slim white figure, in the shadow. But Rosamond spoke first.

"I think it was the cook," she said, with decision. And Rosalind felt an instant and unalterable conviction that it was the laundress. She said so, softly, to Bell, and the Dusenberry boy heard her, and wrinkled up his eyes in the funny way he had of doing when he was amused.

Rosalind looked at him severely.

"Tommy John never liked the laundress," she observed, dropping her voice with the discretion of an elder sister.

"And after all," said Gladys, wiping her eyes, "it does n't so much matter which one of them took it. The principal thing is that the poor girl has lost her money. She kept it between the mattresses of her bed, in a steel purse that she was very fond of, and that shut with such a tight clasp that she could hardly open it herself. The thief just took purse and all!"

"Depraved creature!" shuddered Alec. "I 'm glad she 's gone away. Who knows?—the next thing might have been poison in the gravy!"

"Or Paris green in the starch," murmured the Dusenberry boy, softly.

Gladys turned grieved eyes upon her brother. "You ought n't to make fun, Alec," she said. "If we could only help Johanna, someway! A benefit entertainment,—O, that would be fun, would n't it, Rose!"

Again they both looked up, but this time it was Rosalind who spoke, with the flush of delicate color in her fair cheek that made the people at Buckhout's call her the White Rose, while dark-eyed Rosamond was the Red.

"I think a benefit would be lovely," she said. And Rosamond immediately resolved that she would oppose a benefit, if need be, with her last breath.

"That *would* be exciting!" she observed, with fine disdain. "So novel! vocal duets by Bab and Bell, piano solos by—"

"I have n't said that I intended to play, I believe," said Rosalind with her chin in the air.

"I have n't said that you said so, I think," returned Rosamond, with *her* chin in the air.

"If it had n't been for Johanna's money being stolen by the laundress—" said Rosalind, sweetly.

"By the cook," said Rosamond sternly.

"Dear, dear!" cried Gladys, seeing the sparks begin to fly. "Now you two are going to spoil everything again! I wish you 'd never been Roses at all, either of you, and then maybe—"

> "A Rose by any other name
> Would fight and quarrel just the same!"

said the Dusenberry boy, not to be suppressed. He looked at Alec. Bab and Bell nudged each other. Then they all went on in a solemn chorus:

> "Red rose with white should be entwined;
> So Rosamond with Rosa*lind!*
> But who, forsooth, shall bind the bond
> 'Twixt Rosalind and Rosa*mond*!
>
> "How cold, alas, and how unkind
> Is Rosamond to Rosa*lind!*
> How fractious, too, how far from fond,
> Is Rosalind to Rosa*mond*!
>
> "White rose with red should correspond;
> So Rosalind with Rosa*mond*!
> But who, ah me! the bond shall bind
> 'Twixt Rosamond and Rosa*lind?*"

Before these impressive and beautiful verses were finished, the two Roses had, as usual, disappeared.

The Dusenberry boy was always making up verses about something, and teaching them to the others. It was he who first casually introduced those allusions to "The Wars of the Roses," which were now familiar to everybody at Buckhout's. There *was* war between the Roses, of course,—there had never been anything else, since they had first met there in June.

There were plenty of reasons, as either of the Roses could have told you, if they had not been too proud to complain. Rosalind had never said anything about it, of course, to anyone, but ever since the day when Rosamond had slipped out a page of music from

the piece which she was to play at the musicale that evening, and so spoiled her performance completely, she had felt with bitterness that things could never be any different between them. She could never trust a girl who would stoop to such a spiteful act. And as for Rosamond, she had known quite as positively that they never could be friends ever since the day when she discovered that the White Rose had been prattling to the household about a private affair which had come to her knowledge accidentally, and which she had been specially asked not to mention. As Rosamond, leaving the group on the porch still singing, strolled around and went into the house by the side door, Rosalind came in at the front. Thus, most unfortunately, they met at the foot of the stairs; and there, also most unfortunately, they came upon Johanna who, in the act of carrying a water-pitcher to the dining-room, had been overwhelmed by a fresh sense of her affliction, and collapsed, water-pitcher and all, bathed in tears, upon the lowest step.

"Don't cry, Johanna!" said Rosalind, with sympathy, loftily ignoring Rosamond's presence.

Johanna choked frightfully.

"Me money, Miss,—me little all!" she gasped, between her sobs. "An' her so smilin' an' so pleasant to me face, an' robbin' me of ivery cint behint me back—! O worra, worra!"

"It 's a shame!" said Rosalind, patting her fervently on the arm. "But she was too thin, Johanna, she was indeed! I used to think so when she brought up the clothes. Always remember, won't you, Johanna, not to trust people that are thin and queer like that!"

"You can't be too careful, Johanna," urged Rosamond, patting her other arm, and sublimely oblivious to Rosalind's remarks; "you can't be too careful about anybody that shares your room. She was fat, of course, and she seemed good-natured; but you must never forget, will you, Johanna, that you can't judge of people by the way they look!"

Johanna's mind, never very strong,—nobody indeed had ever said or even thought that poor Johanna had a strong mind—threatened by this time to give way completely under the strain of her bewilderment.

"Yes 'm—no 'm!" she gurgled, looking from one to the other, and rocked wildly between them on the billows of her woe. "An' me money, Miss,—me lit—tle— "

This was too much. The Roses stood up simultaneously, regarding each other with glances of haughty and indignant reproach. How could consolation be administered to the afflicted in such circumstances as these! What wonder that their efforts were of no avail! When, surprised at the sudden silence about her, Johanna opened a distracted eye upon the scene, her comforters had disappeared, Rosamond mounting the stairs to her own room, and Rosalind going over to the tiny, two-storied cottage just across the road, where she and her mother and Tommy John and his nurse had their rooms.

Before she reached the cottage door, however, the voice of Tommy John came shrilling down the wind.

"Ros-y! Ros-*y*!" it shrieked. "Wait for me—I 'm comin'!"

Coming he certainly was. There was no doubt about that. And uncertain whether it would be in the character of an Elevated Railroad train, a tribe of Indians, or a tiger of the jungle, Rosalind stood fast and waited. But Tommy John, speeding at a terrific rate down the road, and casting himself, tripped up by a stone, bodily at his sister's feet, had for the moment forgotten even the most pleasing of his many rôles.

"It 's a naukshun!" he cried vehemently, not stopping to pick himself up. "It is—it *is!* They said so! It 's a naukshun to-night, 'n I 'm goin' to have a packidge, too!"

"An auction," laughed Gladys, coming up, breathless, behind him. "We are, truly, going to have one to-night — for Johanna. The Dusenberry boy proposed it, and he 's going to be the auctioneer. Everybody ties up a package,—some little treasure you happen to have with you, or things that you can buy at the Post-office—and they 're sold to the highest bidder. Won't it be fun?"

"I 'm goin' to have a packidge!" asserted Tommy John, proudly.

"O no, dear!" Rosalind smiled down upon him. "You can't—"

"I can so!" said Tommy John, winking rapidly. "You look-a-here, Rosy Armstrong, —I got a treasure, 'n I 'm goin' to have a packidge—yes, sir! I 'm goin'—"

"Do let him, Rose," begged sympathetic Gladys.

Rosalind turned a tragic eye upon her. "You don't know!" she said. "It will be some grubby thing that he 's got buried in the hole under the apple-tree,—that 's where he keeps his treasures—and I should be mortified to death! Be good, won't you, Tommy John dear, and don't cry—!"

Tommy John dear did not cry. There were other and more lurid possibilities seething in his inventive brain. He swallowed hard several times, digesting, as it were, his thought.

"I 'm goin'," he said slowly, and in a tone of deep conviction, "I 'm goin' to be a—blizzard!"

"O no, Tommy John!" cried Rosalind, dismayed. "Don't say that!"

"A nawful one," reflected Tommy John, deeply. "I got to. 'F I can't be a naukshun 'n have a packidge, I got to be a blizzard. Yes, sir, truly!"

They looked each other squarely in the face. Beneath the pensive and guileless innocence of Tommy John's countenance, Rosalind read his invincible resolve,—and yielded.

"But don't blame me, Gladys," she sighed, "whatever happens! He 's got a dead bat, I know positively, for one thing."

Tommy John, swaggering near with as lordly an air of triumph as was possible to three feet of grimy white Russian suit and a round silken head on top of it, beamed graciously at the suggestion; and Rosalind hugged him suddenly, grime and all. It soothed her, some way, to hug Tommy John, when her mother was away.

"You could n't stay with us, Gladys, I suppose," she said, a little wistfully, as her friend turned to go.

"I am sorry, but I promised to come back as soon as I possibly could, and help," called Gladys, gaily, hurrying away.



"'I'M GOIN' TO BE A — BLIZZARD!' SAID TOMMY JOHN."

"It 's a little—sort of—lonesome, over here without your mother, is n't it, Tommy John?" said Rosalind, softly. "I think I—miss my mother, Tommy John!"

"Fowward march!" cried Tommy John splendidly, to an invisible host beyond. He did not hear what Rosalind said. But somebody else did. The wistful look on Rosalind's face froze suddenly to one of lofty dignity as she perceived Rosamond sitting up at the open window of her room behind the blind.

"Come into the house this minute, Tommy John!" she said, severely, and dragged him,

protesting, from the head of his command to the ignominy of an afternoon nap.

II

Now all this time the mountain was flaunting forth its glories unobserved. Even at sunset, when, gathering an angry splendor of cloud about its formidable head, it stood magnificent against the flaming West, Buckhout's was engaged in tying up bundles with gay tissue-paper and ribbons, decorating the parlors, and hurrying through an early supper so as to be ready for the evening's fun.

Rosalind, over at the cottage, had tied up her contribution —a string of amber-colored beads which she had in her trunk, a little white gauze fan, half-a-dozen postal-cards which she had decorated with views before she began to dress. Tommy John had already gone over with Maggie to the house. He had absolutely refused to show Rosalind the contents of his "packidge," which, however, he had spent an ecstatic hour grubbing out of the hole by the apple-tree, and had tied up with lingering joy in a grimy paper with a dingy string. Rosalind looked with a shudder at this object, clasped proudly to the breast of an immaculate white suit. But suggestions of a possible blizzard still lurked in Tommy John's candid eye, and she held her peace.

She was hurrying at last with her belated dressing, when the mountain began to growl.

O, it could growl gloriously, could the mountain, when once it was aroused! It could command attention, if need were, with the imperious and wrathful majesty of a monarch!

Rosalind was timid in a thunder-storm. It was foolish, she knew, and she tried not to be; but she was. She glanced out at the black sky, pierced by slender zigzags of lightning, and hurried faster with her dressing. If only she could get over to the house before the storm came fairly up! But the storm hurried faster than she. The mountain was in earnest now. Deeper and deeper sounded its splendid roar, brighter and brighter darted the vivid flashes round its head. Then, with a stealthy rustle among the leaves, with a cautious patter on the roof, with a sudden, swift, tumultuous rush and roar that drowned even the rumble of the thunder in its wake, down came the rain.

Rosalind dropped her hands and stood still. Even if she were dressed, she could not go over now. The rain cut her off, in her little solitary cottage, as if she were on a desert island. How empty the place seemed about her, how silent! Perhaps old Miss Tappan was in her room below. She ran down the dark stairs and knocked. No?—Then she remembered. Miss Tappan was spending the evening in the village. She was quite alone.

She opened the door a crack, and peeped fearfully out. The rain swept by in straight white streaks, lit by the trembling glare of the lightning. The road was a torrent. She ran up again to her little kerosene-lighted room. Here it was more cheerful, at least. She wished she did not feel so wretchedly alone. She wished there might be a pause, if only for a moment, in the steady, terrifying onslaught of the rain, the roar, and the glare. She laughed at herself to feel that her hands were cold and that her heart beat fast, and as she laughed, the tears came suddenly. And at that moment the door slammed below.

"Oh!" cried Rosalind, springing to the stairs in the immense relief of feeling a human presence near. "Who *is* it?"

"It 's me," answered a voice, coolly, out of the darkness.

Rosalind gasped. A human presence was all very well, but if it *could* have been somebody that one liked—!

"It 's raining," said Rosamond, quite casually; from below. "I thought I 'd better come into the nearest place and get dry."

"Won't you come upstairs?" asked Rosalind, very politely.

"Thank you," replied Rosamond, very frigidly.

She really had to accept the invitation, for the hall was too small to turn around in, and the stairs were steep.

"Bad storm to be caught out in," observed Rosalind, sitting down on the side of the bed with a fine air of unconcern.

"Very," replied Rosamond, withdrawing to the window, and leaning there in an attitude

of equally superb indifference. The conversation here coming to a dead stop, she looked hard at Rosalind.

"You 're crying!" she said abruptly.

"And what do you care if I am!" demanded Rosalind.

"I *don't* care!" returned Rosamond. "I thought, possibly, you might be afraid of the storm," she suggested with scorn.

"Not at all!" declared Rosalind with spirit, turning pale and cowering visibly as a great peal of thunder shook the house. "I—well, if I *was* crying, it was because I—I miss my mother!"

"Oh!" said Rosamond, dryly. "Yes,—I suppose people do miss their mothers,—when they have them to miss."

Rosalind looked up quickly. "You have n't any mother!" she said. "I remember."

"And you have n't any Aunt Kate, of course. But then,—you have Tommy John."

"Yes," said Rosalind with a little gasp. "Oh, yes,—we have Tommy John! Sometimes you 're glad you have Tommy John, you know, and sometimes you 're—not. When he 's a fire-engine, or a—But it would be bad not to have any Tommy John at all, Rosamond. I can see that. Or any mother. Why, you would n't believe it, but I 've been just—homesick, this afternoon!"

How sweet the wistful eyes of the White Rose would have been—if one had liked her!

"Yes," said Rosamond, forgetting, "that was why I ca—I mean, of course, why I—why I am glad I happened in when I did," she finished, sternly, but she was too late. Rosalind's eye was upon her, startled, accusing.

"Rosamond Lee, do you mean to say that you came over here on purpose, because you knew that I was alone—and scared?"

'Maybe I did, and maybe I did n't," said Rosamond, with much composure. But her cheeks were as red as her name. "The others supposed Miss Tappan was here," she added, by way of explanation.

O, what a dear Red Rose—if only one had liked her! To come over in all that storm for the sake of an—enemy! How kind, after all! How—

"Rosamond!" said the White Rose, suddenly; "*why* did you take that page out of my music?"

A queer little smile quivered on Rosamond's lips. She looked at her enemy a moment, and then spoke, as if with a sudden determination.

"I did n't," she said. "I knew you thought so, but I did n't. It was Tommy John."

"Tommy John!"

"I met him going across the meadow with it that day. He was making paper boats to sail in the brook."

"Rosamond! And you never told—!"

"Told—on a baby!" There was something wonderfully whimsical and sweet in that little smile of Rosamond's.

"You are a dear!" cried Rosalind, with a warm impulse, which she probably regretted, for she added, in the same breath, "I wish we liked each other!"

"Yes," said Rosamond, rather bitterly, "it is a pity. But I am going away, anyway, soon. If you had n't told everybody about my being sent for to take those examinations—"

"Told!" cried Rosalind, breathless. "I did n't tell a soul! You asked me not to!"

"I know, but—"

"Rosamond! That must have been Tommy John, too! Don't you remember, he was in the room that day when I opened your letter by mistake? He must have heard what we said, and he 's a perfect little parrot, you know—"

Boom! bang! The mountain was doing its work well! The flash that marked the climax of the storm, tearing its way down the steep with a splitting crash and crackle of thunder, was so bright that Rosalind hid her face in her hands suddenly, and shivered. When she opened her eyes again, Rosamond was standing close beside her.

"Don't be frightened—it won't hurt you,—dear!" she said.

Rosalind looked up at her. The whimsical little smile still hovered on her lips. Her eyes were very kind. A dimple deepened demurely in the White Rose's cheek as she gazed.

"Rosamond!" she said, with a little catch in her voice, midway between a laugh and a sob, "Rosamond! It 's very queer,—but I think, do you know,—I really think—that

perhaps—perhaps it *might* have been the cook, after all!"

"I 'm almost certain," returned Rosamond, positively, "now that I really come to think of it, that it *must* have been the laundress!"

They looked at each other, breathless.



"'LOOM' BANG!' THE MOUNTAIN WAS DOING ITS WORK WELL!'"

"Then there 's nothing left to quarrel about!" said Rosalind.

"Not a thing!" declared Rosamond.

"And if we only liked each other—O Rosamond! I would *lend* you Tommy John—!"

The laugh and the sob brimmed over together all at once, in a sparkle that was perfectly irresistible. The Red Rose held out her arms, and the White Rose flew into them.

Bang! crash! But it was not the thunder this time. It was the door, below, and the voice of Alec shouted imperiously up the stairs.

"Rose!" he cried, "where are you? What! *both* of you!"

He gaped in astonishment as they appeared together on the landing.

"Wait for us—we 'll come!" they cried, haughtily ignoring his alarmed and ardent offers of assistance in binding up wounds and removing the debris of battle; and hurrying into coats and overshoes, they tumbled, laughing and breathless, down the stairs.

Buckhout's was all alight with lamps and brave with flowers and greens. A gay hum from the parlors penetrated the hall, and there on the lowest stair sat Johanna, thrilling with delicious agitation, and bursting into wild sobs of emotion whenever the progress of events was reported to her from within.

"Don't cry, Johanna!" begged Rosalind, fervently, running to her, waterproof and all. "And, O, Johanna, don't forget that you must never judge people by their looks, even if they *are* thin!"

"And if they happen to share your room, Johanna," urged Rosamond, earnestly, on the other side, "that shouldn't make you suspicious of them, remember, especially if they are fat and good-natured!"

"Yes 'm,—no 'm!" sobbed Johanna, looking wildly from one to the other, and convinced that she was indeed losing her senses. "And me money, Miss,—me lit—"

"Here, ladies and gentlemen," cried the Dusenberry boy, in the parlor, "here we have a unique and remarkable package,—one of the most unusual and—er—engaging, in the whole collection. This, we may be sure, is no ordinary article. It bears the unmistakable stamp of—I was about to say, of genius, but I withdraw the inadequate expression—the stamp of—Tommy John! What, ladies and gentlemen, am I offered for this extraordinary package?"

Tommy John, watching the proceedings with laboring breath, could now be seen to squirm in a very ecstasy of excitement. A



"'THE SAINTS PRESARVE US!' SHE GASPED. 'T IS THE VERY F'ATURES OF ME BAG!'"

deeper hum of amusement and interest filled the parlor. The bids came thick and fast. Johanna rocked harder and sobbed louder with every bid.

"Fifty! Sixty! Seventy-five!" shouted the auctioneer. "Lady from Boston—eighty-five! Gentleman from Arizona—make it a dollar! Dollar—only a dollar for—no price at all, ladies and gentlemen! Dollar-ten! Quarter! Thirty-five! No more? Thirty-five, once—twice—Sold for a dollar-thirty-five to the gentleman from Arizona! Please step up, sir, and open the package, to see if the goods are O. K.!"

There was a moment's hush. Then laughter,—then a cry of surprise—of astonishment and wonder. The two Roses, divested of their wraps, ran to the door and looked in. The gentleman from Arizona, now the happy owner of a rubber ball, a choice, though half-broken stick of licorice, six tin soldiers, and a pegless top, held also, dangling from his finger, something thick and soft, something with a steel chain and a fringe that glittered.

"Johanna!" rose an eager cry from the spectators. And Johanna, dragged to the door, uttered a shriek of ecstatic recognition.

"The saints presarve us!" she gasped. "'T is the very f'atures of me bag!"

"But—but—Tommy John!" Rosalind turned, breathless, to her little brother.

"She gave it to me!" cried Tommy John, sturdily, wriggling out of Maggie's clutch.

"You look-a-here, Rosy Armstrong, what you lookin' at me for? She said shure I could have everything I found in the box, darlint,—yes, sir, she did—that's what she said!"

"'T is the truth!" affirmed Johanna, solemnly, with rolling eyes. "'T was up in me room he was this livin' mornin', snoopin' around in me trash-box, as he 's a way of doin'. 'Can I have iverythin' I finds, Johanna?' he says. 'Sure ye can, darlint,' I says, niver noticin' a thing, an' 't was meself put the bag intil the bottom of the trash-box for safe keepin's whilst I was makin' up me bed, and niver another thought of it till this blissed hour, if I was to die for sayin' it! An' lucky it was too, for who knows what might have happened, if Tommy John had n't 'a' tuk it."

There was a silence, deep and considerate. Johanna was a good girl, but nobody had ever said that she had a strong mind.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" cried the Dusenberry boy, wrinkling up his eyes, "our congratulations to Johanna, and our apologies to the cook and the laundress! They were neither too thin nor too fat. They were innocent and they were honest, though, as Johanna justly says, there 's no knowing what might have happened, if Tommy John had n't 'a' tuk it! I now propose that we go on with the

sale, and use the proceeds for a suitable celebration of this happy occasion, and—ahem! —of the Battle of Bosworth Field!"

What a boy he was! He had caught sight, in that instant, of the two Roses, standing with arms entwined, in the doorway. Those who remembered their English History understood what he meant, and even those who did n't could see plainly enough that the Wars of the Roses were at an end.

They were both Red Roses just then, as Bab and Bell and Alec and the rest came wondering up.

"But what if it *had* been the cook!" cried Bab.

"Or the laundress!" cried Bell.

The Roses looked at each other and smiled serenely; and the Dusenberry boy lifted up his voice and led the laughing chorus in a new and felicitous version of the old refrain:

"[illegible]
"[illegible]
For lo, in love at last they 're j'ined,
Our Rosamond and Rosa*lind!*"

Tommy John, the recipient of a bewildering mixture of scolding and petting which might have turned a wiser head than his, felt a vague but uplifting sense of having somehow achieved remarkable things; and perhaps it was really he, who, humanly speaking, was responsible for the Peace of the Roses.

But without, in the darkness, the storm being over, the mountain swept the last cloud from its majestic forehead, and adorned itself, triumphant, with a great crown of stars.



A PUZZLE.

By Jane Ellis Joy.

He came from Cape Town,
Did little Joe Brown;
And what do you think he asserted?—
That last New Year's Day
He harvested hay!
Was ever a boy so perverted?

I thought I should die
When of snow in July
He talked just as if it were true!
Do folks in Cape Town
Have heads upside-down?
I can't understand it. Can you?

THE DOG THAT RETURNED TO MEXICO.

By Ellis Parker Butler.

Samuel Dazzard was a great friend of mine and when I was working in the garden he often



SAM.

came and leaned over the fence and told me how the peons made gardens in Mexico.

Indeed, he told me many things about Mexico, for he had been there, and had walked all the way back to Iowa carrying a Mexican carved leather saddle and a braided hair bridle, which were all he had to show for a herder's outfit that he assured me was the finest a man ever owned. He had a dog, a coal black one that he had brought from Mexico, but it was a surprisingly mixed breed of dog, and not at all the kind that he could trade for a horse.

As a money-maker Sam Dazzard was a failure, but he was a powerfully lively thinker and he had a mechanical bent that would have made him rich if it had turned toward anything useful, but it did n't.

Sam—we all called him Sam—was a lank man, with innocent blue eyes and light hair. He had always a far-away expression, as if he was thinking of Mexico, and he was the most deadly serious man I ever knew.

I could hardly believe my ears when Sam came to me one day and offered to trade me the braided-hair bridle for the old buck-board that we were letting rot to pieces in the barn-yard. One wheel of the buck-board was badly dished, and it had been a cheap vehicle when new.

"Have you got a horse, Sam?" I asked.

"No," he said. "No, I would n't have a horse in this country if you gave me one. A horse is all right in Mexico, but up here they eat their heads off. It does n't pay to keep horses in Iowa."

"Then what do you want the buck-board for?" I ventured to ask.

Sam shook the bottom of the buck-board to see how sound it was.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I 'll tell you. I am going to make an automobile. An automobile is the thing to have in this country. What a man wants up here is speed. Horses are all right in Mexico, where everybody takes plenty of time, but up here we have to move about fast. You mark my word; in ten years there won't be a horse left in Iowa."

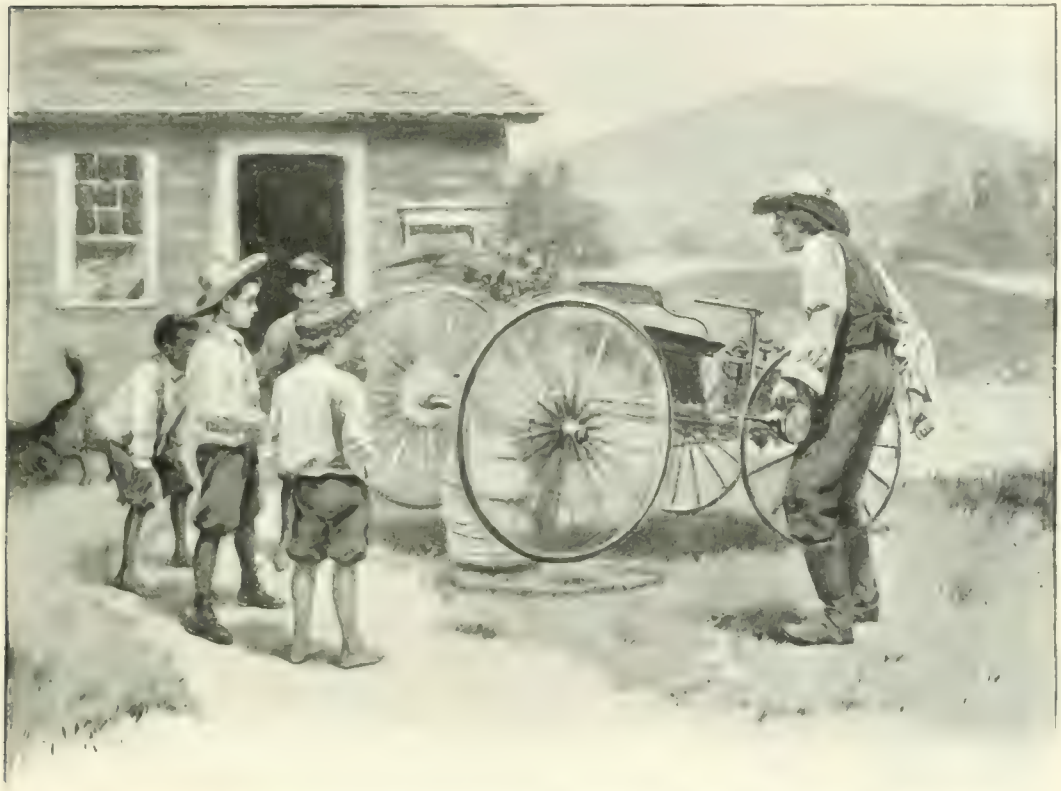
He sat down and studied the buck-board for a while, and we waited.

"How are you going to run it?" I asked, after a while.

"Gasoline," he said, simply. "I prefer gasoline. You get more speed with gasoline, and that 's what I 'm after. I 've got as fine a little gasoline engine as you ever saw—as soon as I get it in shape."

"Oh yes," he continued, "I 've got some ideas that I 'm going to use that will surprise some people. I do wish that hind wheel was a little better, but I guess I can fix it up. It 's got to stand a lot of speed. Maybe," he said, dreamily, "I 'll buy a new wheel if it does n't cost too much."

We boys spent a great deal of our spare time for the next month or two at Sam's cabin



"THE HIND WHEELS OF THAT BUCK-BOARD REVOLVED SO RAPIDLY YOU COULD N'T SEE THE SPOKES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Why, I thought that engine blew up and wrecked the launch!" I said, surprised.

"Well, it did blow up some," Sam admitted, reluctantly. "It blew up some! But I can put it in good shape again in no time, and it was a mighty fine engine when it was new. Two horse-power engine. Why!" he said, enthusiastically, "One horse could run away with this buck-board and not know it had anything behind it; and when I get *two* horse-power in it, it will fly! That 's what I want—speed."

He paused, thoughtfully.

watching the progress of the automobile. It took no little ingenuity and a great amount of patience to patch up the gasoline engine, but, while Sam had some ingenuity, he seemed to have more patience than anything else.

It was no trick at all for him to rig up a steering gear, but it troubled him to connect the engine with the rear wheels of the buck-board. He explained to us what he needed, and it seemed to be nearly everything he did n't have and could n't get, and he admitted it frankly and said that if he just had a couple of

good cog-wheels and a piece of endless chain he could do without the other things, but he did n't have the cog-wheels and chain either, and he finally rigged up a rope to drive the wheels.

He had the engine screwed to the floor slats of the buck-board and, for the test, he had the rear axle jacked up on a barrel so that the wheels were a foot or so above the ground, and there were almost tears in his eyes the first time he started the engine. The hind wheels of that buck-board revolved so rapidly you could n't see the spokes. Sam said he figured they were going at the rate of at least one hundred miles an hour, but that he would n't drive the automobile that fast at first. He said it took some time to learn how to handle an automobile, and that until he learned he would not think of going over ten miles an hour, especially as he had n't rigged up a brake yet. He explained that he could easily make a brake, if he had a few articles he did n't have, but there was no place to put it on the buck-board.

Sam's cabin was by the river bank, surrounded by brush and undergrowth, so we boys all lent a hand to carry the automobile to the road, which was not far. It was a good road for speeding an automobile, level as the top of a table—and we begged Sam to let the automobile go full speed, but he firmly refused. He said we might enjoy seeing him dashed to pieces, but that he was not going to trust himself at any hundred miles an hour until he learned to handle the machine properly.

He climbed in and braced himself firmly on the seat and turned on the power a little. The engine chugged and chugged away, as gasoline engines do, but nothing happened. Then Sam turned on more power, but the automobile sat still in the road and did not move. I could see that Sam was chagrined, but he said nothing. He turned the gasoline engine on at full power.



"I SHOULD SAY SAM WAS MOVING AT THE RATE OF ABOUT ONE MILE AN HOUR."

That engine certainly was a good one. It was full of life and vim, and it fairly jumped up and down on the buck-board, like a child romping on a spring bed, but the buck-board seemed frozen to the road. It did not move an inch.

Sam stopped the engine and got out and crawled under the buck-board, which was so much like what a man with a real automobile would have done that we all cheered. Then Sam got up and shook his head.

"It beats me!" he exclaimed, sadly. "I can't see what is wrong. I can't for a fact."

He leaned over the engine and turned on the power at the lowest notch and what do you think! The automobile moved! It did not run away; it did not dash off at a hundred miles an hour, but it moved. It went about as fast as a baby could creep.

Sam got in again and gave it the full power once more but the automobile would not budge. Then he got out and gave it half power and it started off so fast that he had to dog-trot to keep up with it, but the moment he got in, it stopped dead still. We found, by experimenting that when Sam was in the automobile and the engine doing its best it was just an even balance. One of us boys could push the automobile along with one finger, but the moment we stopped pushing, the automobile stopped going. If the engine had been one fraction of a horse stronger the automobile would have run itself, or if Sam had been a couple of pounds lighter the engine would have been able to propel the automobile, but, as it was, it would not go alone. It would almost go, but not quite; but an automobile that will almost go is no better than one that will not go at all.

The first minute Muchito — that was the dog's name — heard the gasoline engine he crawled under Sam's cabin and refused to come out, and, when he found that Sam meant to keep the engine and make a sort of pet of it, Muchito took to going away during the day. He would come back to the cabin at night, with his coat full of burrs, but early the next morning he would run away again.

The next morning after that I was starting for a good day's fishing and had just got to the edge of the town when I heard a noise down the road like a steamboat trying to get off a sand-bar, and coming toward me I saw Sam in his automobile. He was holding to his steering bar with both hands and his hat pulled down over his ears to keep it from shaking off, and the engine was bouncing the bed of the buck-board so that Sam's teeth rattled like a stick drawn along a picket fence. Sam was jigging up and down on the seat, like a man with the chills and the whole outfit was palpitating as if it would be shaken to pieces the next minute. Everything was going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour except the wheels, and they were moving about as slowly as a tired turtle travels in the sun. I never saw so much noise and rattle and energy produce so little forward motion. I should say Sam was moving at the rate of about one mile an hour, but he was moving and his face showed his triumph.

I could walk so much faster than he could ride that I might say that I met him before he met me. He did not see me until I was right in front of him, for he was too busy being shaken, but the minute he saw me the automobile stopped.

Muchito saw me at the same moment, and jumped up on me, as a dog will. I never saw a dog so glad to see anyone as Muchito was to see me. We had always been good friends but not affectionate, but this time he wanted to love me to death. Sam had him fastened to the front axle of the automobile with a ten-foot rope.

"Hello, Sam," I said; "got the automobile so that it runs all right now, have n't you?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!" he said quickly. "She runs fine now. Not fast, but steady. That 's what a man wants in an automobile—steadiness. This idea of speed is all wrong. You get too much speed and you run over people. It is n't safe. Steadiness is what a man wants in this country; a good, steady automobile that will go where he wants it to go. I was just going up to town," he added.

"You must have started pretty early," I ventured.

"Yes," he admitted, "Pretty early. About four o'clock. I want to take my time. I want

this machine to get down to good, steady work before I try any speed."

He looked anxiously over the front of the buck-board at Muchito, who was cowering close to my legs.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll move on. I've got quite a way to go yet."

He turned on the power and the buck-board began to palpitate and bounce and jolt, but it did not move. Sam stood up and looked over at Muchito. Muchito was sitting on his tail looking sad and scared.

"Well, so long!" I shouted, "I want to get to the dam before the fish quit biting this morning."

I moved off down the road and Muchito followed me as far as the rope would allow. I looked back when I had gone a few yards and saw Sam get out of the automobile and take Muchito in his arms and carry him around to the front of the automobile and point him toward the city. Six times Sam carried Muchito to the front of the automobile and six times Muchito turned back and strained toward me at the end of the rope. Then Sam stood up and called to me.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Wait!"

I waited and saw Sam lift the rear wheels of the automobile around and straighten it out so that it was headed *away* from the city. Then he got in and turned on the power. Muchito was still straining toward me. The automobile moved toward me, slowly, but as Sam desired, steadily.

I understood Muchito was running away from the automobile, and if Muchito did not run neither did the automobile. His slight pull on the rope was all that was necessary to change the automobile from an inert but jolting buck-board into a slow but steady forward-moving vehicle.

"I guess I won't go to town to-day," chattered Sam, when he was near enough to make me hear; "I don't want to go to town much anyway. I enjoy riding one way as much as the other."

If he enjoyed being joggled I could admit it. I waited for him to come up with me, but as soon as Muchito reached me the dog sat down and the automobile stopped. Sam looked at me and at the dog.

"Suppose," he shouted, "suppose you walk on a little ahead. That dog—, I don't want to run over that dog. If you go on ahead he won't lag back. I would n't run over that dog for a good deal. That dog came from Mexico."

I started forward and whistled to Muchito. The dog jumped forward and the automobile moved, but the rope Sam had used was an old one and it snapped.

For one moment Muchito stood in surprise. The next moment Sam had jumped from his automobile and made a dash for Muchito, but the dog slipped quickly to one side, glanced once at the automobile which was moving rapidly into the fence at the side of the road, and then tucking his tail between his legs started down the road at a gallop. We saw him turn the bend in the road and we never saw him again. He was tired of being an assistant motor to an automobile and he was headed for Mexico, where there are peons and haciendas and rancheros, but no buck-board motor cars.



WHO 'S WHO IN THE ZOO?

By Carolyn Wells.

A is for the Antelope,
A beast that I have never met;
They say he jumps the skipping-rope
And makes a charming household pet.

Well, as to that I cannot say;
But A is for him, anyway.





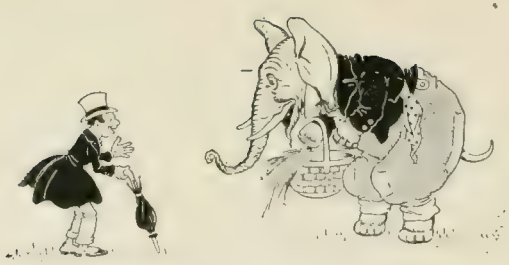
B stands for Bajjerkeit; maybe
You 've never chanced this beast to see;
So I 'll describe him to you. Well,
There is n't very much to tell.
One day I idly chanced to look
Within a Natural History book,
And there I saw his funny name,
And thought I 'd hand him down to fame.

C is for Codfish. He must be
The saltest fish that swims the sea.
And, oh!
He has a secret woe!
You see, he thinks it 's all his fault
The ocean is so very salt!
And so,
In hopeless grief and woe,
The Codfish has, for many years,
Shed quarts of salty, briny tears!
And, oh!
His tears still flow—
So great his grief and woe!





D stands for Dodo. He 's a bird
That is n't known to many;
And this the reason, I have heard—
Because there are n't any!
The Dodo, who once blithely blinked,
Is now exceedingly extinct;
And does n't it seem rather nice
To think that D stands for him twice?



F is Flamingo. All please note
His wondrous height and girth;
He has the longest legs and throat
Of anything on earth.
Such throats are trying, are they not?
In case one catches cold;
Ah, yes! but just think what a lot
His Christmas stockings hold!

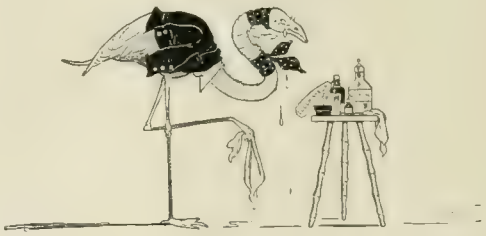


H is for Hippopotamus.
If you desire a pet,
He is, it really seems to us,
The best that you can get.
Train him to follow at your heels
Whene'er you walk abroad,
And note with what delighted squeals
The lookers-on applaud!



J stands for Jay. This little fellow
Is blue. Sometimes I think
I 'd like him better were he yellow,
Or even reddish pink.
I know, of course, it is absurd
To mind the color of a bird;
And, now I think of it, I 've seen
Some Jays that were exceeding green.

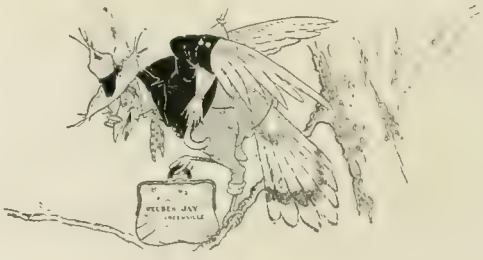
E is for Elephant. I know
He is n't natty, trim, or trig;
His eyes are rather small, and, oh,
I fear his ears are far too big!
But there 's a well-attested rumor
That he has quite a sense of humor;
So crack a joke whene'er you meet
An Elephant upon the street.



G stands for Gnu. Of course that 's right,
but then,
It seems as if it *should* begin with N.
I could select some other beast as well —
Say, Goose or Grampus, Gadfly or Gazelle;
But seems to me the Gnu is more attractive,
He is so merry, frivolous, and active.



I is for Ibex. This fine creature
Is favored well in form and feature.
And I is for Ichneumon, too —
But what is that to me or you?
But Ibex answers just as well,
And is n't near so hard to spell.



K stands for Kangaroo. I 've looked all
round:
A better beast for K cannot be found.
The Kangaroo can hop and hop and hop;
Somehow he never seems to want to stop.
What more could one desire of him, I pray,
Than just to hop around and stand for K?





L is for Leopard. Do you know
He 's very, very vain?
And sometimes quite dejectedly
He mopes along the plain.
At these sad times the Leopard's heart
Is filled with angry passion,
Because his spots are out of date,
And Zebra stripes in fashion!
But other years, when fashion-books
Say spots are all the style,
The Leopard proudly stalks abroad
With most complacent smile.

M is for Microbe. This bad beast
Is very, very small;
Some people say — or think, at least —
He is n't there at all!
He 's smaller than the mitiest mite;
The only way he comes in sight
Is when he 's pictured in a book,
Or through a microbescope you look.





N is for Nautilus, and he 's
A pirate, bold and gay;
He dashes madly through the seas,
A-searching of his prey.
He 's just a sort of silvery mass,
All spotted blue and pink;
And with his eye, which looks like glass,
He winks a wicked wink.

O stands for the obsequious Ounce,
Who weighs full many a pound;
At you he playfully would bounce,
If you were walking round.
Approach him and the Ounce you 'll see
Spring like a catapult;
Just try it once, and you will be
Surprised at the result.





P stands for Puma. His sleek paws
Go softly pit-a-pat;
His teeth are sharp, and sharp his claws;
He 's just a great big cat.
There were some Pumas in the ark;
There are some also in the park:
But, strange to say, in Montezuma
They do not raise a single Puma!

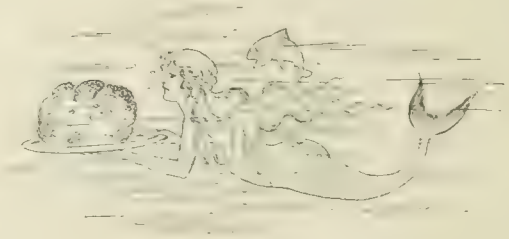
Q stands for Quagga. We 've been taught
Nothing was ever made in vain;
But even after serious thought
The Quagga's use is not quite plain.
Though, stay! — ah, yes! at last I see
Why the queer Quagga has to be:
Were there no Quaggas, how would you
Find any beast to stand for Q?





R 's for Rhinoceros. You see
His clothing does not fit;
Yet so indifferent is he,
He does n't care a bit.
Although it does not seem to us
The unconcerned Rhinoceros
Has any claim to wit or grace,
We must admire his earnest face.

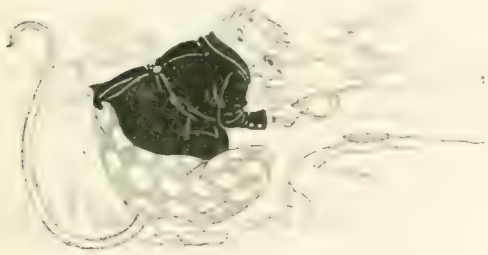
S stands for Sponge. You 'd scarce suppose
This could be called a creature;
It has n't any eyes or nose —
Indeed, it has no feature.
And, though this may cause some surprise,
The mermaids, I dare say,
Will set a Sponge at night to rise,
And make sponge-cake next day.



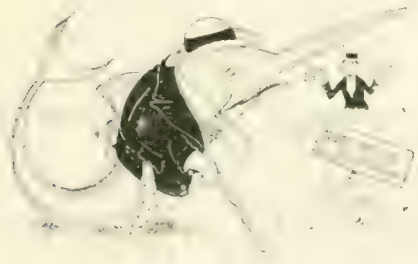


T stands for Tiger. In the south
He roams his native heath.
He has a wide, capacious mouth,
And long and glistening teeth.
'T is not worth while your time to spend
To cultivate him as a friend;
But to your house, so warm and snug,
Invite the Tiger as a rug.

U is for the Unicorn,
The dearest little thing;
Though he has but a single horn,
And not a single wing.
A Unicorn of any age
Is nicer, so I 've heard,
To keep within a gilded cage
Than a canary-bird.



W is for Whale. He 's in
The oceans, north and south.
He does n't have a dimpled chin,
Nor yet a rosebud mouth.
Yet he is very fond of fun,
And has wide smiles for every one.



Y is for Yak,
Who is not very tidy;
And he 's lazy, alack!
He sleeps all day Friday.
About a yard wide
The Yak is, precisely;
With fringe on each side
He 's trimmed very nicely.





V is for Vervet. From his name
You 'd be inclined to think
This creature rather mild and tame,
In color somewhat pink.
But not at all; the Vervet 's green,
And very cross and spunky;
In fact, it 's plainly to be seen
The Vervet 's just a monkey!



X stands for Xiphias; he 's a fish.
If you a Xiphias should wish,
Don't let him roam around the grass,
But keep him in a globe of glass.
His name, as everybody knows,
Is *Xiphias Gladius*. I suppose
That means the Xiphias is glad
Because he was n't born a Shad.



Z stands for Zibet. I 've been told
This beast was much esteemed of old;
But, latterly, most people think
They 'd rather have a moose or mink.
In a museum that 's in Tibet
They have one stuffed — he 's an Ex-Zibet!

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

By Ralph Henry Barbour.

Chapter XXI.

ROY VISITS HAMMOND.

Roy's first impulse was to summon assistance, to rouse the camp; his next, to avoid detection. For the beach was empty of boats; every one of the five, the four steel row-boats and Chub's canoe, had been lifted into the water and manned by the marauders, and by the time the fellows reached the scene they would be far out into the river. All this Roy sensed in far shorter time than it has taken to tell it. Scarcely a moment had passed since the moonlight had revealed the stooping figure in front of him. Roy still stood poised for that forward step. The form at his feet resolved itself into a boy with a woolen sweater and a cloth cap. He had laid a piece of paper on the beach and was piling pebbles upon it. Had he glanced up quickly he could not have failed to see Roy, even though the latter stood in partial shadow. Roy held his breath and waited. In the boats the dark forms of the invaders were motionless, startled doubtless by the sudden advent of the moonlight. Then the boy at Roy's feet straightened himself up with a little laugh and, without glancing back, crept down the beach toward the boats. And as suddenly as it had come the moon went, and once more the darkness enveloped everything. Roy took a deep breath and, with pulses leaping, crept silently after the other. The moon had played into his hands.

He kept to the right, heading toward the last of the boats as he remembered its location. The Hammond boy had gone straight down the beach and Roy had no desire to overtake him. In a moment his feet were in the water, splashing softly. Vague forms came and went in the darkness and his hands groped toward them. It is probable, however, that he would have waded straight into the middle of the stream had not a low voice hailed him.

"Here you are, Jim, get in here!"

Roy turned toward the voice, stumbled over a sunken stone and collided with the side of a rowboat.

"Don't make so much noise, you plunger!" said the voice. "Give me your hand."

Roy gave it and was promptly hauled over the side of the boat. Someone pulled him down upon a seat.

"All right!" whispered the voice.

"All right, fellows!" called someone in the next boat softly. And there came the sound of creaking row-locks.

"Got your oar?" whispered the fellow who shared Roy's seat. Roy felt around and found it and began to row.

"Look out, you fellows!" called a voice from the darkness beside them, and they ceased rowing while another boat crossed ahead of them.

"More to the right," commanded a boy behind Roy and Roy pulled hard on his oar. Presently a little breeze came into their faces and Roy guessed that they were rounding the lower end of the island. Very silently they went. After a little Roy turned his head and saw a light here and there on the farther shore. He judged that they were by this time about half way across. The fellows about him began to converse in whispers, gradually forgetting caution as they left the island farther and farther behind.

"Won't they be a surprised lot of chumps in the morning!" asked someone with a laugh.

"They sure will," answered another Hammondite. "They 'll be 'very ill' for a long while."

"I never thought we 'd do it," said the boy who was working an oar next to Roy. "I don't see yet why they did n't hear us."

"They were n't expecting us," said another. "I tell you that was a foxy idea of Jim's, to find out where they kept the boats from the other shore, now was n't it?"

"Who went over, Jim?" asked Roy's companion. Roy's heart sank, but luckily someone behind answered for him.

"He went over himself, he and Smith. Rowed over a mile up-river, left the boat, came down across the fields. They watched for an hour and saw the Ferry Hill fellows come back from school and haul the boats out. Oh, it was an all-right scheme!"

Roy looked at the sky, hoping mightily that the moon would n't come out until they had reached the other shore. There was still a lighter patch up there, but the moon seemed pretty well extinguished for the time being. If only they would n't insist on his talking!

"Do we have to give the boats back right away, Jim?" asked a voice from the bow. Roy hesitated, hoping that as before someone would answer for him. But no one did. So he plucked up his courage.

"Guess so," he replied, rather huskily.

"Say, you 've got a peach of a cold, have n't you?" asked his neighbor. "Did you get wet?"

"Sopping," growled Roy.

"Too bad. You come up to my room when we get back and I 'll give you a dose of medicine. I 've got some dandy stuff! Nasty 's no name for it, but it 'll do you good."

"Thanks," muttered Roy.

Meanwhile the others were discussing the yielding of the prizes of war.

"They 'll probably be around in the morning for them," said one boy. "I vote we all go down to the landing and receive them."

"Sure; we always do," said another.

"Much you know about it," said a third. "You were n't here two years ago, and we did n't get them last year."

"Well, I guess I 've heard about it, have n't I?" was the indignant response.

"Easy at the oars, fellows," a voice in the bow cautioned. "We 're almost in."

"Where the deuce are we?" asked another voice.

"Here 's the landing over here!" The information came from some distance down stream and Roy and the other rower headed that way. Then their bow bumped into one of the other boats, and presently, after several moments of confused rowing and backing, they were alongside the float. Roy dropped his oar and sprang out.

"Say, someone strike a light!" suggested a voice. "I 'll see if I can find the boat-house lantern."

An exclamation of pain and a crash told the rest that he had gone in search of it; and at the same moment Roy's companion shoved the boat they were in up on shore and rushed toward the platform, leaving Roy alone with the boat, while the attention of the others was centered upon the effort to get a light.

"I 've got a match," called a boy, and Roy dove wildly into the darkness just as a tiny point of light flared up. Where he was going he did n't know; but luckily the branches of a tree whipped his face and he groped his way into a damp thicket and subsided panting upon the ground. He had gone some twenty yards. Back on the landing they were lighting the big square lantern that hung on the front of the boat house and the radiance from it allowed Roy to watch what was going on. As nearly as he could judge there had been fully a dozen boys in the party and now they were securing their own boats and the Ferry Hill crafts along the edge of the float.

"I think we ought to put them in the boat house or somewhere," he heard one of the crowd say. "Supposing they find out that we 've swiped them and come over here before we 're up."

"Oh get out!" someone answered. "They won't know anything about it until half-past six or seven. We 'll be down here by that time."

"Where does this lantern belong?" asked a voice.

"Any old place. Leave it here."

"Let 's take it along to find the path with."

"Yes, and have Crowley or Murdock see it and get on to the whole thing! I guess not! Blow it out and leave it by the boat house."

Then came darkness again and the sound of feet drawing near Roy's place of concealment. On they came, trooping up the path, laughing and talking softly. Roy crawled gingerly back into the bushes. The first of the crowd passed within arm's reach, or so it sounded. Then

came others, stumbling and muttering. Presently,

"Is that you, Jim!" asked one of the passers.

"That 's me," answered a clear voice.

"Coming up to the room for that medicine?"

"What medicine?"

"For your cold."

"Say, you want to get to sleep, my boy. I have n't got any cold."

"You said you had, you idiot! It does n't sound so now, though."

"I said I had a cold? When did I say so?" demanded Jim.

"Why, in the boat, coming back. I said—"

Then they passed out of hearing and Roy smiled all to himself there in the darkness. Finally the last of the footfalls ceased sounding on the path and Roy stretched his cramped limbs and eased his position. It would n't do to return to the landing yet, though; he must allow them at least an hour to get to bed and asleep. To be sure, the dormitories were not, he believed, in view of the landing, but it would n't do to take chances. So he made himself as comfortable as he could and waited. He was shivering now and his teeth chattered every time he opened his mouth to yawn. He wondered what time it might be; perhaps one o'clock, perhaps four. At any rate, he must wait an hour longer and he must n't go to sleep while he waited.

That was the hardest part of it, to keep awake. It seemed to him that he had never been sleepier in his life. The minutes passed while he strove to keep his eyes open. Time and again he caught himself drowsing and threw off the temptation just in time. But the minutes went by, as they must even when a chap is sitting in a thicket in a suit of damp clothes, and minutes make hours. After awhile he assured himself that the hour had passed, yet resolutely held his place for a while longer to be on the safe side. Finally, shivering and cramped, he crawled out and picked his way back to the landing. If only he had matches! he thought ruefully. And the next moment his bare foot trod on something and stooping he picked up what he wanted! It felt like a good one, but he decided to find the lantern before he tested it. He did n't have to search long for the lantern, for he fell over it almost the next step he took. Finding a sheltered place, he opened the lantern and tried the match. It lighted, flickered uncertainly a moment and then burned steadily. He held it to the wick, closed the door and raising the light looked about him.

There were seven rowboats and Chub's canoe made fast to the end of the float. It was a little difficult to tell which were Ferry Hill and which Hammond craft, but Roy did n't let that trouble him. For the next ten minutes he was so busy that he forgot his coldness. Once the moon came out for a moment or two, but for the most part it was so dark that the lantern's rays seemed very feeble. Finally, however, the last knot was tied and Roy, blowing out the lantern, slid into one of the Ferry Hill boats and slipped oars into oarlocks. Then, slowly, he headed away in the darkness, and one by one went each of the seven other boats, the canoe dipping along in the rear. For, thought Roy with a chuckle, "what 's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

I 'm not going to dwell on the next hour. Fortunately there was no wind, and the slight tide was in his favor. There were one or two lights on the opposite shore, but as Roy did n't know where they were they did n't help much, and it was more by good-luck than good management that he reached it at all.

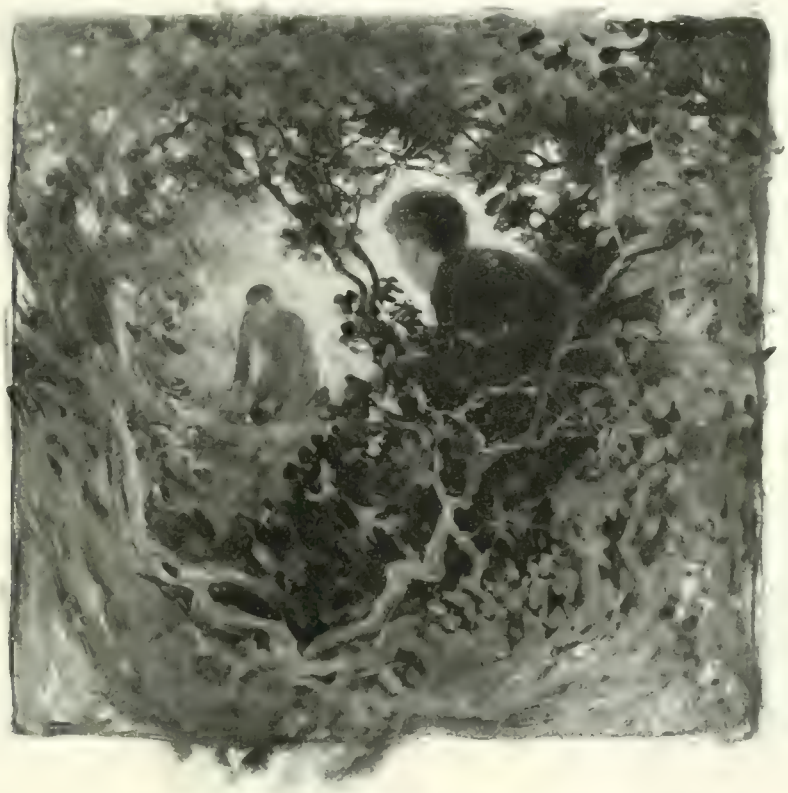
When the boat did grate on the shore he leaped out with painter in hand and made fast to a rock. Then he returned to the boat and waited as patiently as he could for dawn. But he did n't have to do that, as it proved. He had been nodding there only half an hour perhaps when the moon, which all the night had been trying its best to elude the clouds, positively leaped into view with an effect so startling that Roy almost fell out of the boat. The moon was floating across a little pond of purple-gray sky, the banks of which were piles of fluffy white clouds like snow. But he did n't waste much time in admiring the scene. Swiftly he looked about him. He would have yelled with joy if he had n't been so tired and sleepy, for there, not a dozen yards away along the bank was the boat house.

At first he decided to pull the boats out where they were and return to the island without them. Then he determined to see the thing through if it took all the rest of the night. So he pushed off and headed up-stream. By keeping well in toward shore he was soon in the lee of the island where no breeze could reach him. After that, it was simple work. The moon stayed out long enough to guide him to shore and then retired again. A few minutes work on the beach sufficed to bring all the boats out of the water. He worked quietly, for he had no wish to explain the night's happenings then; he wanted only to tumble into bed and go to sleep. Softly he felt his way through the brush—it was too dark to find the path—crossed the clearing and at length found his tent and crept quietly into bed. The next thing he knew the canvas overhead was a moving pattern of sunlight and shadow and Chub was pulling him out of bed by one foot.

Chapter XXII.

FERRY HILL CHANGES ITS LEADER.

The presence of the strange boats on the Inner Beach was not discovered until just before breakfast. Roy had said nothing to anyone of the night's adventures. Otto Ferris was noisily hammering spoon on a new dish-pan when Kirby burst excitedly on the scene.



"[illegible] BEFORE HIS BREATH AND WAITED."

"Mr. Buckman, there are three new boats on the beach, sir!"

"New boats?"

"Yes, sir, rowboats."

"Where did they come from? Whose are they?" asked the instructor, bewilderedly.

"I don't know, sir. They 're not ours."

"Someone must have come in the night," said Horace. "Maybe campers."

"Well, after breakfast we 'll have a look around," said Mr. Buckman.

As soon as grace had been said Roy spoke up.

"Those boats belong to Hammond, Mr. Buckman," he said.

"To Hammond? How do you know, Porter? What are they doing here?"

"I brought them, sir."

A howl of laughter arose. Mr. Buckman smiled genially.

"I suppose there 's a joke somewhere," he said. "Get rid of it, Porter."

"Well, yes, there is a joke, sir," answered Roy quietly. "And I guess it 's on Hammond."

Something in his tone silenced the laughter and from one end of the trestle table to the other the fellows forgot the sizzling ham and eggs before them and looked eagerly at Roy.

"You 've been up to something!" cried Chub.

"I 've been up half the night," answered Roy.

Excited yells and exclamations followed this announcement. Fellows jumped from their places and crowded about him.

"Out with it!" they cried. "What 's up? Where did you find the boats? When was it?"

And so Roy began at the beginning, hugely enjoying the amazement the story created. Time and again he was interrupted by excited questions; thrice Chub literally fell on his neck and hugged him until torn away by eager members of the audience. And when the story was finished they dragged Roy from the bench and sat upon him and pummelled him joyfully. He was more than satisfied with the sensation he had created; he was even glad for the sake of his aching ribs that it had n't been any greater. And then he was dragged off to the beach and made to go through the narrative all over again, pointing out where he stood and where "Jim" stood, Mr. Buckman following as interestedly as any. And in the middle of it they found the note under the stones.

"Found! (it ran) Five boats. Owner may have same by applying to Hammond Academy and describing property."

"Cheeky dubs!" growled Post.

Chub, who during the last few minutes had been looking grave and sorrowful, broke in aggrievedly.

"It was mighty mean of you to keep the whole thing to yourself, though," he said. "You might have let me in on it."

Roy had to explain the impossibility of doing so, but Chub was disconsolate until, an hour or so later, a boat was seen leaving the Hammond landing. Then the entire camp went to the end of the island and watched in silent enjoyment the approach of the Hammond boat. It held four fellows, and it did n't head straight for the island; evidently they were n't quite certain what had become of their boats. They passed the end of the island, each fellow apparently trying to look unconcerned, waved to the group on the point and kept on toward the other shore. But when the Inner Beach was in sight and the boats revealed to view they stopped rowing, talked a minute among themselves and then turned and rowed slowly toward the beach. The campers walked dignifiedly around to meet them.

It was a sheepish-looking quartette that beached their boat and advanced toward the group. The leader was Schonberg. Beside him was a tall, good-looking fellow whom Roy rightfully guessed to be "Jim." Schonberg spoke first.

"Hello, you fellows," he said sadly. "You 're mighty smart, are n't you?"

"So-so," answered Horace amiably.

"I s'pose we can have our boats?" asked Schonberg.

"Help yourself," answered Horace with a grin.

Schonberg saw the grin, strove to look unconscious and finally grinned back. That broke the ice. Ferry Hill howled its enjoyment and the three ambassadors joined in, though with less spontaneity.

"Come on up, you fellows," said Chub. "Let 's chin."

So they came up and sat down at the edge of the bushes.

"It 's one on us," said Schonberg, "is n't it, Jim?"

Jim laughed, plucked a blade of grass, stuck it in the corner of his mouth and said he guessed it was.

"What I 'd like to know, though," he added puzzledly, "is how the dickens you did it."

"Ask this fellow," suggested Chub, nodding toward Roy.

The ambassadors looked inquiringly at Roy.

Roy explained. The ambassadors opened their eyes, looked blankly incredulous and finally convinced.

"Well, I 'll be blowed!" muttered Jim. "That 's what Joyce meant when he asked about my cold!"

"What do you think of that?" exclaimed Schonberg. The other two shook their heads, plainly at a loss for words to adequately express just what they did think. Then there were a lot of questions, which Roy answered cheerfully, and finally Schonberg got up.

"Well, you did us to a turn," he said frankly. "As for you, Porter, you—" he hesitated; then— "you ought to come to Hammond!" he finished, evidently bestowing the highest praise he could think of.

"Thanks," answered Roy with a laugh, "but I was there last night and found it mighty cold."

"If we 'd known it was you," said Jim, "we might have made it warmer for you."

"That 's just what I thought, and so I took particular pains not to tell anyone."

Ferry Hill assisted Hammond to launch her three boats. Hammond expressed her thanks. Each bade the other good-bye. Hammond rowed away. Then the formal politeness of the parting was suddenly marred by one of the ambassadors who had thus far scarcely spoken. He was a thin, scrawny youth and wore glasses. When the boats were a little way off shore and headed toward home he looked defiantly across at the group on the beach and shook his fist.

"Just you wait until next year, you fresh kids!" he shouted. Schonberg told him to dry up and Jim splashed him with water, but he of the spectacles would not be stilled. "We 'll show you next time," he added venomously. Ferry Hill laughed; all save Post. Post blew a kiss.

"All right, dearest!" he called back.

"Dearest" replied at some length, but his utterances were marred by Jim who promptly pulled him backward into the bottom of the boat. So Hammond, acknowledging defeat, took her departure, trailing her recovered war-craft dejectedly behind.

Ferry Hill was in raptures all day long; and a week later when school had begun once more and the camp was only a memory, Roy found himself a hero indeed. The returning students listened to the tale with wildest delight and Horace Burlen's supremacy was a thing of the past. Only the veriest handful of loyal subjects remained about his fallen throne. Ferry Hill acknowledged a new leader, and his name was Roy Porter.

Horace accepted his overthrow with apparent good grace, but that he was far from reconciled subsequent events proved. Roy took his honors coolly and modestly. A youth less well-balanced might have been badly spoiled. The younger boys followed Roy about and hung breathless on his lightest word. Quarrels and arguments were laid before him for adjustment and there were always one or more worshiping subjects at hand eager to run his errands. But Roy did his own errands and refused to be spoiled by the adulation of his friends. Horace's overthrow, however, pleased him well. He had never forgotten nor forgiven that youth's insult to his crimson sweater, and revenge was sweet.

Meanwhile April passed into May and May ran swiftly toward June. Hammond came over and played the first of a series of three games on the diamond and won decisively by twelve runs to five. Neither Post nor Kirby proved effective in the pitcher's box and the playing of the other members of the team was listless and slow. Ferry Hill made as many errors as runs and secured only four hits off of Rollins, the opposing pitcher; who, by the way, proved to be the "Jim" of Roy's midnight adventure. Chub was in despair. Mr. Cobb rated the players soundly after the game and threatened all sorts of dire punishments if they did n't do better. Roy had one error to his credit, but aside from that had played a fairly good game. The second Hammond game was two weeks away and in the meanwhile every effort was made to better the team. Practice became stiffer, and stiffer substitutes were tried in almost every position. Up to the last week of May there had been little to choose between Post and Kirby, but in the game with Highland Academy on the twenty-eighth of the month, Post showed such excellent form that it was decided to save him for the next Hammond contest.

Affairs on the river were meanwhile promising far better. The first Four was rowing finely, Whitcomb at stroke, Hadden at 2, Burlen at 3 and Gallup at bow. Otto Ferris had failed to get out of the second boat, where, with Fernald, Walker and Pearse he was daily making the first row its hardest to win out in the Practice races.

On the track things were in poor shape. Hammond would not compete with Ferry Hill



"SLOWLY HE HEADED AWAY IN THE DARKNESS."

in track and field games and so there was but little incentive for the latter school. Still, a handful of boys went in for running, hurdling, pole-vaulting, jumping and shot-putting in preparation for the preparatory school meet.

Those boys who neither rowed, played baseball nor performed on the track—and there were n't many such—essayed golf or went fishing on the river or along one or the other of the two nearby streams. The streams were the more popular, though, for they afforded excellent sport with rod and fly, Wissick Creek especially yielding fine trout, principally for the reason that it ran for several miles through private estates and had been carefully preserved for many years. The best pools were posted and once in a great while a case of poaching came up before the Principal, but as poaching was held to be a dire offence, punishable with expulsion, the fellows as a general thing contented themselves with such portions of the stream as were open to the public. Of course, fishing on Sunday was strictly prohibited, but sometimes a boy would wander away from school for a Sunday afternoon walk with a fly-book in his pocket and an unjointed rod reposing under his clothes and making him quite stiff-kneed in one leg. Such things will happen in the best regulated schools just as long as trout will rise to a fly and boys' nature remains unchanged.

Roy and Chub and Bacon and the others

making up the first nine had no time, however, in those days, for fishing, either legal or illegal. They were busy, very busy. And the nearer the second Hammond game approached, the busier they were. Mr. Cobb worked them right up to the eve of that important contest. If they lost it would not be for lack of hard practice.

All Ferry Hill crossed the river in a blazing June sun, brown and white banners flying, to watch and cheer. Even the crew men postponed rowing until after the game. It was a hard-fought battle from first to last, in which the honors went to the pitchers. Hammond started with her second choice twirler, he giving place in the seventh inning to Jim Rollins. Ferry Hill used Post all through and he did n't fail her. Neither side scored until the fifth, and then Ferry Hill got a man to second on an error, and scored him by making the first hit of the game, a two-bagger that placed Chub on second, where he stayed, while Roy flied out to center-field and brought the inning to a close. In the sixth an error by Bacon, at short, started things going for Hammond. Her first man up stole second. Her next batsman sacrificed and sent him to third from where he scored on a long fly to the outfield which Patten could n't handle fast enough. Then nothing more happened until the eighth, when Bacon was hit by Rollins, stole second, went to third on a sacrifice and scored on a passed ball. Hammond failed to solve Post's curves in their half of that inning, Ferry Hill had no better luck in the first of the ninth and Hammond, in the last half of the ninth, placed a man on first and then went out in one, two, three order.

Ferry Hill had won, but she had won on errors largely, and the outlook for the deciding game, when Rollins would pitch all through, was far from bright. But at least Ferry Hill had rendered that third game necessary, and that was something to be thankful for. And the fact that she had played with vim and snap and had made but two errors was encouraging. Ferry Hill went home with banners still flying and her cheers echoing back from shore to shore. And Roy, because he had accepted every chance and had played a faultless game at first-base, found himself more of a hero than ever.

More practice followed, interspersed with minor contests with neighboring schools. Ferry Hill seemed to have found her pace, for she disposed of three visiting nines in short order, and on the Saturday following the Hammond victory travelled down-river and won from Prentice Military Academy by the overwhelming score of 16 to 2. Chub's spirits had risen since the last Hammond game and it was his old self that tumbled upstairs from the Junior Dormitory the next morning before rising bell and snuggled into Roy's cot.

"Get over, you log," he whispered, "and give me some room."

"Room! You 've got the whole bed now! If Cobb sees you—"

"Let him; who cares? Say, Roy, let 's go fishing to-day. I feel just like it."

"And get found out and put on inner bounds? No; thanks!"

"We won't get found out, Roy, my boy. We 'll just go for a walk this afternoon and take a couple of rods with us. I 'll borrow one for you. I 've got flies to burn. We 'll go to a place I know, a dandy hole; regular whales there! Come now, old man, what do you say?"

"I say you 're a silly chump to risk it."

"Tommy rot! Come along!"

"I 'll go along, but I won't fish."

"What a good little boy!"

"That 's all right, Chub, but I don't want to go on bounds just when the Hammond game is coming along. It 's only a week, you know. You take my advice and be good."

"I can't be good—to-day. I feel too kittenish," added Chub with a gurgle of laughter. "There goes the bell. Will you come?"

"Yes, but won't fish."

"Oh, pshaw! Yes, you will. I 'll borrow a rod for you anyhow."

And Chub slipped out of bed and scampered down-stairs again.

At three o'clock two boys sauntered idly away from school in the direction of the river. One of them held himself rather stiffly and his side pocket bulged more than usual. But there was no one to notice these trivial things. Once

on the river bank they doubled back and struck inland toward the Silver Cove road, Chub leading the way.

"Gee!" he said, "I 'll be glad when I can take these poles out! They 're mighty uncomfortable."

"Did you bring two?" asked Roy.

"Sure! When you see the way those trout bite you 'll want to take a hand yourself. I borrowed Tom's. Otto Ferris had to come nosing around and saw it, but he won't tell. If he does I 'll make him wish he had n't!"

"He might tell Horace," said Roy uneasily. "If Horace thought he could get me into trouble he 'd do it mighty quick."

"Oh, he 's a back-number," answered Chub gayly. "This way, over the fence and across the pasture; it 's only about a quarter of a mile from here."

Soon they were treading their way along the bank of a fairly wide brook, pushing through alders and young willows. After a while Chub stopped and jointed his pole.

"You 're going to fish, are n't you?" he asked.

Roy shook his head.

"No, especially since there 's a chance that Ferris will tell Horace. I don't want to get hung up for the Hammond game. You go ahead, if you 've got to, and I 'll watch."

"All right, if you won't. What 's that?"

He started and turned, peering intently through the bushes.

"Thought I heard someone," he muttered.

"Hope it was n't Cobb or Buckman," said Roy fervently.

"Oh, they don't spy," answered Chub, selecting a grey fly from a pocket of the book that had swelled his pocket. "Well, here goes for that nice black place over there where the little eddy is."

The line flashed in the air and fell softly into the shadowed water. After that Chub seemed to forget Roy's presence entirely. Roy leaned back with hands clasped behind his head and watched; that is, he watched for a while; then his eyelids closed and with the babble of the stream and the drowsy hum of insects for a lullaby he went to sleep.

When he awoke the shadows had lengthened perceptibly and Chub was not in sight. From the cramped condition of his neck and arm he judged that he had slept hard and long. He got to his feet and called softly. There was no answer. Evidently Chub had wandered further along stream. Roy waited awhile, then, as it was fast approaching supper time, he started home. As he reached the fence back of the athletic field Chub jumped into the road a few rods above and hurried toward him.

"You 're a great one," called Roy. "I waited almost half an hour for you to come back there."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Chub. You see I could n't get even a nibble there and so I thought I 'd go on up-stream. You were having a lovely sleep and I hated to wake you. I tried two or three pools and found nothing doing. Did n't get even a bite all afternoon. And when I got back you were gone. What did you do with Tom's pole?"

"Tom's pole?" echoed Roy blankly.

"Yes, did you leave it there? I could n't see it."

"Why, it was n't there! At least, I don't think it was. Are you sure you did n't take it with you?"

"Sure; I only had my own. That 's funny. It 's too late to go back now. I 'll go up in the morning and see if I can find it. If I can't I 'll have to buy him another one."

"I 'll do the buying," answered Roy. "You borrowed the old thing for me."

"Nonsense; it 's my funeral. You said you did n't want it, and I insisted on getting it for you. Well, maybe I 'll find it. Come on, we 'll have to hurry a bit."

(*To be continued.*)



IN THE DAISY FIELD

THE STORY OF A FOREST.

By Frederic E. Clements.

The process by which soils have been made and forests have sprung up to cover them may be seen to-day upon nearly every high mountain. We can not be perfectly sure that new soils and new forests are being made in every way just as they were a thousand or ten thousand years ago. Yet there is no doubt that the process of to-day is like that of yesterday in every important respect. Heat and frost, wind, rain and sunshine, though ever varying, are as changeless as the nature of the rock upon which they act. The flowers and trees of our fields and woods are the same as those of a hundred centuries ago. Rocks are worn down to form soil, and Nature sows and tends the oldest of old-fashioned gardens just as she always did. If we carefully follow, then, the wearing away of some huge cliff or precipice, and the appearance of flowers and trees upon its crumbling fragments, we witness a process which, here and there, has been going on for ages, and has produced all the forests of the present time. These changes occur with extreme slowness. No human life is long enough to measure them all. The lifetime of a Methuselah would be swallowed up in the lapse of time necessary for the change of granite cliffs into the floor of a forest. Fortunately, however, this process is a frequent one in rugged regions, such as the Rocky Mountains. In some places it has begun at times widely separated: in others the changes have gone on at different rates. As a result, one cliff will be found in an early stage of the process, another in a middle stage, a third in a later one, and so forth. One has only to find the different pieces, and to put them together in the right order. With a knowledge of Nature's language, he can then read the story of the forest.



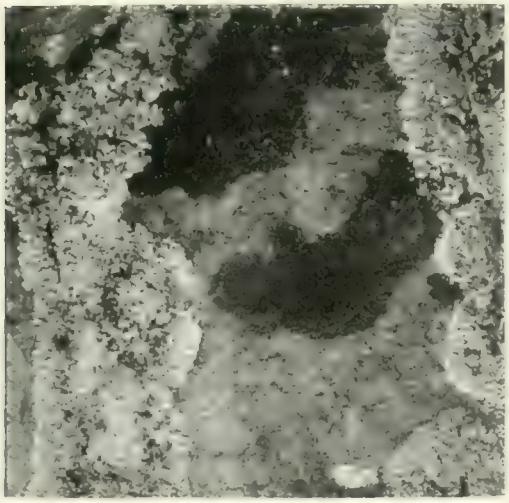
THE WALL OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT, PIKE'S PEAK.

These great precipices, 2,000 feet high, are breaking down rapidly in response to incessant freezing and thawing.

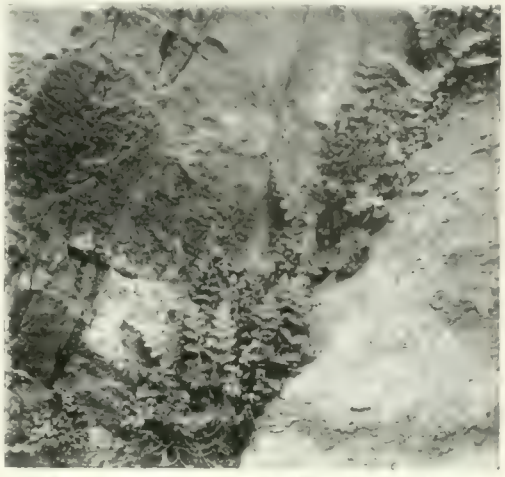
In the Pike's Peak country, the rugged cañons, Williams, Engelmann, Ute Pass, and the Bottomless Pit, and the towering summits of Rosa, Baldy, and Pike's Peak in many places tell the beginning of the story. Tall cliffs and bold masses of rock stand out everywhere. The action of the weather has seamed and rent these in a thousand places. Heat, cold and frost cause

tiny cracks to appear in the smooth surface. Rain and snow collect in these, and by their freezing make the cracks wider and deeper. With the passage of time, the cracks become clefts and crevices. The face of the cliff is broken into thousands of irregular surfaces of all sizes and shapes. Along the lines of the deeper clefts the rock splits easily, freeing angled fragments which slip and fall to the base of the cliff. In falling, these loosen and often carry with them the rocks that lie in their path. Occasionally, the entire side of a cliff is split off and crashes down the mountain slope, crushing and grinding to powder the rocks that lie in its way.

Rocks are weathered also by the gentle action of sun, wind and rain. These forces act with the utmost slowness upon granite. They make numberless invisible cracks, which loosen the particles of the rock and cause the latter to crumble into fine dust. This action can not be followed by the eye, but evidences of it are seen in the fine powder which accumulates in the clefts. It takes place with extreme slowness and would seem to be of no impor-



tance whatever. Yet it is this process that enables the pioneer plants to secure a foothold. The tiny cracks with the aid of their pinch of soil catch and hold the rain that runs off from the hard surface. No plant with roots can make its home on the rock as yet, for the powder in the rock-cracks is a soil in name only. The minute water-plants, or algæ, so often seen on the north and east sides of tree trunks



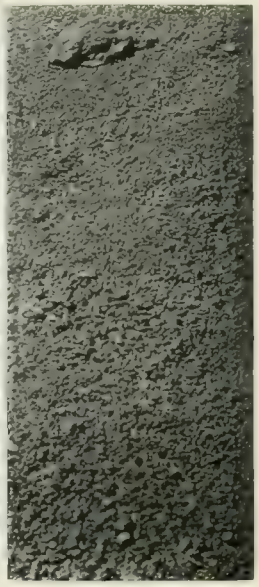
as a coat of green, are able to make their home here. They are carried by the wind from trees to rocks, and blown about over the latter. Lodging in the tiny crevices, they grow and increase in number when moisture is present.

Certain colorless plants, or fungi, such as the bacteria, moulds, grain-rusts, toadstools, etc., which live upon plants or animals or upon food made by them, have found that they can easily steal food from the green cells growing on the rock. Such fungi are called lichens. The spores of lichens are carried everywhere by the wind, but they break their walls and grow only where they find moisture. If green cells are present, the threads arising from the spores weave about them, drawing food from them and finally enclosing them entirely. The green cells are now kept constantly moist by the lichen threads, and consequently grow and increase in number rapidly. The lichen thus obtains more and more food, quickly fills the tiny cleft, and begins to spread over the smooth surface of the rock. Before long, the latter is entirely covered with the gray, yellow and brown crusts of the different kinds. At first thought, the lichen crust seems to protect the rock from further weathering. It really pro-

motes the latter, by increasing the amount of water in the cracks, and hence the crumbling



Rock field, or talus, of angular rocks split off from overhanging cliffs by frost and ice



Talus, or "gravel slide" of rounded pebbles, formed by the crumbling of cliffs and boulders.

effect of heat and cold. Lichens also form an acid which acts upon the rock surface and hastens the process which causes it to crumble. After many years, the oldest parts of the crust itself begin to decay, and mix with the rock dust to form an extremely thin layer of soil.

Upon the soil formed by the crust lichens appear larger leaf-like forms which carry on the same action, but more rapidly. They increase the splitting effect due to water, and hasten the formation of soil, which accumulates to greater depths in the widening clefts. This finally becomes deep enough for the growth of mosses, which soon fill the cracks with a soil sufficiently deep for the entrance of the smallest herbs, especially the rock ferns. From this point, the breaking up of the cliffs and rocks goes on with comparative rapidity, converting them into a slipping, rolling mass of pebbles, which form the first soil in the usual sense of the word.

A steep mass of large, sharp-angled rocks usually lies at the base of the cliffs of hardest granite, which weather with great reluctance. The cliffs composed of soft rock stand among slopes of rolling pebbles formed by the decomposing rocks. Such slopes are called gravel slides, because of the readiness with which the pebbles slip and roll, especially under one's feet. The newest gravel slides are entirely without plants of any kind, except for the lichens that may still cling to the pebbles. The leaf-like lichens soon begin to creep down over the gravel from the rocks upon which they grow. These serve to hold the pebbles and to bind them together by filling the spaces with finer particles. The seeds of many flowering plants are blown into gravel slides and lodge between the pebbles. The heat and



Evening primroses, the pioneers on gravel slides. Held firmly by deep roots, they prevent the slipping of the gravel, and make possible the entrance of other plants.



Large tufts of mountain anise follow the evening primrose and bind the sliding pebbles still more firmly.

dryness at the surface are so great, however, that few of these are able to germinate. Of those that do, some seedlings die before they can reach the water deep in the soil, and some

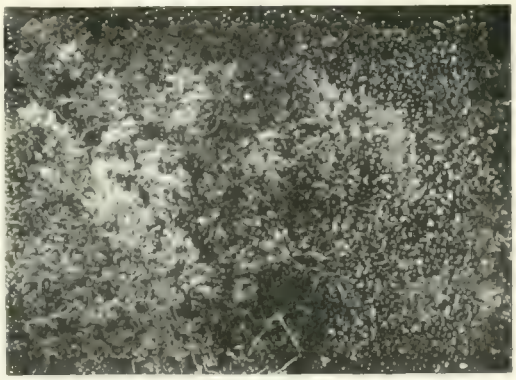


Pioneers and grasses next invade the unmoved slope.

are buried by the slipping gravel. The few that succeed are able to grow long tap roots which reach down to the moist layer of gravel, and usually form rosettes or mats of leaves which keep the gravel from slipping. The leaves are also protected against dryness by a hairy coat or other covering. The pioneers appear singly, scattered here and there over the slide. Year by year as their seeds drop around them, new plants spring up, forming a family about the original plant. These families hold firmly the pebbles of their homes, and at the end of each year enrich the soil by the decay of leaves and other parts. One of the most interesting of these pioneer plants is the evening primrose, which prefers the steepest slopes. It holds its place stubbornly by means of roots which are often two or three feet long. It is stemless, the leaves forming a rosette at the surface of the ground. The flowers are three or four inches across, and bloom at night in order to avoid the heat of the daytime.

The pioneers of gravel slides slowly increase the amount of water and food in the soil, in addition to their binding action upon the pebbles. This makes it possible for tall-stemmed plants to secure a foothold in the gravel. Bluebells, mountain phlox, daisies, goldenrods and asters grow rapidly in number. They take more and more room, and the pioneers give way before them just as pioneers have always fled before civilization. In a score of years or less, the evening primroses, skullcaps and golden stars have all disappeared, and the new-comers are in full possession. The conquest of the slipping gravel is nearly complete, though here and there are bare places still to be invaded. The plants of this stage carry forward the task of enriching the soil, the pebbles are buried more and more in the finer material, and the gravel changes from yellow to brown. Beside daisy and goldenrod soon appear a few grasses, the forerunners of a horde of new-comers. These come in more thickly, and spread out from the vantage points already won. They possess a great advantage in the way that their stems can undermine other plants, and in the stubbornness with which they hold ground once gained. The grasses never wholly replace the other flowers, but the number of the latter is greatly lessened. They are dotted singly or in small groups here and there, like scattered figures in a carpet of green.

The grassy covering lasts for many years, but after a while dwarf shrubs and bushes appear in it singly or in clusters. Grasses are easily able to hold their own against other herbs, which meet them on nearly equal terms



Sweet fern, huckleberry, dwarf cherry, blueberries, and snowberry bushes change the grassy mat, and change it into a thicket

from year to year. Bushes and shrubs have a decided advantage over them, however, in being able to begin growth each year at the place where they stopped the year before. Grasses must die down every autumn, and be-



The thickets give way before the pines, which make a park-like forest.

gin anew the following spring. The shrubs grow taller and broader each year, shading the grasses beneath them, and taking the sunshine that these need. As new shrubs spring up around the original invaders, the grasses die out in turn until they are found only in the sunny places between the different clumps. Often shrubs and bushes grow into a dense thicket, in which the shade is too deep for the original grasses. A few shade-loving forms occur, but these are all new-comers, dependent upon the thicket. The latter consists of oaks, choke-cherries and snow-bushes, none of which ever become trees. The shrubs work a greater change in the soil than any of the plants that precede them. Their roots penetrate it more deeply, producing more or less change. The soil is kept moist in consequence of the shade, and it is enriched every year by the fall of leaves and the decay of twigs. Though not as deep, the soil has become that of a forest.

Because of their shade, rich soil, and protection, thickets are excellent places for the germination of the seeds of trees, and for the growth of the seedlings. Pine and spruce seeds, scattered by wind or squirrels, or by the rolling cones, find the best conditions in the open thickets of dwarf oaks.

The pines appear first and are not joined by the spruces until long afterward. New trees spring up from seeds brought in year after year. The number increases slowly until the first comers are old enough to produce cones. After this the seedlings appear more and more rapidly, and it is but a matter of time until a pine forest is established. The thicket persists for a long time, since the pines grow slowly. When the latter finally overtop them, the shrubs begin to disappear from the places most deeply shaded, and, with the spread of the pines, they are found only in open, sunny places here and there among the trees.

The pines grow readily in the driest and poorest of soils. The young saplings often form open thickets in the wind-swept pits of gravel, called blow-outs. Accordingly, pine



Forests less than 150 years old usually show a dense undergrowth of flowering maple, ninebark, daisies, columbines, harebells, and other blossoms.

forests usually cover high rocky ridges, and slopes of gravel, especially those that look toward the south and southwest. They form beautiful parks in which the sunny spots are carpeted with grass, and the shade beneath the trees with brown needles. Flowers are rare, because the open spaces are already well occupied by grasses, and because shade plants have not yet found their way in. A forest of pines may reach an age of several hundred years, but it usually begins to grow old long before. As the trees grow larger and new ones spring up, the shade becomes greater, and it grows more and more difficult for the young trees to obtain sufficient sunshine. At the same time, the soil becomes deeper and richer, and the amount of moisture in it increases. These are conditions which are less favorable to the pines, and more favorable to their relatives the spruces.

An occasional spruce may appear early among the pioneers of the pine forest, and serve as a center about which seedlings spring up here and there. Commonly, the spruces enter much later, after the well-established pines have changed the conditions of light and soil. The spruce seedlings have the great advantage of growing readily in the shade, while the young pines thrive only in the sunshine. As the shade becomes more uniform, the spruces increase more rapidly than the pines. Although they live upon an equality for some time, the spruces sooner or later obtain the upper hand in the competition. The pines drop out one by one, but never wholly disappear, single trees persisting here and there in the spruce forest.

In its youth, the spruce forest offers an inviting home to flowering plants, both shrubs and herbs. The soil is moist and rich, consisting in large part of decaying leaves and twigs. The shade, though nearly uniform, is not dense, and flecks of sunshine appear everywhere in it. The light is not strong enough to produce a tangled undergrowth, but a well-developed growth is found everywhere except in the most shaded spots. The layer of shrubs and bushes consists largely of the mountain maple, rose and ninebark, among which are scattered birches, gooseberries, raspberries and viburnums. In spring the ground is carpeted with strawberries. Along the brooks white and yellow violets are common, and orchids are scattered here and there. In the summer flowers are abundant, gentians, bluebells, goldenrods, daisies, columbine and painted cups vying with each other



in giving color to the mass of green. In the shadier places, low ferns abound, while the moist soil of the shadiest nooks is clothed with mosses and lichens.

As the forest grows older, the shrubs are the first plants to disappear because of the increasing shade. They are followed after a few years, first by the taller herbs and then by the others, until only those flowers that require little light are left. Even these persist only in more open spots, and finally disappear as the shade becomes uniformly dense. A mature forest, two hundred years old or more, rarely allows even a stray sunbeam to pass, and beneath it is twilight at noonday. A few evergreen pirolas blossom in scattered groups. Clusters of the coral root are found frequently in bloom, but this is a leafless orchid that requires little or no

light. The ground is covered with a dense layer of brown spruce needles, which furnish a home for toadstools and cup-fungi, and in the moister places, for lichens and mosses. The and pentstemons. Such a forest offers good conditions for the growth of young spruces, and the latter are found springing up here and there. The shade of the aspens protects them



The aspen forest serves as a "nurse" for the young spruce trees. For many years, aspens and spruces grow side by side in a mixed forest.

forest has now reached its final stage. It may still persist in this form for several hundreds of years. Indeed, if it is not removed by an accident, it is difficult to set a limit to its age. In any event, a forest can rarely live a thousand years, owing to the great weight of the tree tops and the fact that decay is constantly weakening the trunks.

The life of nearly all forests is cut short by fire or by the hand of the lumberman. When a spruce forest is entirely destroyed by fire, young spruces do not at once spring up and cover the burned area. The seed-bearing cones have been burned, and the spores and seeds of other plants which are readily carried by the wind find their way in first. The task of preparing for the forest is begun again, but this time it is to be a shorter one. The first year after the fire, mosses and often tiny flowering plants appear. These are replaced by the fireweed, and other flowers whose seeds are provided with hairs so that they reach such places quickly. These are soon joined by raspberries, roses and other bushes. Among these the young seedlings of aspens appear in a very few years. The latter grow rapidly and in a score of years form a low sunny forest. An aspen forest makes a brilliant contrast with the dark green forests of spruce.

Tall, waving grasses are everywhere, though they are much less conspicuous than the daisies, geraniums, mariposa lilies, gentians, yarrow, until they are well-grown and begin to overtop the former. For a while, the two grow side by side, forming a mixed forest, part aspen and part spruce. As the spruces become more numerous, and taller, they place the aspens at a disadvantage by shading them. The latter



The aspens slowly disappear before the long-lived spruces, and a spruce forest again occupies the original home.

struggle under the further handicap of being short-lived, and they rapidly vanish. The increasing shade causes a large number of the flowers of the undergrowth to disappear, though some persist and become dwellers in the spruce woods which finally come back in almost the exact form of the original forest, with an aspen here and there to recall the story of its growth.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

By Agnes McClelland Dalton.

Chapter XIX.

SUE'S REBELLION.

Miss Hope was quite right. The quietest of the Owls and the gayest of the Doves flocked to the Minnehahas and jolly times were the order of the day in Number 21.

So delightful were their regular meetings, and lavish the hospitality—for Virginia's purse was always open, and Sue, for her share, an adept at making something out of nothing—and so much fun was crowded into legitimate hours for pleasures that as yet there had been no temptation to break rules.

Much to the astonishment of Miss Thaw, Sue, inspired by the delights of companionship and the open admiration of the girls, worked like mad during study periods and was fast making a place for herself among the leaders of her class.

She was justly proud that she was the only one chosen for the recital among the new girls, and wrote happy letters home of Miss Gribble's praise and of her own joy in her work—indeed, life in 21 was so delightful that the days tripped over each other's heels and it was the middle of December before a sudden halt was called and Sue found she was far from the "perfectly changed girl" of which she had written her mother.

One morning at breakfast Miss Hope made an announcement that fell like lightning out of a clear sky; this was that after careful consideration the faculty had decided that no girl, with the exception of those upon the list that could be seen on the office desk, was to be allowed to leave the grounds unaccompanied by a chaperon.

The girls were fairly aghast, for one of the most cherished privileges was that of going alone, or with three or four girls, into the village on little shopping excursions, and, just why this decision should fall upon their innocent heads as Christmas was nearing and frequent errands were necessary, they could not understand.

It was an excited bevy of girls who crowded about the list upon the office desk, though there were three to whom the reason of the new rule was no secret and who had stolen away to Number 14 to talk it over and discover how they could best evade it.



"SUE WAS SEATED . . . TURNING OVER HER HAIR" (See page 760)

"If we had been caught by anybody except

Miss Thaw!" groaned Nan to Enid and Maze. "You should have heard Miss Hope talk to me after you two girls were excused! If I had n't been such a hardened sinner, perhaps I should have cried, for one can't help liking Prexy, she 's so straight. I wonder who will be on that list."

Sue's name was n't on the list, she saw that at a glance, but when a second showed her not only Virginia but Martha Cutting among the favored few, her blood boiled and she stormed up the stairs in spite of Miss Sargent's "gently, Sue," or the soothing touch of the loving hand upon her arm as she flew by.

"It is horrid," Sue raged to Virginia after class. "I have n't done a single thing and here I am disgraced and classed with Nan Dempcy and that set. I 'll show that old Thaw! I will never go out of this house one step with *her*. You see if I do!"

"I 'm so sorry," began Virginia, "but I can't help it, Sue—"

"I don't think you are very anxious to help it," snapped Sue. "You can be with Martha all you want now, you are always with her lately, anyway."

"Why, it is because we have French in the same class and the same hour in Latin. You don't think, Sue—"

"That you wish you had Martha Cutting for a room-mate? Yes, I do. Enid Fenno said she heard you say to Martha one day that my noise fairly made your head ache—"

"And you believed it?" demanded Virginia, standing very straight and dignified.

But at this moment there was a quick knock at the door and Emma Wills put her head in.

"Come on, Sue, we 've got to go for our walk now and Miss Thaw is to chaperon us."

"Well, she won't chaperon me!" cried Sue, jumping up excitedly, and in spite of



"'THERE, THERE, DEAR,' SAID VIRGINIA. 'PERHAPS IT WILL COME OUT ALL RIGHT.'"
(SEE PAGE 908.)

Virginia's cry of entreaty she dashed out of the room and up the stairway to the room of little Dolly Bates, who set up a shout of glee at sight of her.

"Oh, Sue, did you come to tell me a story," she cried, for Sue was in the habit of entertaining the little girls with tales of the good times at Cherryfair.

"Yes, if you hurry up, Dolly," replied Sue. "Come quick, chickabiddy!"

It was upon this peaceful scene Miss Vashti Thaw looked some moments later, but Miss Thaw was not in the least impressed by the pretty picture, nor by Sue's absorption in the tale she was telling. The flush on her cheeks, the nervous tilt of her rocking-chair proclaimed, in spite of the calm flow of her words, that she was entirely aware of Miss Thaw's presence.

"Miss Roberts, we are waiting for you," broke in Miss Thaw's icy voice. "Oblige me by coming at once."

But Sue rocked on only pausing long enough to say in a high, shaking voice:

"I don't care for a walk to-day, Miss Thaw. I am not going."

"Nonsense!" and Miss Thaw was plainly angry, her nose flattening and her eyes winking rapidly back of her glasses. "Put Dolly down instantly and come with me. I shall report you," the blue eyes were steely now. "You are the most ill-bred, insubordinate girl in the school."

"And you are the most hateful teacher," blazed Sue, her face growing white. "It is your fault my name is not on the list, for Miss Hope knows I 'm trying to be good, but you—"

Before she could utter another word Miss Thaw had sailed majestically from the room. The little girl frightened by the unwonted scene clung trembling and teary to Sue, but now that her wrath had swept away, leaving her weak and shaken, she put Dolly gently aside and went back to her own room.

To Sue's amazement, nothing was said to her of her disobedience and impertinence that day nor the next. She felt ashamed enough of her revolt by this time and except for that one word "ill-bred" would have willingly asked Miss Thaw's pardon.

The coldness between Virginia and herself hurt her more than she would have cared to confess. Since the night she ran away from Miss Thaw's summons Virginia was distant and silent; that Sue could believe Enid Fenno rather than her best friend had hurt Virginia deeply, and here, as always, she found it hard to forgive, and so went about stately and still and left Sue to her own devices.

It was the third night after their quarrel and they had sat studying in silence all the evening. Virginia had paid no heed to Sue's frequent sighs and Sue none to the wan little face that leaned so wearily over the book, though she knew Virginia was suffering from one of her nervous headaches. The nine-forty-five bell had rung and the monitor was on duty, when Virginia was surprised to see Sue deliberately get into her dark wrapper and put on her moccasins and then stand by the door as if listening. Virginia understood then that Sue was waiting for a signal and that she evidently intended going on some forbidden pleasure.

Virginia closed her eyes and resolutely turned her face away from the tense, listening figure at the door. How her conscience nagged her, and how her better self rebelled! One kind word she knew would bring Sue back to her repentant and ashamed, would turn her back into the tender, loving Sue for whom her own heart was longing. But Martha Cutting had done her work well. Those walks to and from class, the little excursions to town, and the closer friendship since they were both on the favored list had all been used by Martha and used to their uttermost. She was too wise and clever a girl to say anything openly against Sue, but drop by drop she distilled her poison into Virginia's proud heart until without realizing it Virginia had withdrawn her sympathy. Her heart beat so she felt Sue must hear it, but she folded her lips in a straight line, clasped her hands dumbly in her lap and felt rather than heard Sue give answer to the low pur-r-r-t at the door and then she knew she was alone.

As Sue danced down the long hall she said to herself she had never been so happy in her life, at last she was free, free from that haughty little figure that had been saying all sorts of hard things to her by its silence. She was shocking Virginia, spiting Miss Thaw and Miss Hope, she was showing Nan Dempcy and Enid Fenno

she was as brave and gay as they were and she scampered away to where Maze Wood waited for her, chuckling with joy—if a certain undefined pain lay deep in her heart she crushed it back. She was free!

"You are a mighty lucky girl to get an invitation, Sue," Maze assured her as they crept along in the dark. "Only a few of the Screech Owls are to be there and you are the only girl outside. But Nancy Jancy said that a girl that was brave enough to face down old Thaw was a girl she wanted to honor. So really, Sue, this feast is a little tribute to you."

Sue tried to swagger, but she could n't help feeling a wave of shame sweep over her that she had been bad enough to merit Nan Dempcy's praise.

"We are going to have a high old time," Maze went on. "Nan got a big box from home with cake and pickles and things and we are going to cook wienies over the gas—don't you adore wienerwurst?—and make fudge on Nan's alcohol lamp, and is n't this bully, she got her brother to send her a box of cigarettes. Did you ever smoke one?"

"Tobacco ones?" gasped Sue.

"What other kind are there, silly?"

"Why—why, father got Davie some cubeb cigarettes for a cold. I 'd die before I 'd touch one of the other kind, why—why, it 's wicked!"

"Oh, of course," said Maze hastily, seeing she had gone too far. "You don't have to smoke them—I never did either. Enid tried once and got deathly sick, but Nan says it 's lots of fun, if you know how. But, anyway, we are going to have a jolly time to spite Miss Thaw, she and that Cutting girl are as thick as hops. Thank goodness, the door is unlocked!"

Through the skylight the moonbeams filtered, turning the bare old gymnasium into a sort of dreamy fairyland, the little stage with its scenery and drapings, the gallery that ran around three sides of the great room, the swinging ropes and horizontal bars, even the chest weights and Indian clubs seemed turned to silver and had lost all their prosaic, work-a-day look.

"You know," whispered Maze, "the door to the gallery is always locked but we can lift one of the ladders and rest it against the gallery railing and then shin up. It will be lots of fun."

Just where the fun was Maze failed to make plain as the two girls tugged and strained at the heavy iron-bound ladder, but little by little they raised it until it stood upright and then began to let it slowly fall toward the gallery railing.

"Careful now," whispered Sue, breathlessly, "Lift her up there, let her down easy!"

But alas, alas—"the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley"—*she* stood, *she* rocked, *she* swayed and then missing the railing, with one mighty plunge the ladder fell forward with a crash that reached every waking or sleeping ear in Hope Hall!

Stunned and shaken by the awful noise and their terrific effort the girls stood for one moment clinging to each other, their eyes staring, their breath coming in gasps, their bodies rigid in expectant fear and then Maze Wood dashed away toward the one avenue of escape, the linen closet, and Sue was left alone.

She heard the door bang and the key turn in the lock, for Maze well knew the teachers would come down the front hall, and if the door was locked behind her, she could hide in the closet until they had passed, and then rush up the side stairs to 14. That Sue would be caught like a rat in a trap neither troubled nor alarmed her, for as she explained a few moments later to the breathless, laughing girls in number 14, "Sue's game and she 'll never tell."

As for Sue, she was never so frightened in her life, she could hear footsteps coming down the front hall, then the murmur of voices, and it seemed to her as if they were the footsteps and the voices of a regiment. She could hear her own heart beating and the solemn tic-tock of the big electric clock above the door, then driven by her desperate strait and her overwhelming fright she suddenly bounded toward the stage and falling on her knees crept behind the curtain that was draped about it. Here it was close and dusty, she could scarcely move without striking some of the timbers that upheld the platform, or knocking over the chairs and boxes that had been thrust under the curtain to get them out of sight. Fairly holding her breath and crouching there in the dust and darkness the time seemed endless before the door of the gymnasium opened and Miss Hope's voice, firm, and showing little excitement, said:

"The noise certainly came from this direction, but it seems deserted enough now."

After her trailed the teachers and Sue from her peep-hole could see them, in wrappers and dressing gowns, each with her candle as they went from locker to locker, looking behind screens and investigating corners. It was Miss Thaw who raised the curtain that draped the stage platform. It was Miss Thaw who threw the light of her candle upon the dusty, dishevelled little figure, with its tousled black curls and frightened eyes. and it was Miss Thaw who said coldly:

"You need look no farther, ladies; here is the culprit, and I am not at all surprised."

Never in Sue's short life had she felt so ashamed, so humiliated, as when upon her hands and knees, she crept out of her dusty retreat and stood before her teachers. The amazed yet quizzical glance of Miss Hope, the sneering smile of Miss Thaw were hard to bear; but it was the shocked expression upon Miss Sargent's kind face, the tears in Miss Gribble's eyes that cut her to the heart.

At a word from Miss Hope, Miss Gribble put her arm around the shrinking, trembling girl that stood before them, and led her away. At the door of 21 Miss Gribble kissed her tenderly and said:

"Go in, my dear, and try to sleep, and remember I love you dearly." At the kind words Sue clung to her for a moment in silence and then slipped into her own room.

Virginia at Sue's entrance sat up in bed as if about to speak, but when Sue, too miserable to look at her, turned her back, she lay down again and made no sign, though Sue tossed wide awake all night.

Chapter XX.

A VAGRANT REPENTANCE.

With the first tap of the breakfast bell Maze Wood without ceremony opened the door of 21 and thrusting in a laughing face said in a shrill whisper:

"How are you, Sue, old girl? Still alive I hope."

Sue had been sitting at the window since daybreak trying to settle her mind on her Latin. Her pale, anxious face and the dark circles under her eyes told of her sleepless night, and now without lifting her eyes from her book she replied dully:

"I 'm still intact, with no thanks to you."

"Pooh, don't be huffy," protested Maze, chuckling. "All 's fair in love and war and you did n't expect a Screech Owl would be such a duffer as to stay there and get caught, did you?"

"I don't know anything about the Screech Owls, but a Minnehaha would scorn to get a girl into a scrape and then lock the door on her. But it 's all right, I was an idiot to go in the first place and my head aches too bad to continue this discussion."

"Oh, I see," jeered Maze. "It 's a case of take thy beak from out my heart and take thy form from off my door!"

Virginia, who had been pinning her stock before the mirror, turned with a look of contempt at this and said quietly:

"Excuse me, but I don't think Sue is well enough to be troubled this morning. You can see by her face that she is suffering. Won't you have a dose of seltzer, Sue dear, and let me call Nurse Cheeseman?"

"Humph, you don't say," sneered Maze. "Well, I have heard that Nurse Cheeseman gives pills for chilblains and broken noses, so perhaps she will have some suited to a Thaw panic," and with this last thrust she was gone.

But, at the first word of Virginia's question in the old loving tone, impetuous Sue's arms had gone out, and now sobbing and repentant she laid her head on Virginia's shoulder and poured out the whole story. As Virginia listened her heart sank lower and lower, for she knew with the exception of Miss Sargent and Miss Gribble the teachers felt that Sue's fascination, not only for the Minnehahas, but for the little girls, as well, was dangerous, coupled as it was, with her impetuosity and her lack of discipline.

Martha Cutting's scholarship did not fail to attract such a teacher as Miss Thaw, and Martha, having found her way into her teacher's heart through her excellent work, cultivated her favor by a dozen little arts, for in delicate attentions and subtle flatteries Martha was an adept. Knowing that Miss Thaw thoroughly distrusted

Sue Roberts, Sue, her one rival with Virginia and Miss Gribble, she was careful that Miss Thaw should be kept fully informed of all Sue's peccadilloes.

Not that Martha had ever stopped to analyze her feeling toward Sue Roberts—she had laid no deep plans nor dark schemes, she was just drifting as many another girl, drifting with the current, a current made of her vanity, her jealousy and her great longing to be Virginia's best friend. She knew that while Sue was at Hope Hall she could not expect to win the prize in vocal music, and so must miss her trip to Europe, nor could she hope to be Virginia's room-mate, and with Sue out of the way these things so much coveted would be hers.

"O Virginia," groaned Sue, "if I had n't been rude to Miss Thaw that day and had gone with the girls I never would have gotten into this. But I knew when I looked into her eyes last night she had never forgiven me for calling her the hatefulest teacher in Hope Hall and I *was* ashamed of that and I would have liked to beg her pardon, but she would never believe that now, and just think I was playing the coward. But I was so furious when she called me ill-bred and I knew how ashamed father and mother would have been of me that minute. Oh, what a fool I looked last night when I crept out before them all—but oh, but oh, what hurt me worst was Miss Sargent and Miss Gribble—they have just begged me to be good and behave like other girls, and not be so noisy and slangy—and there is Masie and father—poor, poor father! Oh, Virginia, I can't bear it."

"There, there, dear," said Virginia. "Perhaps it will come out all right."

"I did n't care a flip about going up there last night, Virginia, I don't like those girls a bit . . . but you . . . you . . . seemed so sort of far away and I got desperate—"

"Don't, Sue, don't! I can't bear that," moaned Virginia. "It was all my silly pride; I could n't forgive you for believing I would talk against you to Martha and I just would n't speak first."

"I did n't believe it . . not really, Virginia, but I was so angry I had to hurt somebody back and you were nearest. Please forgive me—oh, say that you will forgive me!"

"Forgive you, dear old Sue, there is nothing to forgive. You just said it on the spur of the moment and I sulked and brooded over it for three days. Your poor head will be much worse if you cry so, Sue. Let me go for Nurse Cheeseman and she will cuddle you all up and bring you your breakfast and you will feel better."

"But promise me, Virginia," begged Sue, "not one word to anybody about Maze Wood or Number 14. I could n't endure they should think I betrayed them. I could stand anything better than that."

"I 'll promise, if you will lie down and be quiet. Here is the cologne and the smelling salts; please come, Sue!" So by dint of coaxing and soothing Virginia left a more cheerful girl under dumpy little Mrs. Cheeseman's care when she went down to breakfast.

It was ten o'clock when Sue opened her eyes after her long nap; Virginia had gone to class and Nurse sat darning at the window. The heavy weight fell on Sue's heart again as she caught sight of the squat little figure, and sighing she turned wearily and closed her eyes.

"Are you awake now, Miss Roberts?" inquired Nurse. "How is your head?"

"Much better, thank you. It is too bad you had to sit up here so long."

"Oh, that is a part of my work, you know. Miss Hope sent up word that as soon as you were awake I was to help you dress and send you down to the office. I hope you have n't been up to any pranks, honey."

"Oh dear," sighed Sue. "Yes, I have, Nursie, but it 's no use being a coward, so I 'll get up and get it over with, since it 's got to come."

A few moments later, still weak and dizzy, but carefully dressed, her big bows waving, her face set in a pale smile and trying her bravest to look as jaunty as usual, she tripped down the stairway and knocked at the office door.

To her surprise there was no one in the office but Miss Hope and the unexpectedness of it almost dashed her courage. She did n't know quite what she had expected to see, all the faculty in a circle surely, and if they had been cloaked and masked, with Miss Thaw posing as a headsman, after the manner of the pictures of

the inquisition, she would not have been so absolutely overwhelmed as she was at the sight of that quiet little figure at the desk.

"Come, Susan, and tell me all about it," that was what Miss Hope said, not lovingly, nor tenderly, as Miss Sargent would have spoken, but strongly, sincerely, as one woman to another, and Sue walked forward and took the chair by the principal and bravely told her story.

She told of her rudeness to Miss Thaw, of her longing to apologize and her foolish resistance to her good impulse, of her anger at seeing Virginia's name and Martha's name on the list, of her quarrel with her room-mate, and then of her desire to punish Virginia's silence of the night before by breaking the rule.

"I can give no names. I am sure you see that, Miss Hope. But every girl you could possibly suspect of being with me was innocent last night. Of that I assure you."

For the first time during Sue's recital Miss Hope's stern face brightened into a smile, the explanation was so like Sue.

"Well, my child, I never ask my girls to tell upon one another, unless it comes to a matter of such proportions that it must be sifted to the very bottom and even then I prefer to gather my own information. In this case you are the girl I want to understand. You have acted as foolishly as I would have expected, but you have been very frank in your explanation and I believe you absolutely, Susan. Virginia Clayton is your best friend, in that she tries to lead you toward the right. No doubt she has her faults, I have been dealing with girls thirty years, yes fifty, for I was a girl once myself, and I have never found a single angel among them; each has her particular faults to conquer and control. You quarreled with Virginia, but she has been with me pleading for you and taking much of the blame herself; then, too, Miss Gribble and Miss Sargent have been here pleading your cause; and so, you see, my dear, you can not suffer all the pain of your own wrong doing; it falls on the hearts of your faithful friends, whom you never dreamed of hurting. In insulting Miss Thaw, you deprived yourself of one of the most remarkable teachers I have ever known. Indeed, Susan, when I put you upon Miss Thaw's list I thought how much you would enjoy those long walks afield and her interesting talks, and I was glad for you, for I had been watching your faithful work in your classes and I wanted to reward your effort. I placed Virginia and Martha upon that list because they are always quiet and ladylike. Not a teacher who has to say to them 'more quietly, please,' 'not so loud,' 'more gently,' but how many times a day is that said to you? I hope to see the time when Sioux the Indian becomes Susan the true woman, but that can only be through your own efforts. Your demerit I cannot rightfully save you from, and it must be your punishment that now at this happy Christmas time your report card must bear a black mark. It is because of your really strong work in your classes and your unselfishness among your mates that you get off so easily this time. A girl who has so much influence as you have, Susan, among not only the girls of her own age, but the little ones as well, who is as ready and willing to do kindnesses, and who is naturally as cheerful and buoyant, ought to do a beautiful work in her school, but if, in spite of these God-given traits, she prefers to be rude, noisy, untrustworthy, then she must take her place among the goats—every school has them—and my gentle sheep and my guileless little lambs must be guarded from her influence; it all lies with the girl herself. Perhaps you have never thought of it in this way before. And now I hope, Susan, you will come back after Christmas to make the most of yourself in every way. You are excused."

(To be continued.)



WHINEYBOY and SMILEYBOY

By Charles I. Junkin.

Little Mr. Whineyboy came to town one day,
Riding on a Growlygrub, screaming all the way,
Howlyberries in his hat,
Screecher leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' squeals,
Whineywhiners on his heels.
What do you think —that awful day
Everybody ran away!

Little Mr. Smileyboy came to town one day,
Riding on a Grinnergrif, laughing all the way,
Chuckleberries in his hat,
Jolly leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' smiles
All of the "very latest styles."
What do you think —that happy day
Not a body ran away!





CRABS AND THEIR HABITS.

By Margaret Wentworth Leighton.

When the Roman soldiers first invaded Britain they found quantities of ten-legged creatures scrambling about on the shores. These had eyes borne each on a little stalk, and hard coverings for their bodies as good as suits of armor. The Romans were not slow to find out that these same animals made excellent meals. They called them *carabus*. Thus originated our word "crab." Those crabs which were relished by the invaders are table delicacies in many English homes to-day.

The baby crabs differ greatly in general appearance from their parents, so that if you should see one floating about in the water you would not connect it with the crabs in any way. After leaving the egg it passes through many stages of development. Less than a hundred years ago, naturalists thought that they had found some very strange new animals when they discovered the young crabs in the various stages of growth. One they called a nauplius, and another a zoëa. We use these same names now to denote the stages of development through which the little crab passes. Mr. Frank Buckland says, in describing one which has just left the egg: "A goggle eye, a hawk's beak, a scorpion's tail, a rhinoceros's horn, adorn a body fringed with legs, yet scarcely bigger than a grain of sand."

In the nauplius stage there are three pairs of legs, and one eye in the middle of the head. Next comes the zoëa stage, and now our little friend rejoices in a pair of eyes, and a number of long, sharp spines which grow out on all sides of its body. As it is still very helpless and not able to fight its own battles, nature has provided the spines as a protection against wandering fishes who might think the little crab a dainty morsel were it unarmed; but when they see the threatening spines they pass it by unnoticed. Next comes the megalopa stage, in which the legs are well developed. Other stages follow, until at last it comes out a perfect copy of its parents.

Once all crabs lived in the sea and breathed by means of gills. After a time there were some kinds which thought, after experimenting, that a life on land would be better than remaining always in the water. In this way, as Carl Semper has discovered, the gill-chambers, consisting of a lower and upper portion, have been transformed, so that now the lower portion only contains the true gills, while the upper portion is an air-breathing lung. The crabs are thus fitted for spending as much time or as little as they choose in their native element and the remainder upon land.

Does it not seem wonderful that some crabs should live on mountains four thousand feet high? They have, in addition to the lung, a little reservoir of water within their bodies for moistening the breathing apparatus when it becomes dry. Though dwelling so far from the sea, they have a strong affection for their old home, and once a year they make a pilgrimage to it to bathe and deposit their eggs. They go in May (the rainy season on the islands in the Pacific and Indian oceans, where they live), in vast hordes, straight to the sea.

Rev. Thomas Stebbing says in his "History of Crustacea": "The army is often a mile and a half long and forty or fifty paces broad. Each soldier marches sideways. They go over everything that comes in their way, be it hedges, houses, churches, hills, or cliffs. They would rather clamber up at the peril of their lives than make a circuit. They sometimes pass in at the windows on one side of a house, right over the occupants, who may be asleep in bed, and out at those on the other side, causing the people no little fright. The vanguard, composed wholly of males, starts some days before the

main army. The noise which they make is like the rattling of armor. If any luckless sol-



THE SPINOUS SPIDER CRAB.

dier falls and breaks his limbs he is immediately gobbled up by his companions."

Unlike most sea-crabs, the young of the land-crabs do not pass through a number of changes, but the little ones are perfect when they leave the egg. They live on the sea-shore, clinging to the rocks, and enjoying themselves for some time before they go to their home in the hills.

Crabs exhibit some of the marvelous ways in which nature has protected animals by coloring and ornamentation. The backs of some of our commonest ones have a delicate tracery, like seaweed, covering the carapace or shell. It has the shades of the living algæ—light pink, red, brown, etc. The spider-crab is covered with a coarse, hairy fur. The hairs are serrate or hooked, and serve to collect and hold debris, in which tiny plants and hydroids find root-room and nourishment. Thus quite a garden



THE FIDDLER-CRAB

often flourishes on the spider's shell, protecting him effectually from enemies.

Doctor Graeffe, who has spent a great deal of time in studying the crabs, tells about a specimen of *Maia verrucosa* which he kept. He removed all the vegetation from its back, then put it in a dish with "dead men's fingers" (a polyp). Soon the crab began to pull off the tips of the polyp branches with its claws. After letting them lie some time on the bottom of the dish, it carefully placed one at a time on its back, with the broken surface down. It seemed to know just which growths would bear transplanting in this way, and which would not.

A Swedish naturalist, Dr. Aurivillius, had a pet crab that supported a garden of bright sea-mosses. He put it among some sponges, when it removed with great labor all the mosses from its back, replacing them with bits of sponge. It put each piece of sponge up to its mouth, and appeared to lick it over before placing it on its shell. If any of the bits failed to adhere, they were licked a second time, and seemed to be covered with a sticky liquid.

The Japanese have a crab which they call "red crab of the devil," from its resemblance



THE HERMIT-CRAB IN THE SHELL OF A SEA-SNAIL.

to their conception of that monster. It is fiery red and covered with fierce-looking spines. The lazy-crab, a slow-moving fellow, looks like a bit of pale-red sandstone overgrown with green sea-moss. In the East Indies lives a blood-red crab with a great white cross on his back and green stripes upon his sides.

The crabs, as a general rule, are dressed to match their surroundings. Those living in clear streams wear dark-green garments matching the plants about them; and some, living in Natal among yellow and orange mosses, are golden in color.

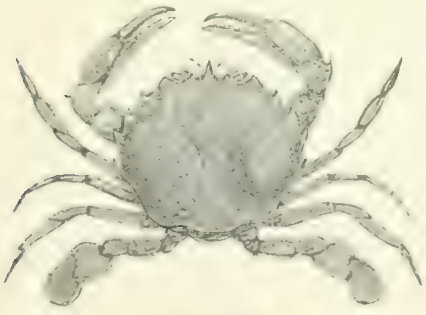
When the mothers and daughters are ready for their new garments, each retires into her hole in the sand, where the old dress is discarded and a new one donned. At first the new one is very soft, and it often takes some days for it to become hard and firm. When their toilets are all completed, the fathers and brothers take

their turn and retire for some days, then emerge in shining new suits.

Some of the crabs have very queer habits. For instance, there is one family none of the members of which ventures out to walk without a parasol in the form of a dead leaf or empty shell, which it holds proudly aloft.



The funny little fiddlers are rightly named *Gelasimus*, which means "laughable crab." It is sometimes the right and at others the left cheliped, or great claw, that grows so large it seems out of all proportion to the rest of the tiny fellow. The Japanese, who have always some poetical idea upon every subject, call the fiddler *Siho maneki*, which means "beckoning for the return of the tide." The fiddlers are in the habit of gesticulating with the great claw as if beckoning or drawing the bow across a fiddle. Those of my acquaintance have all been small, but there are some large ones that make burrows in the marshes and build over them little arches of mud. They sit beneath them and



watch for their prey. Many of the fiddlers live upon seaweeds. Professor Smith has seen them scraping up the sand on which their favorite food grows, making it into pellets, and carrying these into their holes, where he sometimes discovered large quantities stored for future use.

The hermits are very grotesque. The hinder parts of their bodies are so soft that they need some protection; so they search over the beach for empty shells. They try on one after another, until finally one of exactly the right size is found. They fasten themselves into the stolen shell with strong hooks which grow upon the ends of their bodies. Sometimes it occurs that two fiddlers, out house-hunting, happen upon the same shell at the same moment. Then there is usually a terrible battle, the victor walking off the field bearing proudly aloft his hard-earned home.

Some of the hermits have anemones growing



upon the shells in which they live. Mr. Gosse tells of one which he kept in his aquarium. He separated the anemone from the shell inhabited by the crab; but before long he saw the hermit very gently take up the anemone and put it back on the shell, where it remained.

Many of the crabs are great scavengers, and if a dead shark is washed up on the beach it will not be long before hundreds are at work devouring it. If a person happens to pass near, or any little noise alarms them, they instantly disappear beneath the sand. When the danger has passed, hosts of funny little eyes on tiny stalks are protruded from the sand, and if

things appear satisfactory their owners emerge and go back to the feast.

One of the hermit's big cousins, *Lithodes kamschatica*, which lives in holes in rocky cliffs, feeds upon the crab-eating octopus (devil-fish), thus in some measure squaring the account between the crabs and one of their enemies.

Some crabs are cruelly voracious. Many years ago a large steamer, the *Golden Rule*, with seven hundred passengers (among whom were my father and mother), was wrecked upon Roncador Reef, since become famous as the destroyer of our grand old *Kearsarge*. The people were taken to a small island near, where they stayed for ten days. When they lay down at night the crabs, with which the island was covered, came and bit holes in their clothes, in some cases even eating their shoes!

In Japan lives the "mountain savage," a great crab that has legs decorated with broad anklets of fur.

The crabs which spend most or all of their lives in the water are especially adapted for swimming. Some of the joints of their legs are compressed and flattened so that they are like little paddles. Among these are the American lady and blue crabs, which dart about in the water, chasing mackerel and other fish. They fasten themselves to the fish by their sharp pincers, holding on until it dies. Mr. Gosse saw many of the swimming-crabs in Central American waters. One was named the "velvet crab," and another had wonderfully beautiful iridescent legs. Some crabs are fitted for living in very deep water, and have suckers on their hind legs, by which they can cling to the rocks under the ocean and rest. Some deep-water crabs, taken from a depth of four or five hundred fathoms, had much shorter eye-stalks than the ordinary crabs, and the cornea (the horny covering of the eye) was wholly wanting.

Two very small crabs have a special interest on account of their curious homes. One is called *Planes minutus* (the little wanderer). It journeys about on the sargassum, the coarse though beautiful sea-plant that forms the Sargasso Sea, and sometimes it steals a ride on the back of a sea-turtle. It is supposed that it was this species of crab which Columbus spied on the sargassum and pointed out to his despairing sailors as a sign that land could not be far away.

With the other we are all familiar. Who has not seen the tiny golden crabs in his oyster stew? This crab, which lives inside the shells of oyster, pinna, etc., was called by Aristotle *Pinnoteres*, which means "one that guards or watches the pinna." The reason it received this name was because the ancients thought it warned the mollusk when any danger threatened. If a small fish accidentally got inside of the oyster's shell, he snapped it to, and then he and his little crab friend had a sociable meal upon it. The females of these crabs have very soft shells and need protection; so they take refuge inside the shells of the mollusks and live upon the refuse of their food.

The fiddler-crab has no musical ability, but another crab (*Melaplax*) is supposed to produce musical sounds, though I doubt if any one has had the pleasure of attending one of its concerts. It has what Dr. De Man calls "a musical crest" on the great claw. This is a horny ridge, and the music is made by rubbing it against a row of little knobs.

When the storm season approaches the shore-crabs bury themselves deep under the mud and sand, where they are safely protected from the fury of the great breakers that hurl themselves against the shores in winter.

The king-crab is a curious fellow. We might call him a second or third cousin to the true crab. His first cousins, whom he resembles strongly in many points, are the scorpions and spiders. The king-crab is a very old type, and, as it has an unusual amount of "grit," it has successfully battled against the hardships of existence; and those living all along our Atlantic beaches to-day are exactly the same as the fossil ones found in Silurian deposits. Instead of having five pairs of legs, as the other crabs do, it has six pairs, like the spiders. It is the only living relative of an immense race of trilobites that once peopled a large part of the earth.

THE REUNION OF THE BRUIN FAMILY AT THE SEA SHORE.



CHILDREN AT PLAY.

By N. Hudson Moore.

Every now and then a boy that I know comes bouncing into my study full of excitement, and says:

"Oh, I know a new game!"

"A new one," I say, "are you sure of that."

"Yes indeedy, it 's a new one, this is the way it goes," and then he shows or tells me of some game like hop-scotch or leap-frog, which is new to him because he has just grown up to it, but which has been played by children in many countries for hundreds and hundreds of years.

How do I know this is so? Why because I am beginning to believe that there is nothing new under the sun except perhaps just radium and the uses to which we put electricity, which is in itself as old as the world. But about games being old, I not only found that out in pictures and books but I am able now to show you.

Here is a queer old picture painted by Pieter Brueghel, called "The Elder," who was born at Brueghel, near Brenda on the river Merk, in the Netherlands, in the year 1510. He died in 1569, so this picture was painted somewhere between 1530 and 1569, for I allow him to be twenty years old, and he was doubtless older, before he could have done it. The picture is now in Vienna, Austria, and is called "Children at Play."

Just for fun let 's see how many games they are playing that you and I know and can play ourselves.

Let us begin way up the street. I see a troop of boys playing soldier, the Captain leads with a broom in his hands for a sword. Those girls sitting near are either playing "lady," or "school," I am not sure which. Then there are two parties doing "follow-my-leader" and soldier, and there are others in the street playing "blind-mans-buff," marbles and walking on stilts.

Two boys are quarreling, but I think that they will soon stop, for see, the old lady is leaning from the window and pouring water on them from a watering-can! A very good way to stop a quarrel I think. How do you feel about it, boys?

There is one chap I do feel sorry for and that is the one who is trying to slide down that awfully steep cellar door. It is not half so nice as some I know that go down like a gentle hill.

When we come out into the square, things are even livelier than in the street. There are two boys "doing stunts" on the hitching-bar, another who looks as if he were playing "duck on a rock" only the rock is an iron pot, and there is a whole class of little girls dressed as nuns. Two of them carry a basket. Perhaps after all, they have just thrown their cloaks over their heads and are going on a picnic.

Look at the "leap-frog"!

By the way, do you know what that kind of trousers which so many of the boys wear is called? Hose, or hosen, and they were stockings and trousers all in one piece, sometimes with leather soles to them instead of shoes. They called the jackets, doublets, or jerkins, and a great many of them were of leather, so you see although mother may have had a bad time keeping the knees and toes of the hosen mended, the leather doublets wore pretty well. Besides there was another good thing. Mother did not have to sew on buttons, because they did not use them. The different parts of the clothes were tied together with strings or lacings. These lacings often had metal tips to prevent their getting ragged or raveled, and then they were called "points."

If you had lived then and were going out in a hurry to play with the boys you would not have run to mother crying:

"Please button my coat," but you would very likely have gone to her and said:

'CHILDREN AT PLAY'

Engraved by Pieter Baseliel, the Elder, painted sometime between 1559 and 1570.

"Please Madam, truss my points."

I do not know just what those children sitting in two rows by the fence are playing, with the two boys jumping down the middle. That group near them seem to be having fine sport playing "Where's my Rachel?"

The game those six boys in the middle of the picture are playing must have been called "Tournament," or "Tourney," for those were the days when the great Tournaments or Jousts were held, which you can read about in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe."

The two boys bending down were horses and they kept their balance by holding on to the stout belts of the boys in front of them. Then two other boys mounted on their backs and were the knights. They struggled as to who should get that leather strap without being "unhorsed," the "horses" themselves meanwhile prancing and curvetting about.

Not far from them a boy and a girl have "made a chair" for little sister who is tired, and on the bench by the house a boy is playing with a tame dove, another one is whirling a toy by pulling a string, while two girls within doors are doing what? Dressing dolls, I do believe!

Right down in front is "ride-a-cockhorse," "ring-toss," rolling hoop, riding a barrel, (did you ever try that?) and blowing up a bladder. This bladder was used in a rough game. It was blown up, the neck of it tied with a string and the other end of the string tied to a stick. Then the one who had the bladder tried to hit someone with it, you can see them playing it up the street. The boy in front who is blowing up the bladder seems to have on some kind of a Dunce-cap. I noticed several others with the same kind of paper on their caps.

Near the bladder boy is another kind of tournament game. In this one it takes three boys to make the horse, two bending over and one to hold on to. Two boys ride on each horse. This was a rough game, and you see one boy has been hurt, and they are putting him on the great beam. A little girl is playing store on one corner of this beam. What a pretty pair of scales she has, I wonder if mother lent them to her.

Two boys seem to have had some trouble playing with a set of blocks, and just beyond them a group are having "London Bridge," or that is what we call it to-day, of course Dutch children had another name for it. They are having a good time playing it, I judge, for their mouths are all wide open. In the doorway a girl is balancing a broom on her finger, but what those seated on the steps are playing, I cannot make out. I almost expect to see that basket drop out of the window, perhaps it has cookies in it. If it was full of cookies and dropped, how those children, who are playing whip the top, would run out!

There are two little girls playing at tilting with long sticks with arms on them, two or three others "making cheeses" and nearby is a lovely mud hut with a hole to crawl in. Three boys tired of play are having a good swim in the creek.

I think that this is the busiest scene I ever saw in a picture, and I should not be surprised if there were several sports going on which I have overlooked.

Can you find any?



THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By Helen Nicolay.

Chapter X.

THE MAN WHO WAS PRESIDENT.

The way Mr. Lincoln signed his most important state paper was thoroughly in keeping with his nature. He hated all shams and show and pretense, and being absolutely without affectation of any kind, it would never have occurred to him to pose for effect while signing the Emancipation Proclamation or any other paper. He never thought of himself as a President to be set up before a multitude and admired, but always as a President charged with duties which he owed to every citizen. In fulfilling these he did not stand upon ceremony, but took the most direct way to the end he had in view.

It is not often that a President pleads a cause before Congress. Mr. Lincoln did not find it beneath his dignity at one time to go in person to the Capitol, and calling a number of the leading senators and representatives around him, explain to them, with the aid of a map, his reasons for believing that the final stand of the Confederates would be made in that part of the South where the seven states of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia come together; and strive in this way to interest them in the sad plight of the loyal people of Tennessee who were being persecuted by the Confederate government, but whose mountainous region might, with a little help, be made a citadel of Union strength in the very heart of this stronghold of rebellion.

In his private life he was entirely simple and unaffected. Yet he had a deep sense of what was due his office, and took part with becoming dignity in all official or public ceremonies. He received the diplomats sent to Washington from the courts of Europe with a formal and quiet reserve which made them realize at once that although this son of the people had been born in a log cabin, he was ruler of a great nation, and more than that, was a prince by right of his own fine instincts and good breeding.

He was ever gentle and courteous, but with a few quiet words he could silence a bore who had come meaning to talk to him for hours. For his friends he had always a ready smile and a quaintly turned phrase. His sense of humor was his salvation. Without it he must have died of the strain and anxiety of the Civil War. There was something almost pathetic in the way he would snatch a moment from his pressing duties and gravest cares to listen to a good story or indulge in a hearty laugh. Some people could not understand this. To one member of his cabinet at least, it seemed strange and unfitting that he should read aloud to them a chapter from a humorous book by Artemus Ward before taking up the weighty matter of the Emancipation Proclamation. From their point of view it showed lack of feeling and frivolity of character, when, in truth, it was the very depth of his feeling, and the intensity of his distress at the suffering of the war, that lead him to seek relief in laughter, to gather from the comedy of life strength to go on and meet its sternest tragedy.

He was a social man. He could not fully enjoy even a jest alone. He wanted somebody to share the pleasure with him. Often when care kept him awake late at night he would wander through the halls of the Executive Mansion, and coming to the room where his secretaries were still at work, would stop to read to them some poem, or a passage from Shakspere, or a bit from one of the humorous books in which he found relief. No one knew better than he what could be cured, and what must be patiently endured. To every difficulty that he could remove he gave cheerful



"THE LAD TOOK HER PICTURE FROM HIS POCKET AND SHOWED IT TO MR. LINCOLN."

(See Page 923.)

and uncomplaining thought and labor. The burdens he could not shake off he bore with silent courage, lightening them whenever possible with the laughter that he once described as the "universal joyous evergreen of life."

It would be a mistake to suppose that he cared only for humorous reading. Occasionally he read a scientific book with great interest, but his duties left him little time for such indulgences. Few men knew the Bible more thoroughly than he did, and his speeches are full of scriptural quotations. The poem beginning "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was one of his favorites, and Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf" was another. Shakspere was his constant delight. A copy of Shakspere's works was even to be found in the busy Executive Office, from which most books were banished. The President not only liked to read the great poet's plays, but to see them acted; and when the gifted actor Hackett came to Washington, he was invited to the White House, where the two discussed the character of Falstaff, and the proper reading of many scenes and passages.

While he was President, Mr. Lincoln did not attempt to read the newspapers. His days were long, beginning early and ending late, but they were not long enough for that. One of his secretaries brought him a daily memorandum of the important news they contained. His mail was so enormous that he personally read only about one in every hundred of the letters sent him.

His time was principally taken up with interviews with people on matters of importance, with cabinet meetings, conferences with his generals, and other affairs requiring his close and immediate attention. If he had leisure he would take a drive in the late afternoon, or perhaps steal away into the grounds south of the Executive Mansion to test some new kind of gun, if its inventor had been fortunate enough to bring it to his notice. He was very quick to understand mechanical contrivances, and would often suggest improvements that had not occurred to the inventor himself.

For many years it has been the fashion to call Mr. Lincoln homely. He was very tall, and very thin. His eyes were deep-sunken, his skin of a sallow pallor, his hair coarse, black, and unruly. Yet he was neither ungraceful, nor awkward, nor ugly. His large features fitted his large frame, and his large hands and feet were but right on a body that measured six feet four inches. His was a sad and thoughtful face, and from boyhood he had carried a load of care. It is small wonder that when alone, or absorbed in thought, the face should take on deep lines, the eyes appear as if seeing something beyond the vision of other men, and the shoulders stoop, as though they too were bearing a weight. But in a moment all would be changed. The deep eyes could flash, or twinkle merrily with humor, or look out from under overhanging brows as they did upon the Five Points children in kindliest gentleness. So, too, in public speaking. When his tall body rose to its full height, with head thrown back, and his face transfigured with the fire and earnestness of his thought, he would answer Douglas in the high clear tenor that came to him in the heat of debate, carrying his ideas so far out over listening crowds. And later, during the years of war, when he pronounced with noble gravity the words of his famous addresses, not one in the throngs that heard him, could truly say that he was other than a handsome man.

It has been the fashion, too, to say that he was slovenly, and careless in his dress. This also is a mistake. His clothes could not fit smoothly on his gaunt and bony frame. He was no tailor's figure of a man; but from the first he clothed himself as well as his means allowed, and in the fashion of the time and place. In reading the grotesque stories of his boyhood, of the tall stripling whose trousers left exposed a length of shin, it must be remembered not only how poor he was, but that he lived on the frontier, where other boys, less poor, were scarcely better clad. In Vandalia, the blue jeans he wore was the dress of his companions as well, and later, from Springfield days on, clear through his presidency, his costume was the usual suit of black broadcloth, carefully made, and scrupulously neat. He cared nothing for style. It did not matter to him whether the man with whom he talked wore a coat of the latest cut, or owned no coat at all. It

was the man inside the coat that interested him.

In the same way he cared little for the pleasures of the table. He ate most sparingly. He was thankful that food was good and wholesome and enough for daily needs, but he could no more enter into the mood of the epicure for whose palate it is a matter of importance whether he eats roast goose or golden pheasant, than he could have counted the grains of sand under the sea.

In the summers, while he was President, he spent the nights at a cottage at the Soldier's Home, a short distance north of Washington, riding or driving out through the gathering dusk, and returning to the White House after a frugal breakfast in the early morning. Ten o'clock was the hour at which he was supposed to begin receiving visitors, but it was often necessary to see them unpleasantly early. Occasionally they forced their way to his bedroom before he had quite finished dressing. Throngs of people daily filled his office, the ante-rooms and even the corridors of the public part of the Executive Mansion. He saw them all, those he had summoned on important business, men of high official position who came to demand as their right offices and favors that he had no right to give; others who wished to offer tiresome, if well-meant, advice; and the hundreds, both men and women, who pressed forward to ask all sorts of help. His friends besought him to save himself the weariness of seeing the people at these public receptions, but he refused. "They do not want much, and they get very little," he answered. "Each one considers his business of great importance, and I must gratify them. I know how I would feel if I were in their place." And at noon on all days except Tuesday and Friday, when the time was occupied by meetings of the cabinet, the doors were thrown open, and all who wished might enter. That remark of his, "I know how I would feel if I were in their place," explained it all. His early experience of life had drilled him well for these ordeals. He had read deeply in the book of human nature, and could see the hidden signs of falsehood and deceit and trickery from which the faces of some of his visitors were not free; but he knew, too, the hard, practical side of life, the hunger, cold, storms, sickness and misfortune that the average man must meet in his struggle with the world. More than all, he knew and sympathized with that hope deferred which makes the heart sick.

Not a few men and women came, sad-faced and broken-hearted, to plead for soldier sons or husbands in prison, or under sentence of death by court-martial. An inmate of the White House has recorded the eagerness with which the President caught at any fact that would justify him in saving the life of a condemned soldier. He was only merciless when meanness or cruelty were clearly proved. Cases of cowardice he disliked especially to punish with death. "It would frighten the poor devils too terribly to shoot them," he said. On the papers in the case of one soldier who had deserted and then enlisted again, he wrote: "Let him fight, instead of shooting him."

He used to call these cases of desertion his "leg cases," and sometimes when considering them, would tell the story of the Irish soldier, upbraided by his captain, who replied: "Captain, I have a heart in me breast as brave as Julius Cæsar, but when I go into battle, sor, these cowardly legs of mine will run away with me!"

As the war went on, Mr. Lincoln objected more and more to approving sentences of death by court-martial, and either pardoned them outright, or delayed the execution "until further orders," which orders were never given by the great-hearted, merciful man. Secretary Stanton and certain generals complained bitterly that if the President went on pardoning soldiers he would ruin the discipline of the army; but Secretary Stanton had a warm heart, and it is doubtful if he ever willingly enforced the justice that he criticised the President for tempering with so much mercy.

Yet Mr. Lincoln could be sternly just when necessary. A law declaring the slave trade to be piracy had stood on the statute books of the United States for half a century. Lincoln's administration was the first to convict a man under it, and Lincoln himself decreed that the well-deserved sentence be carried out.

Mr. Lincoln sympathized keenly with the

hardships and trials of the soldier boys, and found time, with all his labors and cares, to visit the hospitals in and around Washington where they lay ill. His afternoon drive was usually to some camp in the neighborhood of the city; and when he visited one at a greater distance, the cheers that greeted him as he rode along the line with the commanding general showed what a warm place he held in their hearts.

He did not forget the unfortunate on these visits. A story is told of his interview with William Scott, a boy from a Vermont farm, who, after marching forty-eight hours without sleep, volunteered to stand guard for a sick comrade. Weariness overcame him, and he was found asleep at his post, within gunshot of the enemy. He was tried, and sentenced to be shot. Mr. Lincoln heard of the case, and went himself to the tent where young Scott was kept under guard. He talked to him kindly, asking about his home, his schoolmates, and particularly about his mother. The lad took her picture from his pocket, and showed it to him without speaking. Mr. Lincoln was much affected. As he rose to leave he laid his hand on the prisoner's shoulder. "My boy," he said, "you are not going to be shot to-morrow. I believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you, and send you back to your regiment. Now, I want to know what you intend to pay for all this?" The lad, overcome with gratitude, could hardly say a word, but crowding down his emotions, managed to answer that he did not know. He and his people were poor, they would do what they could. There was his pay, and a little in the savings bank. They could borrow something by a mortgage on the farm. Perhaps his comrades would help. If Mr. Lincoln would wait until pay day possibly they might get together five or six hundred dollars. Would that be enough? The kindly President shook his head. "My bill is a great deal more than that," he said. "It is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your family, nor your farm. There is only one man in the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day he does his duty so that when he comes to die he can truly say 'I have kept the promise I gave the President. I have done my duty as a soldier,' then the debt will be paid." Young Scott went back to his regiment, and the debt was fully paid a few months later, for he fell in battle.

Mr. Lincoln's own son became a soldier after leaving college. The letter his father wrote to General Grant in his behalf shows how careful he was that neither his official position nor his desire to give his boy the experience he wanted, should work the least injustice to others.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, January 16, 1865.

Lieutenant General Grant

Please read and answer this letter as though I were not President, but only a friend. My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated at Harvard, wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks, nor yet to give him a commission, to which those who have already served long are better entitled, and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you, or detriment to the service, go into your military family with some nominal rank, I and not the public furnishing the necessary means? If no, say so without the least hesitation, because I am as anxious and as deeply interested that you shall not be encumbered as you can be yourself.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

His interest did not cease with the life of a young soldier. Among his most beautiful letters are those he wrote to sorrowing parents who had lost their sons in battle; and when his personal friend, young Ellsworth, one of the first and most gallant to fall, was killed at Alexandria, the President directed that his body be brought to the White House, where his funeral was held in the great East Room.

Though a member of no church, Mr. Lincoln was most sincerely religious and devout. Not only was his daily life filled with acts of forbearance and charity; every great state paper that he wrote breathes his faith and reliance on a just and merciful God. He rarely talked, even with intimate friends, about matters of belief, but it is to be doubted whether any among the many people who came to give him advice and sometimes to pray with him, had a better right to be called a Christian. He always received such visitors courteously, with a

reverence for their good intention, no matter how strangely it sometimes manifested itself. A little address that he made to some Quakers who came to see him in September, 1862, shows both his courtesy to them personally, and his humble attitude toward God.

"I am glad of this interview, and glad to know that I have your sympathy and prayers. We are indeed going through a great trial, a fiery trial. In the very responsible position in which I happen to be placed, being a humble instrument in the hands of our Heavenly Father as I am, and as we all are, to work out His great purposes, I have desired that all my works and acts may be according to His will, and that it might be so I have sought His aid; but if, after endeavoring to do my best in the light which he affords me, I find my efforts fail, I must believe that for some purpose unknown to me, He wills it otherwise. If I had had my way, this war would never have been commenced. If I had been allowed my way, this war would have ended before this; but we find it still continues, and we must believe that He permits it for some wise purpose of his own, mysterious and unknown to us, and though with our limited understandings we may not be able to comprehend it, yet we cannot but believe that He who made the world still governs it."

Children held a warm place in the President's affections. He was not only a devoted father; his heart went out to all little folk. He had been kind to babies in his boyish days, when, book in hand, and the desire for study upon him, he would sit with one foot on the rocker of a rude frontier cradle, not too selfishly busy to keep its small occupant lulled and content, while its mother went about her household tasks. After he became President many a sad-eyed woman carrying a child in her arms went to see him, and the baby always had its share in gaining her a speedy hearing, and if possible a favorable answer to her petition.

When children came to him at the White House of their own accord, as they sometimes did, the favors they asked were not refused because of their youth. One day a small boy, watching his chance, slipped into the Executive Office between a governor and a senator, when the door was opened to admit them. They were as much astonished at seeing him there as the President was, and could not explain his presence; but he spoke for himself. He had come, he said, from a little country town, hoping to get a place as page in the House of Representatives. The President began to tell him that he must go to Captain Goodnow, the doorkeeper of the House, for he himself had nothing to do with such appointments. Even this did not discourage the little fellow. Very earnestly he pulled his papers of recommendation out of his pocket, and Mr. Lincoln, unable to resist his wistful face, read them, and sent him away happy with a hurried line written on the back of them, saying: "If Captain Goodnow can give this good little boy a place, he will oblige A. L."

It was a child who persuaded Mr. Lincoln to wear a beard. Up to the time he was nominated for President he had always been smooth-shaven. A little girl living in Chautauqua County, New York, who greatly admired him, made up her mind that he would look better if he wore whiskers, and with youthful directness wrote and told him so. He answered her by return mail:

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 19, 1860.

Miss Grace Bedell.

My dear little Miss: Your very agreeable letter of the fifteenth is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons, one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, never having worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin it now?

Your very sincere well-wisher,

A. Lincoln.

Evidently on second thoughts he decided to follow her advice. On his way to Washington his train stopped at the town where she lived. He asked if she were in the crowd gathered at the station to meet him. Of course she was, and willing hands forced a way for her through the mass of people. When she reached the car Mr. Lincoln stepped from the train, kissed her, and showed her that he had taken her advice.

The Secretary who wrote about the President's desire to save the lives of condemned

soldiers tells us that "during the first year of the administration the house was made lively by the games and pranks of Mr. Lincoln's two younger children, William and Thomas. Robert, the eldest, was away at Harvard, only coming home for short vacations. The two little boys aged eight and ten, with their western independence and enterprise, kept the house in an uproar. They drove their tutor wild with their good-natured disobedience. They organized a minstrel show in the attic; they made acquaintance with the office-seekers and became the hot champions of the distressed. William was, with all his boyish frolic, a child of great promise, capable of close application and study. He had a fancy for drawing up railway time-tables, and would conduct an imaginary train from Chicago to New York with perfect precision. He wrote childish verses, which sometimes attained the unmerited honors of print. But this bright, gentle and studious child sickened and died in February, 1862. His father was profoundly moved by his death, though he gave no outward sign of his trouble, but kept about his work, the same as ever. His bereaved heart seemed afterwards to pour out its fulness on his youngest child. 'Tad' was a merry, warm-blooded, kindly little boy, perfectly lawless, and full of odd fancies and inventions, the 'chartered libertine' of the Executive Mansion. He ran constantly in and out of his father's office, interrupting his gravest labors. Mr. Lincoln was never too busy to hear him, or to answer his bright, rapid, imperfect speech, for he was not able to speak plainly until he was nearly grown. He would perch upon his father's knee, and sometimes even on his shoulder, while the most weighty conferences were going on. Sometimes, escaping from the domestic authorities, he would take refuge in that sanctuary for the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the President would pick him up, and carry him tenderly to bed."

The letters and even the telegrams Mr. Lincoln sent his wife had always a message for or about Tad. One of them shows that his pets, like their young master, were allowed great liberty. It was written when the family was living at the Soldiers' Home, and Mrs. Lincoln and Tad had gone away for a visit. "Tell dear Tad," he wrote, "that poor Nanny Goat is lost, and Mrs. Cuthbert and I are in distress about it. The day you left, Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed; but now she is gone! The gardener kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers, till it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. This was done, and the second day she had disappeared and has not been heard of since. This is the last we know of poor Nanny."

Tad was evidently consoled by, not one, but a whole family of new goats, for about a year later Mr. Lincoln ended a business telegram to his wife in New York with the words: "Tell Tad the goats and Father are very well." Then, as the weight of care rolled back upon this great-hearted, patient man, he added, with humorous weariness, "especially the goats."

Mr. Lincoln was so forgetful of self as to be absolutely without personal fear. He not only paid no attention to the threats which were constantly made against his life, but when, on July 11, 1864, the Confederate General Early appeared suddenly and unexpectedly before the city with a force of 17,000 men, and Washington was for two days actually in danger of assault and capture, his unconcern gave his friends great uneasiness. On the tenth he rode out, as was his custom to spend the night at the Soldiers' Home, but Secretary Stanton, learning that Early was advancing, sent after him, to compel his return. Twice afterward, intent upon watching the fighting which took place near Fort Stevens, north of the city, he exposed his tall form to the gaze and bullets of the enemy utterly heedless of his own peril; and it was not until an officer had fallen mortally wounded within a few feet of him, that he could be persuaded to seek a place of greater safety.

(To be continued.)



From *THE DEEPWOOD GAZETTE* of Recent Date:

WARNING! All Persons are hereby cautioned against using My Name hereafter as a Simile for Slowness. [SIGNED] *A. SNAIL.*

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY WENT TO THE FAIR.

Long before anyone else in the house was stirring on that eventful morning, "Pinkey" Perkins had risen and dressed himself, and was chafing inwardly because it was yet an hour until breakfast time. To Pinkey alone was the morning especially eventful, but the fact that he was going to the County Fair, and was going alone, made it a red letter day with him.

He was to go in the morning, join his relatives from the country in time for a picnic dinner, and remain with them until his parents arrived in the afternoon.

Pinkey sought to gain time by doing before breakfast the chores he usually postponed until afterward, so as soon as the meal was over he began, under his mother's supervision, to make his preparations for departure.

"Now Pinkey," admonished Mrs. Perkins, as she arranged the new red tie with that generous puffy effect which Pinkey so much desired, "now remember, you are not to go around where any horses are; you might get kicked."

"Yes'm," agreed Pinkey, willing to promise anything.

"Just you look around in the school exhibit and go and see all the pretty things in the Ladies' Department and wait there until your aunt comes for you."

At last he was ready, and as the final touches were added to his attire, he stood before his mother's practised eye, immaculate and faultless. Proudly he strutted away beside his father, feeling very much of a man at the idea of going alone to the fair.

Pinkey had decided that twenty cents, in addition to the price of admission, should be a sufficient amount to defray his expenses for the morning, and that amount he had stored away in his inside pocket in the shape of two bright silver dimes.

"Have you a handkerchief?" called Mrs. Perkins, as the departing pair reached the front gate.

Without turning around, Pinkey announced that he had.

Mr. Perkins seldom took part in the detailed instructions regarding Pinkey's doings, or rather his not-doings, realizing that a few well-chosen and timely words were of more real value than those delivered more at length. On this occasion, his only instructions, given while on the way down town were: "Pinkey, while you are at the fair to-day, do what your mother told you, and keep out of mischief," and Pinkey's reply was his usual laconic "Yes, sir."

Father and son reached the public square as the "'bus" drivers were making their first rounds for passengers. Pinkey was on very good terms with the driver of one of these 'buses and on the strength of this friendship was soon perched on the driver's seat of that particular conveyance, enjoying a free ride to the fair grounds.

Now, Pinkey went to the fair that day with as good intentions as ever boy possessed. He was usually careful about not doing the things against which he had been warned, and on this occasion he had no intention of violating any of the specific restrictions which had been placed on his actions. But if a thing had not been mentioned, Pinkey generally felt at liberty to follow his own inclinations in the matter, sometimes to his later regret.

It happened that the driver of the 'bus which bore Pinkey to the fair that morning, was smoking. Pinkey had lately cherished a frequent desire to smoke, but a real fair opportunity when he had the material and could do so without fear of detection by parents or meddling friends, had never offered itself. But now was his chance; he had money with which to make his purchase and four long hours

before him, free from interruption. He could go to the school exhibit later in the day. The article which so fascinated Pinkey was not a big cigar but a small daintily rolled cigarette, with a tobacco wrapper and an enticing white paper mouth-piece. Many boys of his age could smoke and why not he?

Pinkey debated the subject with himself on the way to the fair grounds and by the time he arrived his conscience had ceased to bother him.

As the 'bus drew up to the gate, Pinkey hurriedly dismounted, bought himself an admission ticket and was passed inside. A few minutes later he caught himself looking guiltily around as he walked up to a stand and invested one of his dimes in a package of "Cameos," with a colored picture of a boy, wreathed in fragrant smoke, on the outside of the box.

Hastily putting his newly-made purchase in his pocket and feeling highly elated, Pinkey set out to find some secluded place in which to satisfy his longing. While in search of such a spot, in the rapidly-filling grounds, whom should he see running to meet him but his bosom friend, "Bunny" Morris, just recovered from the mumps. He had not seen Bunny for a week, having been prohibited from going to his house, nor had Bunny been out of his yard for the same length of time. Pinkey had regretted that he was not going to see Bunny at the fair and greeted his partner joyfully, though a little doubtfully.

"Hullo, Pinkey," shouted Bunny.

"Hullo, when did you get out?" answered Pinkey, keeping a respectful distance from the recent invalid.

"Oh, to-day. They ain't catchin' any more," he continued, noticing Pinkey's efforts to avoid him. Pinkey, being thus reassured, they joined forces.

Pinkey conducted Bunny away from all possible danger of their being overheard and then broached the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Say, Bunny, if I tell you something, will you never tell?"

Bunny shook his head vigorously.

"Honest?"

"Honest Injun," declared Bunny.

"Cross your heart?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die," vowed the faithful Bunny.

"I 've got a box of cigarettes in my pocket."

"Humph, that 's nothin'," sneered Bunny, trying not to appear interested, but adding, "Where did you get 'em?"

"Oh, bought 'em a while ago. Did you ever smoke?"

There was no use hiding facts for each knew the other's every deed.

"Nothin' but corn silk and pennyroyal and such things," admitted Bunny. "I 've never smoked tobacco, though, have you?"

"No, but these cigarettes are n't strong a bit; let 's get under the amphitheatre and smoke now."

Bunny agreed, and the pair disappeared beneath the large, wooden grandstand for their first taste of the fragrant weed. Safely hidden from the public eye, Pinkey produced the cigarettes and matches and soon the boy on the box cover was emulated.

"Great! ain't it?" inquired Pinkey, after enjoying his cameo for a few silent moments.

"Grand!" answered Bunny, puffing gaily away at his cigarette.

"Let 's see how far you 've smoked yours, Bunny."

They measured and neither seemed to be more rapidly consuming the weed than the other. This conversation was followed by a long interval of silence, during which the ashes gradually approached the white paper mouth-pieces. Finally Pinkey broke the silence by declaring that he believed it got better the longer he smoked, but to a careful observer his words might have seemed to lack conviction.

Bunny went Pinkey one better by maintaining that this beat any other kind of cigarette he had ever smoked.

"I guess we ought n't to smoke clear up to the paper, though," warned Pinkey, tossing his stump away, "it might not taste good."

Bunny sat silent a moment, then he said with a serious look on his face: "I believe I must have smoked some of the paper on mine. Tastes like it," at the same time dropping his stump on the ground and stepping on it.

After a few thoughtful moments, Pinkey, placing a hand under each ear, inquired: "Bunny, are you sure you 're over the mumps? I feel as if I might be catchin' 'em."

"Doctor *said* I was over 'em,—but I *might* be havin' a relapse," replied Bunny despondently.



"I 'm afraid I 'd better go then, 'cause I 'd hate to get the mumps now," said Pinkey, rising unsteadily.

"Well, you 'd better not stay here any longer, Pinkey, because you know they 're terribly catchin'." Neither cared for companionship now, when there was danger of catching or transmitting the mumps.

"Are you going to stay here, Bunny?" inquired Pinkey, deciding that the sooner they separated, the more at rest he would be.

"Yes, I guess I 'd better stay here where nobody will catch the mumps from me." His thoughtfulness for the welfare of others had never before been so marked.

"Want me to leave these to smoke?" asked Pinkey, holding out the box of cigarettes. The queer feeling in his stomach was making him generous.

"No, you 'd better keep 'em, Pinkey, 'cause it 's not good for a fellow to smoke with the mumps."

Without further conversation, Pinkey departed, leaving Bunny seated on a box, his hands where his mumps had been. As soon as he was out of Bunny's line of vision, Pinkey dropped the box containing the remaining cameos in a dark corner and steered for the open air. His motion was uncertain and things swam before him. Unsteadily he made his way through the heedless crowd in a direction where there seemed to be fewer people than anywhere else. With every step he gulped and swallowed, his head reeled and oh, how he longed for some quiet place, where he could lie down.

Presently, he found such a place, in the shade of a shed projecting from the poultry exhibit. But it was too late to try to ward off the inevitable. He lay down on the grass, clean waist, white collar, red tie and all, and the fair, Bunny, the cigarettes and the mumps all faded into a jumbled dream as he fell asleep.

Pinkey awoke with a start. He sat up and gazed about him and wondered where he was.

Soon it all came back to him with sickening clearness and he recalled the sad experience with solemn regret.

But youthful ills are short-lived and Pinkey arose and looked about him, feeling somewhat like his own self once more. Again the noise which had awakened him began. It was the vigorous beating of a bass drum, which almost drowned the crash and rattle of a tambourine, the bearer of which vied with the drummer in making all the hideous noise possible.

These two were members of a freak show exhibiting on the grounds and this was their method of attracting attention and a curious crowd. They were marching about through the throng of people, punctuating their din by vivid descriptions of what could soon be seen



"'WELL,' SAID THE PROPRIETOR, 'I GUESS YOU 'VE TURNED LONG ENOUGH.'"

at the "Grand, Free, Open Air Exhibition" about to take place. Pinkey joined the drifting multitude and worked his way to the front, so that by the time the crowd had reached the tent, he was following immediately in the wake of the bass drum.

After the crowd had gathered about the entrance, a "strong man" came out and gave a brief exhibition of juggling with cannon balls and concluded his exhibition by lifting with his teeth a heavy iron weight.

The public was then assured by two lusty-voiced individuals that this was but the tamest of the many attractions to be seen upon "the inside," and all for the "small sum of one dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar."

Pinkey resisted manfully the consuming desire to go in, and clutched hard his remaining wealth. But the gaudy banners flapping in the breeze on either side of the entrance were too much for him. There were pictured a living skeleton, a fat boy, a real Circassian queen, a tattooed man, and many other attractions irresistible to older wills than Pinkey's. So at last he walked up boldly and exchanged his single remaining dime for the coveted ticket and soon was gazing upon the wonders within.

After a man, apparently the proprietor, had fully explained the special points of each attraction, and the acrobats had given their performance, those who had entered when Pinkey did began to depart. Instead of leaving with the crowd, Pinkey decided to remain until the next exhibition and then try to see everything over again at closer range.

When the tent was almost empty of visitors, Pinkey heard a voice from across the tent, inquiring: "Hey, kid,—want a job?"

At this, Pinkey turned around and the man called: "Come over here," at the same time motioning for Pinkey to follow him behind a large curtain.

"Think you 're man enough to turn that?" inquired the man, pointing to a large hand-organ; "the kid we had turning it, skipped out a while ago. If you 'll turn it until dinner-time, I 'll give you a dime, and besides, while I 'm lecturing, you can come out and see the show."

Surely fortune was smiling on Pinkey now! Here was not only a chance to see the show as many times as he desired, but to get his money back at the same time.

"Yes, sir, I'll turn it," answered Pinkey eagerly, and forthwith reached for the crank



and began to turn. The machine, much the worse for years of service, responded with a succession of stale melodies, which in their best days had been bad enough. Pinkey felt no fear of detection and entered on his part of the contract with enthusiasm.

"My, this is easy," thought Pinkey, marveling at the luck by which he was earning back his dime, and picturing to himself how envious Bunny would be when he heard of it all. But he found himself changing hands more and more frequently, before the man bade him stop to rest a minute.

When Pinkey started up again, the organ seemed to turn harder than it did before and the cracked tunes became wearisome and monotonous, but he stuck manfully at his post. While enjoying his rest during the next exhibition, he became suddenly aware of an assertive emptiness in his stomach and began to wonder how long it would be before dinner-time. The next period of turning seemed longer than all the others put together, and his arms seemed about to drop off before he was allowed to stop and rest. By this time he had grown thoroughly tired of the show, and during the intermission he sat on the ground wiping his brow, hungry and dejected.

After this crowd had dispersed and Pinkey again began his weary grind, he felt so weak that it was with difficulty he kept the machine going at all. Noticing the lagging music, the proprietor looked behind the curtain. It seemed to him that he had never seen weariness and despair so plainly depicted anywhere. Even he, who was accustomed to get all he could from everybody, felt that things had gone far enough. Pinkey was turning with one hand and mopping his brow with the other, making frequent changes. He felt that every turn must be his last, but he was trying his best to keep his end of the bargain.

"Well, kid," said the proprietor, "I guess you've turned long enough. You've earned your dime, and besides, there won't be much of a crowd in here during the balloon ascension, anyway."

"Balloon ascension!" gasped Pinkey, "what time is it?"

"About two o'clock," said the man dryly, "nearly dinner-time."

"Jiminy, give me my dime," cried Pinkey excitedly, "dinner-time's twelve!"

As he flew from the tent, Pinkey saw the huge gas bag over beyond the track, slowly filling, preparatory to its flight. What was he to do? He had missed his dinner and no doubt his father and mother and aunt had been looking for him everywhere. How could he bear to tell them that he had been there in that hot stuffy tent, he knew not how long, turning a hand-organ?

But his stomach! Eat he must and soon. Parents and aunts and even balloon ascensions paled to insignificance beside the hunger that consumed him.

Five minutes later an anxious father espied a ravenous son perched high on a stool in a lunch tent, a piece of mince pie in one hand and a bottle of ginger "pop" in the other. Winter or summer, mince pie was Pinkey's weakness and pop a beverage for the gods.

"Pinkerton!!"

To Pinkey it seemed that a bomb had burst beneath him. His bottle of pop dropped from his hand, fell clattering to the floor and the precious fluid gurgled through the cracks. Clutching the remainder of his pie, he dismounted from the stool and confronted his father, a wreck of his morning spotlessness.

"Pinkerton," demanded the father, what are you doing here?"

"Getting some dinner."

"Why did n't you get your dinner when you were told to get it?"

"Missed it." Pinkey never entered into long explanations when he could help it, unless they would benefit him.

"What have you been doing all day, anyhow?"

"Nothing much," replied Pinkey vaguely, desiring to avoid trouble as long as possible.

"Answer my question, young man, how did you come to miss your dinner?"

"I was working for the side-show man."

"Working for the side-show man!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, "well what *have* you been doing this morning? Out with it."

And Pinkey, seeing that he might better tell that part of his story than to have it, and more, extracted from him in small pieces, told his father, as they went to meet the worried mother, how he had paid his money to get in the side-show, and all that had happened since.

"And when he gave me my dime and told me I could stop turning," concluded Pinkey, "it was nearly two o'clock. I thought he 'd tell me when it was dinner-time, but when I found how late it was I knew I had missed my dinner, so I spent the money I had earned for pie and pop."

"Is that all you 've had to eat since breakfast?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the famished Pinkey, "and that 's not much."

In silence they walked along, Pinkey wondering what the outcome of it all would be and his father trying to decide if his son had been sufficiently punished by his own foolishness.

"And father," queried Pinkey, presently, mindful of the warning he had received, "father, is it wrong to turn a hand-organ, when you get pay for it?"

"We 'll see about that when we get home," answered the father, unwilling at present to hold out any hope.

As the pair approached the buggy wherein sat Mrs. Perkins and her sister, Mr. Perkins endeavored to make light of Pinkey's escapade.

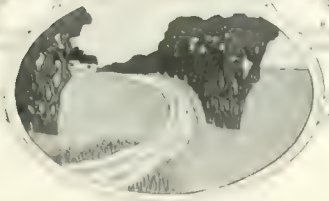
"Here 's your boy," he called, "he is all right, only not quite as spick and span as when you last saw him. He has been enjoying himself turning a hand-organ in a side-show and missed his dinner. He 's pretty hungry, but he will have to charge that up to experience."

Mrs. Perkins was so glad to see her son, alive and unmangled, that she had not the heart to upbraid him. Scarcely had she been convinced of his safety before his aunt, ever thoughtful and kind-hearted, led him away from the buggy to the large family carryall, wherein were two big baskets containing the remnants of the dinner Pinkey had missed. "Poor dear," she pitied, "no dinner, and turning the crank all the time for that horrid man!"

Pinkey could see no use in spoiling a lot of generous sympathy by telling about the early part of the morning, so he accepted pardon and kept his smoking experience to himself. He knew he had been sufficiently punished for that.

After a hasty toilet at the nearby pump, Pinkey returned, passably clean and totally famished. Never had cold chicken, rolls, milk, preserves and cake tasted so good, and as Pinkey buried his face in a large slice of watermelon, he felt that although his day at the fair had not been a decided success, life from many standpoints was still worth living.

BABY AND BIDDY.



By Helen Hazen Geer.

Shall I tell you about them? You can see that baby is a dear little girl not yet able to walk, but you will need sharp eyes to find Biddy



"SUDDENLY SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH BIDDY LIVES WITH HER BABIES"

in the picture. Biddy is a kind old mother hen, so tame she will eat out of your hand, or let you stroke her soft feathers. When Mama digs among her flowers Biddy stands by her side, and if she has to wait for a worm, pecks at Mama's sleeve as if to say—"Please hurry for I am hungry." This is how Baby and Biddy came to know each other. One very warm day Mama took Baby out under the trees and put her down on the cool green grass. That was fine! She crept around busy and happy for some time. Suddenly she caught sight of the house in which Biddy lives with her babies. They were out enjoying the fine day too. She sat up to watch them.

"A new kind of ball," she thought to herself—"I must have one." Close and closer she crept till the wee fingers could almost touch them. Biddy saw her and reaching out her sharp bill pecked baby's fingers. Such a loud cry! Biddy began to cackle and the little soft balls ran away as fast as their two feet could carry them. Mama hurried to the



"SUCH A LOUD CRY! BIDDY BEGAN TO CACKLE AND THE LITTLE SOFT BALLS RAN AWAY"

rescue. Was Biddy angry, do you think, because her babies were disturbed and in danger, or did she think that Baby's ten pink fingers might be something good to eat?



THE QUEST

By Nancy Byrd Turner.

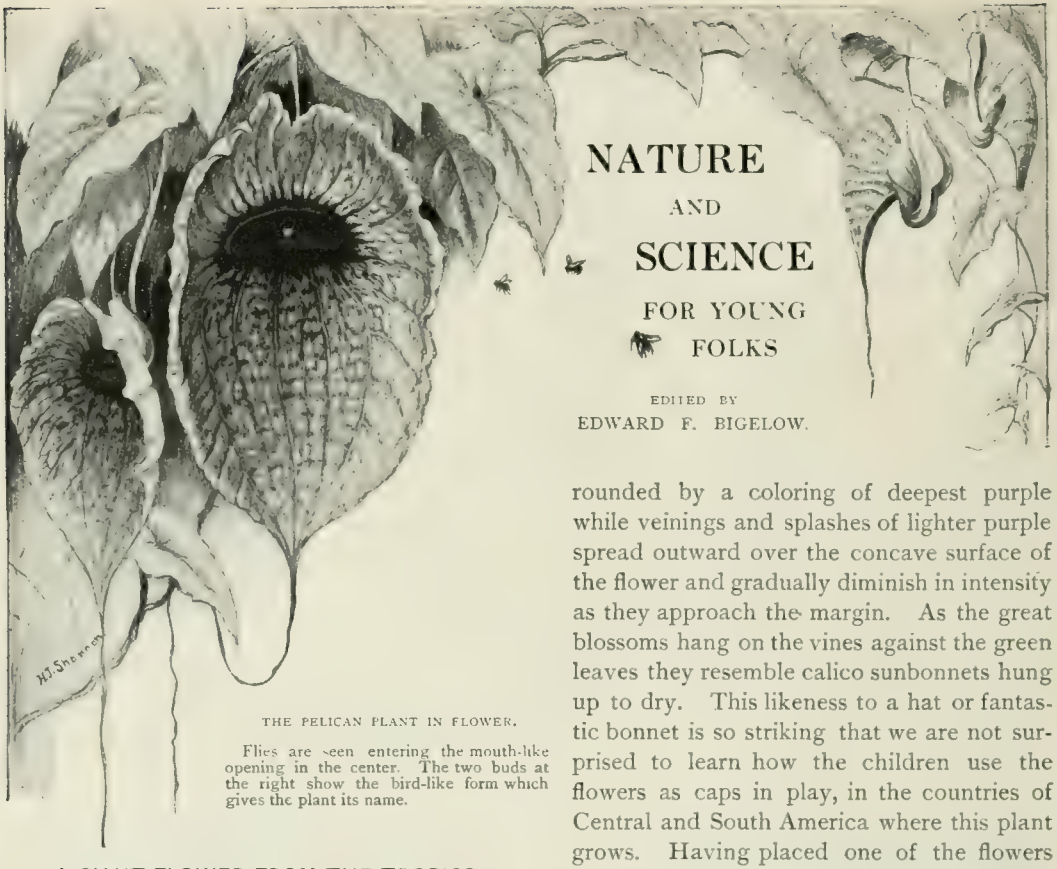
We followed the Rainbow Road
When the storm had grumbled by.
The rainbow stood by the big east wood
With its top against the sky.
Dot and the dog and I,
— The dog with the curly tail —
And a spade to dig for our treasure big,
A spade and a new tin pail.
(She was the company, I in command,
And the dog went along to guard the band).

The colors came down to the ground,
— Somebody told us so —
And somebody told how a pot of gold
Was hid at the end of the bow.
We hurried along, a-row,
Ready to seek and find;
I led the lot and next came Dot
With the curly-tailed dog behind.

(She was a girl and so, in case
Of danger, I gave her the safest place.)

O, we were almost there,
And we would have been rich, no doubt,
But the wind came by with a dreadful cry,
And the Beautiful Bow went out.
When we turned to look about
The great black dark had come –
We ran so fast that Dot was lost
And the dog was the first one home.
(And the rainbows come and the rainbows go,
But Dot and the dog and I — we *know*)!





NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY
EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

THE PELICAN PLANT IN FLOWER.

Flies are seen entering the mouth-like opening in the center. The two buds at the right show the bird-like form which gives the plant its name.

A GIANT FLOWER FROM THE TROPICS.

THESE remarkable flowers of the Pelican Plant were drawn from specimens at the Bronx Park greenhouses. High up under the glass roof they bloom in all their tropical luxuriance from stems which have climbed there, twenty feet or more into the air. Even at that height the form and size of the flower appear to be most remarkable, but it is only on a nearer view that we fully appreciate their wonderful structure. The principal flower in the illustration measured eighteen inches in height, while the depending ribbon-like tail was thirty inches longer, making a total length of forty-eight inches! The width of the flower at the time of its fullest expansion was twelve inches, so that we can form some idea of the astonishing size of this, the second largest flower in the world.

The coloring and structure of the flower are as remarkable and unusual as its dimensions. The rounded opening in the middle is surrounded by a coloring of deepest purple while veinings and splashes of lighter purple spread outward over the concave surface of the flower and gradually diminish in intensity as they approach the margin. As the great blossoms hang on the vines against the green leaves they resemble calico sunbonnets hung up to dry. This likeness to a hat or fantastic bonnet is so striking that we are not surprised to learn how the children use the flowers as caps in play, in the countries of Central and South America where this plant grows. Having placed one of the flowers on the head of a young girl and photographed it to show its fitness for the purpose, we see that now it becomes a headdress of real beauty and dignity, resembling a Greek soldier's cap; or that helmet which Pallas Athene, the Greek



THE NECK OF THE FLOWER CUT OPEN.

The tube-like passage is shown which leads out to freedom, and the flies lodged in the cavity or pocket above it.

Goddess of Wisdom, wears as a symbol of her power and protection.

Let us examine the flower more carefully. If we place our ear near the opening, a rasping and harsh buzzing noise will be heard. It sounds as if something alive were moving about inside. What is it? If we had watched the flower during the day, flies would have been



THE PELICAN FLOWER (ON A YOUNG CHILD).

This is the way the children of Central and South America wear them for hats in play.

seen to enter, and it is their buzzing and struggling that we hear; for, having once gotten in, there is a trap-like arrangement in the neck which prevents their escape. We slit up the neck with a knife, spread the sides apart and see a great number of the insects crawl out and fly away. Examining the trap we see that it is formed like an eel-pot. The opening of the flower narrows in the neck to a small tube which projects down into the larger chamber near the stem. This chamber reaches up around the neck of the tube in a deep recess and into this pocket the insects fly and crawl about, until they die or by chance find the central opening below them.

The name of Pelican Plant is given because of the peculiar bird-like form of the bud. It is interesting to know that the plant has smaller relatives in the Canada ginger and Dutchman's pipe which are found in the Northern States.

Perhaps many of my readers care little for the scientific names of our native plants, when they seem so long and burdensome,—but the Pelican flower is so big and such a notable visitor to our shores that we should learn his true and appropriate title. So, when you go to the New York Botanical Gardens in the Bronx, New York, and enter greenhouse No. 4, ask to see the *Aristolochia grandiflora Sturtevantii*, which is open during the months of July, August, September and October to receive its winged and other guests.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.

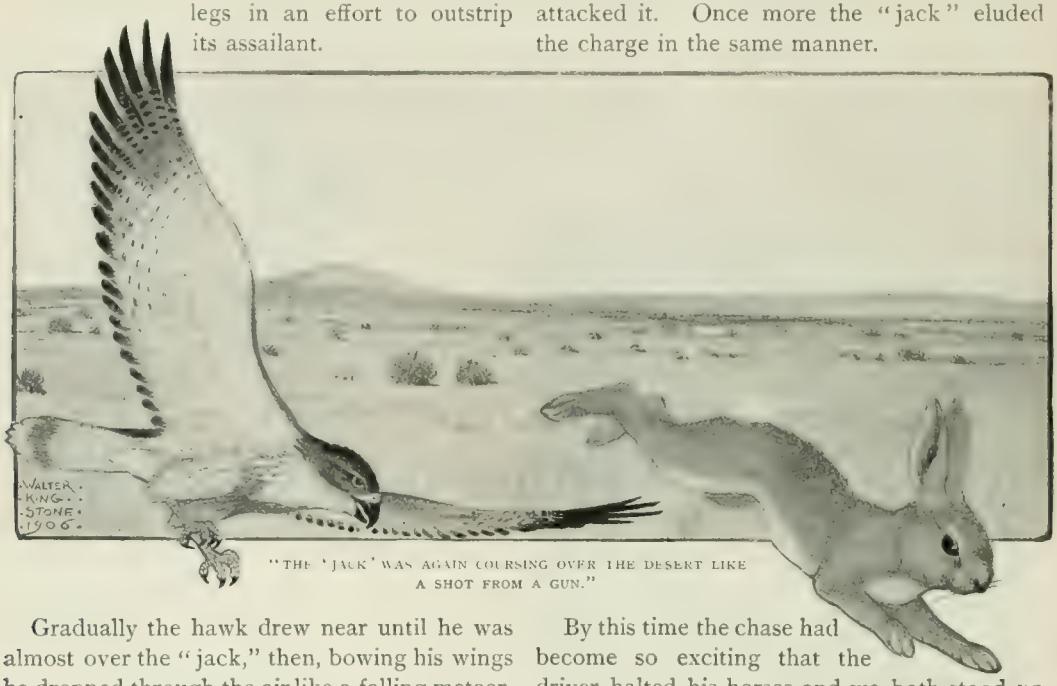
FEATHERS *VERSUS* FUR.

ALL the morning the four staunch horses had been pulling the heavy stage coach over a sandy desert in southern Texas. Both the driver and myself were drowsy, and nodded from the effects of the scorching sun. Suddenly the lead horses jumped out of the road, which brought us to our senses. A large western red-tail hawk that was circling over our heads, had cast its passing shadow on the sand directly before the horses, causing them to shy.

We commented on the rather singular coincident and watched the big bird as, in large circles, he gracefully floated through the air, with scarcely a movement of the wings.

Suddenly a "jack-rabbit," startled by the rattle of the stage, jumped from its cover in the shade of a yucca plant, and shook its legs over the sandy expanse in leaps fully fifteen feet apart. It had not made ten jumps when the hawk spied it, and half falling, half tumbling through the air he descended to within fifty feet of the earth and started in pursuit. The "jack" had gained a good lead before it dis-

covered that it was being chased, but on seeing the hawk, it bent every muscle in its sinewy legs in an effort to outstrip its assailant.



"THE 'JACK' WAS AGAIN COURSING OVER THE DESERT LIKE A SHOT FROM A GUN."

Gradually the hawk drew near until he was almost over the "jack," then, bowing his wings he dropped through the air like a falling meteor. With feet extended and talons outstretched, he was about to snatch up his prey, when the "jack" stopped short and squatted flat on the sand. The hawk over-shot his mark a foot or more, but instead of turning back, he arose in the same graceful curve in which he had descended, thus describing a large U.

No sooner had he started upward than the "jack" was again coursing over the desert like a shot from a gun. It had gained fully fifty yards before the hawk overtook it and again attacked it. Once more the "jack" eluded the charge in the same manner.



"THE 'JACK' REACHED A BUNCH OF CHAPARRAL, WHERE IT TOOK SHELTER."

By this time the chase had become so exciting that the driver halted his horses and we both stood up on the seat, clinging to each other and watching with bated breath the outcome of the struggle.

"The 'jack' can't keep that pace up much longer, it 's pretty well tuckered out now. The hawk 'll catch it next time sure," exclaimed the driver as the combatants gradually drew near. But before the hawk had a chance again to swoop down, the "jack" reached a bunch of chaparral, where it took shelter.

The hawk circled over the bushes and then dove headlong into them but the "jack" moved its position as the bird was about to strike it and again escaped death.

The "jack" evidently thought it safer to fight in the open than in the bushes, for as the hawk arose, it started off again, this time heading for a bunch of cattle that was feeding about two hundred yards away. The hawk made his fourth unsuccessful attack while the distance was being covered by the hare, but before he was ready for another swoop the "jack" had outstripped his pursuer, and dashing up to one of the steers, darted between his front and hind legs and stopped. There it remained.

The hawk seemed to be completely outwitted. He circled about a few times; then, as if thoroughly disgusted, sailed off and was soon lost to view.

The "jack" was still under the steer when we drove on. It was quite evident to us that the "jack" intended to use the steer for a shield from the moment that it left the chaparral, but whether it did so because it thought that the hawk would be afraid of so large an animal as a steer, or because the creature afforded better protection from onslaughts from above, is a question that the reader will have to solve for himself.

J. ALDEN LORING.

GAS-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS OF "NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS."

HEREWITH are photographs, taken by gas-light, of the so-called night-blooming cereus. The buds take about six weeks in which to mature, and are easily blighted. This plant was fifteen years old before it bore a flower. It had four buds, two of them opening one night, and the others on the night following. The blossom is attached to the leaf in a most interesting manner. It hangs by a long stem from a vein which in turn is attached to the mid-vein of the leaf. This vein develops only when a bud or another leaf is about to appear.



THE PURE WHITE BLOSSOMS.



THE PLANT INCORRECTLY CALLED "NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS."

The flower begins to open about sunset and before midnight is in full bloom, as shown in the photograph. The blossom is about eight inches in diameter and is a pure waxy white. The petals look like feathers. The center is composed of tiny yellow stamens, with pistil, pure white, the shape of a many-pointed star. The flower has a wonderfully sweet and penetrating perfume, which dies with the blossom before sunrise.

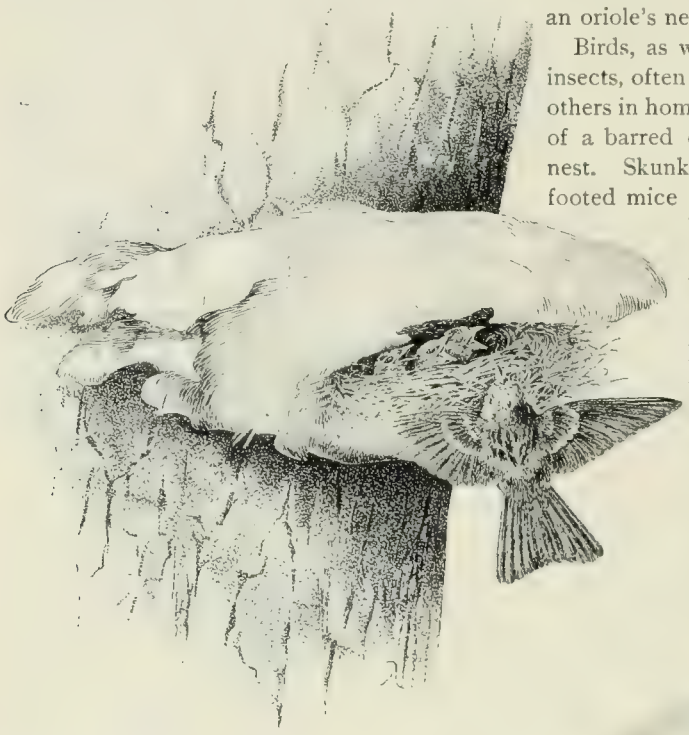
EMILY A. CORNING.

THIS plant is the *Phyllocactus latifrons*, a Mexican species, one of those sometimes called "night-blooming cereus," but wrongly so, as it is not a member of the genus Cereus at all. It could be called a night-blooming cactus with propriety, for it is a member of the cactus family, *Cactaceæ*.

GEORGE V. NASH.

CHIPPING SPARROW NEST ON FUNGUS.

HERE is the sketch of the nest of a chipping sparrow that I found on a fungus (called beefsteak fungus—*Fistulina hepatica*) growing on an old tree at Undercliff which is a part of Englewood, New Jersey.



CHIPPING SPARROW NEST ON FUNGUS.

J. OLIVER NUGENT.

A WREN NESTING IN AN ORIOLE'S NEST.

"JENNY" wren is famous for the odd places in which she builds her nest—mail boxes, tin cans, old hats, watering pots, a human skull on a battle field—in each case perhaps the first thing the birds came across with a hole in it and room for enough sticks or stiff feathers.

And so I was not much surprised to find a wren building inside of a new Baltimore oriole's hanging cradle. Was ever wren so particular! was the natural thought. Imagine young wrens being swayed to sleep in a hanging nest on the end of a slender elm bough. It did seem absurd; and yet the nest contained several eggs, which doubtless hatched. The nest was in a much safer place than the usual wren house or tree hollow, and so no doubt the young wrens grew to peep from their swaying nest, and later to leave it, having the strange experience, for wrens, of being born and raised in an oriole's nest.

Birds, as well as four-footed animals and insects, often avail themselves of the labors of others in home-making. I have a photograph of a barred owl nest in a remodeled hawk nest. Skunks use woodchuck burrows, white footed mice and flying squirrels are fond of building in holes in decaying trees made by woodpeckers, and bumblebees take possession of mice nests in the ground! On page 912 of this number is shown a hermit-crab occupying the shell of a sea-snail.

I wish our young folks would write to ST. NICHOLAS of observations of any form of animal life using the labor of other forms of life.



NEST OF HOUSE WREN BUILT WITHIN THAT OF BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

AN INTRUDER ACCIDENTALLY CAUGHT AND KILLED.

This is a photograph of a cowbird strangled by being caught by some horsehair which was used to construct the nest. The nest, it will be noticed, is that of an oriole and the bird hanging from it makes it look very much like a gallows. This nest with the bird was found in Michigan in October, 1904, and had evidently been hanging for some time as when it was found the bird was all dried up. The cowbird, of course, is well known for its habit of almost always appropriating the nest of another bird rather than building one of its own.



COWBIRD STRANGLED BY A NEST OF BALTIMORE ORIOLE

Such accidents among birds occasionally occur. Not long ago I saw a dead English sparrow hanging by a horsehair from its own nest. Birds and other forms of life are not exempt from accidents. P. R. Reighard.

ABOUT WAXWINGS SITTING TOGETHER.

Of course, many of us know the cedar waxwing or common cherry bird—the one, you remember, that nests so much later than all our other birds excepting the goldfinch. And I guess you have wondered, as I often have, how the waxwings hatch their eggs when many larger and warmer-looking birds build and sit only in warmer weather.

In the Catskill Mountains, where the weather was a good deal colder than in New York City, I found a pair of cedar waxwings sitting as late as the fifth of September. I had seen one of the pair sitting on the nest during the daytime in the latter part of August, and thought it must be very cold to hatch eggs. The weather was then between freezing and temperate in early morning. But in September it seemed impossible that any bird could sit on eggs in a nest in an exposed place. Going to the nest one evening, I found both of the waxwings upon it. The nest was plainly in view in a low cedar tree and, seeing them from every side, I made sure that both birds were actually inside the hollow of the nest. From many day visits at all hours I found that the birds thus sat together from late afternoon, when it began to grow colder, until early the following morning, when it began to grow warmer, and sometimes during the middle of extra cold days. On September fourth, only one waxwing was on the nest at a quarter to six P. M. About five minutes later the other came to a cedar near by; he soon flew to the nest and, after much turning about on top of it, finally settled down on the back of the other bird or at any rate *inside* the nest. It was then cold and autumn-like. The foliage was already turning gold and red; swamp maples were deep reds and purples. The next day (September fifth)



TWO WAXWINGS, OR CEDAR BIRDS, INCUBATING EGGS IN NEST.

the heads of two young waxwings showed over the edge of the nest. They seemed three or four days old, and one of their parents was brooding them.

Edmund J. Sawyer.

A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

JAMESTOWN, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We went out rowing and saw a "Portuguese man-of-war," a tremendous jelly fish. It looked like a huge bubble, and its color reminded us



PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.
A remarkably good illustration from a photograph by Ward's Natural Science Establishment, Rochester, N. Y.

of the rainbow. A fringe adorned the body, and altogether it was a curious thing, and in the distance might easily be mistaken for an electric light shade. Its feelers, or tentacles, are long and poisonous, and if you should happen to meet the creatures unawares while you were swimming in the sea, it would wind them around your arm and painfully sting you.

Your loving reader,
MARIANNA LIPPINCOTT (Age 13 years).

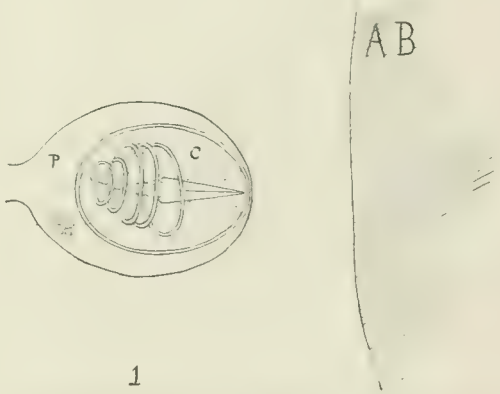
In the region of Woods Holl, Massachusetts, this interesting and beautiful sea-animal appears, in varying numbers, about the first of July of every year. At times they are so numerous that they occur by the hundred, while at other seasons only a few are seen at long intervals.

The fringe to which our correspondent refers, is formed of what the scientific man calls "long, locomotive tentacles, which, when the animal is driven by its broad sail, or float, before the wind, stretch out in large individuals from thirty to fifty feet," and are indeed formidable things, not only to the person whose bare flesh comes in contact with them, but to various smaller and weaker creatures some of which they have the power to sting to death.

In reference to this man-of-war, Professor A. S. Packard says, "It is excessively poisonous to the touch, and in gathering specimens on the shores of the Florida reefs, we have unwittingly been stung by nearly dead individuals, whose sting burns like condensed fire and leaves a severe and lasting smart." Yet there is at least one little fish that fears no harm, for it is often seen in company with the man-of-war, and when frightened runs up among the tentacles to hide. Some human beings are so affected by the stings and the poison, that they suffer for a long time, and are actually made ill by them.

In the large figure, the Portuguese man-of-war is shown, and in the smaller ones the minute stings in various stages of what may be called their "explosion," for the force with which they dart out of the tentacles is so great, that "explosion" describes it well, although they are so minute that they can be seen only with the microscope. The figures are therefore highly magnified.

As with the sting of a bee, it is not so much the weapon itself that gives the pain, as it is the



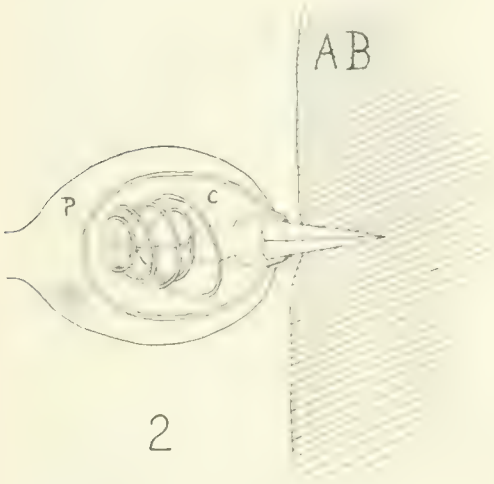
AB REPRESENTS VICTIM TO BE STUNG. C STINGING CELL, WITH P POISONOUS LIQUID

poisonous liquid that accompanies it. In the man-of-war, these stinging cells which occur

by the myriad in the tentacles, are expelled on coming in contact with the surface of the enemy, and that enemy pretty soon knows that something has happened to him.

In Fig. 1, AB represents the victim to be stung; C is the cell that contains the poisonous liquid, and the sting itself, which has a head that appears to be shaped somewhat like that of an arrow, but is really more like a long pyramid. Connected with this is, as shown, a coiled, hollow tube through which the poison is said to be forced. The whole cell seems to be under great pressure and is always ready to explode at a touch, and to hurl the dart into the victim.

In Fig. 2, the touch has been made and the explosion has taken place. The arrow-head,

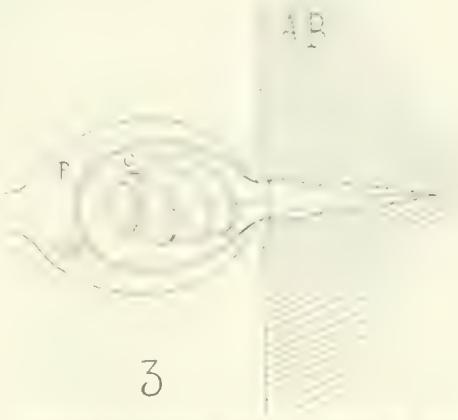


THE ARROW HEAD OF STING ENTERING VICTIM.

which is really a pyramid, is entering the flesh, and the coiled thread is beginning to straighten out.

In Fig. 3, the head is extended to its full length, and the thread is still straighter, while the poisonous fluid is probably rushing through its hollows and giving the victim something to think about.

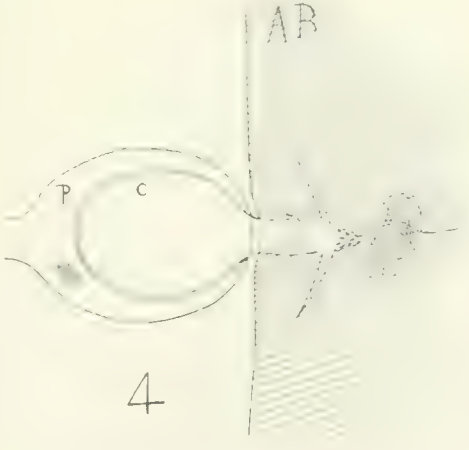
Now what I have called the head of the sting is composed of three stiff barbs that are folded together to form a pyramid, as shown in Figs. 1, 2, 3; but when these parts get into the skin or the flesh, a remarkable thing takes place. They speedily separate, they instantly swing about and turn down, and form an anchor with three of the sharpest kind of flukes, and as they flash backward, they tear a space into which the hollow tube is thrown. This is shown



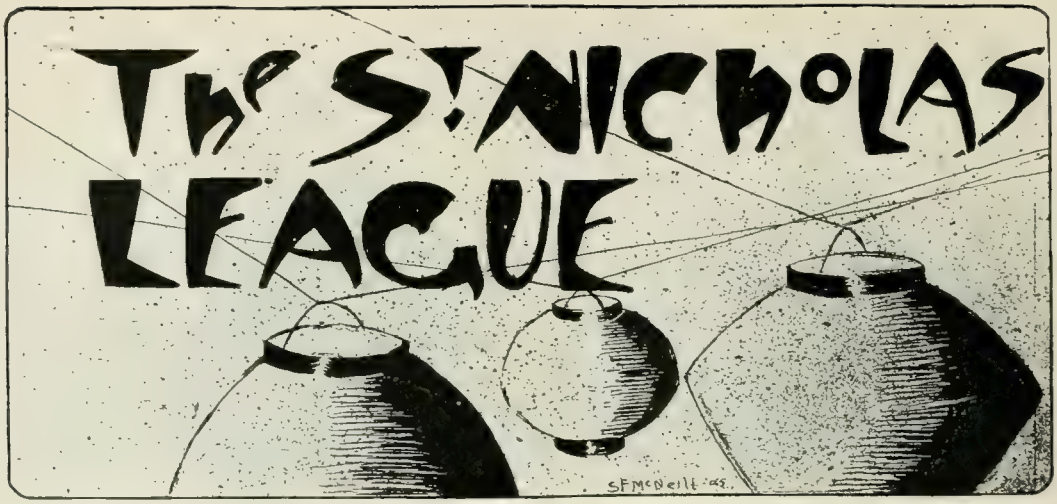
THE NEXT STAGE OF THE STING ENTERING VICTIM.

in the diagram, Fig. 4. In addition to this terrible anchor, the figure also shows that there are several sharp, little strengthening barbs, just behind the hollow tube through which the poisonous liquid is said to pass.

When you remember that there are thousands of these darts entering the victim all at once, you will perhaps feel less surprise at the man-of-war's power to sting every soft body, and to kill smaller and weaker creatures. But it adds much to the interest, I think, when we recollect that these stings are invisible to the naked eye, and can be seen only with a high power of the microscope.



THE BARBS OPEN AND FASTEN IN VICTIM.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY STANISLAUS F. MCNEILL, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE SUNLIT HILLS.

BY CLEMENT R. WOOD (AGE 17).

(Cash Prize.)

Two ranges high of hills are nigh;
The one sees sunlight never;
The other lies beneath fair skies,
Where shines the bright sun ever;
Here grief, there joy, the breezes fills—
The sunless and the sunlit hills.

For over there are mountains drear,
Where clouds are ever hovering,
And not a ray of sunshine gay
Can pass the murky covering;
The rocks are bare of shrub or tree:
It is th' abode of misery.

But here, the breeze sings melodies
Where brooks are laughing gaily,
And violets sweet leap up, to greet
The welcome sunshine daily;
The sunlight comes, and cheerfulness
Doth hills and trees and brooks possess.

And there will be a time, when we
Must choose whereon to wander;
Either the hills where sunlight thrills
Or the dim mountains yonder;
Then choose aright, and may our voice
Declare the sunlit hills our choice.



"EARLY SPRING-BRANDING." BY M. GLADYS MEMMINGER, AGE 9. (GOLD BADGE.)
(See Editorial note.)

FOURTH OF JULY comes in August this year—our League Fourth, of course, and this queer confusion of dates is due to the troubles which magazine publishers have had this year with their printing departments. We believe most of the difficulties have been settled now, and perhaps hereafter our League contributions will be more adapted to the month in which they appear. We want to thank all our mem-

bers for bearing with us so patiently during the perplexing time which we hope has about reached its end.

The gold badge photograph which appears on this page was selected not only because it is an unusually fine piece of photography, but because it presents so



"[illegible]," BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible], GOLD MEDAL.)

vividly one of the most universal of cruel practices—that of branding cattle with a red hot iron. One of the League aims is to protect dumb creatures from suffering due to neglect and unkind treatment. This is something worse—it is heartless, deliberate torture. No one can look at this photograph and argue that the prostrate animal is not suffering in a way that would make one of his torturers shriek with anguish and send him away vowing revenge. Perhaps his first step would be to get a law passed which would prevent men from being treated in any such manner. A law is what we need now. The animals cannot agitate for protection, and we must do it for them. There must be a law to stop this kind of branding. If beasts must be branded, there must be found some other method. With all of our human ingenuity there must be some means devised that will take the place of this inhuman cruelty.

PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 79.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Clement R. Wood** (age 17), 1223 S. 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.

Gold badges, **Catharine E. Jackson** (age 15), 5 S. Milledge Ave., Athens, Ga.

Silver badges, **Gertrude L. Amory** (age 13), 293 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., **Marguerite Weed** (age 15), 59 E. 86th St., N. Y., and **Gladys L. Edgerly** (age 9), 1467 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D. C.

Prose. Gold badges, **Madelaine F. H. Airetiene** (age 15) 9 Clapp St., Worcester, Mass., and **Henry M. Davenport** (age 14), 225 Central Park, W., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Hope Lyons** (age 14), 1320 T St. N.W., Washington, D. C., and **Helen Low Mills** (age 10), 171 N. 20th St., Portland, Oregon.

Drawing. Gold badges, **A. C. Gardiner** (age 15), "The Pines," Burgess Park, Finchley Rd., Hempstead, London, N.W. England, and **Alwyn Carlyle Brown Nicolson** (age 17), Stone Hall, Stelling, near Canterbury, Kent, England.

Silver badges, **Albert Elsner** (age 17), 343 24 1-2 St., Milwaukee, Wis.; **Mary Powel** (age 14), (please send better address), and **Hazel Halstead** (aged 11), care of Zeiger Hotel, El Paso, Tex.

Photography. Gold badges, **Gladys Memminger** (age 9), Hinsdale, Mont., and **George Woodward, Jr.** (age 8), W. Willow Grove Ave., Chestnut Hill, Phil., Pa.

Silver badges, **Warren Ordway** (age 17), 11 Gibbs St., Newton Center, Mass., and **Lewis P. Craig** (age [illegible], Shelbyville, Ill.

Wild-Creature Photography. First prize, "Owl," by **Albert C. Honeywell** (age 17) 55 Stanley St., New Haven, Conn. Second prize, "Wild Swans," by **Floyd Clarkson** (aged 12), 343 Stratford Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. Third prize, "Song Sparrow," **T. H. McKittrick** (age 17), Hackley Upper School, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Puzzle Making. Gold badges, **Theobald Forstall** (age 12), Montclair, N. J., and **James P. Cahen, Jr.** (age 13), 353 Central Park West, New York City.

Silver badges, **Gertrude F. Hussey** (age 11), 21 Dickinson St., Princeton, N. J., and **Eleanor V. Hoverly** (age 10), 107 Second St., Troy, N. Y.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, **Marjorie Mullins** (age 15), Franklin, Pa.

Silver badges, **James A. Lynd** (age 14), 6362 Overbrook Ave., Phila., Pa., and **Frank L. White** (age 13), Galva, Ill.

A JOLLY FOURTH OF JULY IN RUSSIA.

BY MADELAINE F. H. AIRETIENE (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

On the third of July, 1903, sounds of hammering and low whisperings were heard in the nursery of General Valentinevich's manor, in Lithuania, Russia. The Valentinevich children, Ivan, Witold and Vera,



"EARLY SPRING," BY WARREN ORDWAY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"MY PLAYMATE." BY ALWYN CARLYLE BROWN NICOLSON, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

were preparing to celebrate the Fourth, under my direction, in true American style.

My mother and I had come to spend our vacation there, and after telling the Valentinevich children about my American home, I told them about the approaching holiday and how sorry I was to miss the usual celebration. But when they heard about it, they immediately decided to celebrate so I would not have to miss it.

The morning of the Fourth dawned bright and clear, and at six o'clock the household was awakened by unusual sounds. On looking out, the general saw a strange procession in the garden, walking around a bundle of lighted firecrackers. Ivan was leading, playing on a fife. After him came Vitold with a drum, then Vera tooting on a fish-horn; all to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." I came last, carrying an American flag and also singing, "Yankee Doodle." The general was the only one to whom the sight was not new, for he had spent some time in America, and had seen the same performances. The rest of that morning was spent in playing American games.

Mrs. Valentinevich had invited several children to spend the afternoon with us, and after dressing ourselves in red, white and blue suits made for the occasion by Nurse Francesca, we went to receive our guests. When they had all arrived, we led them to the nursery, where our chief surprise awaited us.

At the end of the room there was a platform trimmed with red, white and blue bunting and with American and Russian flags at intervals. When our guests were seated Vera handed around programs, carefully prepared by her and Vitold. Then our entertainment began.

I was first on the program and my recitation was "The First Fourth of July." This was followed with appropriate recitations by the others and American patriotic songs in the intervals. Afterwards we sang several Russian and Lithuanian songs out of compliment to our audience.

Then we had fireworks on the lawn and when these were over, General Valentinevich proposed "Three cheers for the United States and our little Lithuanian-American, Panna Madelaine," which were given with hearty good will.

THE SUNLIT HILLS.

BY CATHARINE L. JACKSON (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE leaves have come to life in a day,
Soft and green and dewy are they.
The dewdrops wink in the morning sun,
The leaves dance merrily—life is fun!

The long green slope before me lies,
I mount, and as I swiftly rise
The west wind brushes against my hair
And the trees are rustling high in the air.

At last on the crest of the hill I stand,
All around is the sunlit land.
The wind with mighty rush sweeps by
And leaps into the boundless sky.

I open my arms, down the slope I race,
Down the curving slope, with the wind in my face.
Then on the turf in the vale I fall
And watch the blue jays as they call
And hear the red-brown thrushes sing
And smell the breath of the gladsome Spring.



"EARLY SPRING." BY LEWIS F. CRAIG, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

ON THE SUNLIT HILLS.

[illegible]

THE sunbeams came from their home on high,
[illegible]
And touching the hilltop's brow so fair,
Kissed it and all day lingered there.

Beneath their touch the flowers grew bright:
And the streamlet sparkled with their light.
And the birds poured forth their chorus gay,
To heighten the charm of the summer day.

And the children played there in careless glee;
And laughed aloud in their joy to see
The fleecy lambs go scampering by
To their grazing ground on the hilltop high.

With the green of the leaves the sunshine blent,
And morning and noontime came and went,
And the golden afternoon sped away,
And left the twilight so soft and gray.



[illegible]

The lambs scampered down as the light grew pale,
And the children sought their homes in the vale,
And the bright flowers shut their eyes of gold,
And hushed was the tale the song birds told.

The sunbeams went back to their home on high,
Left the earth for the bright blue sky;
But on the hilltop, all shining bright,
They paused, to bid it a fond "Good Night."

A JOLLY FOURTH OF JULY.

BY [illegible] (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THERE are many places and ways in which to spend the "Fourth," but the best place of all, according to my idea, is at a summer camp.

Last summer there were six of us at Camp Mystic, Mystic, Conn. All were boys about my own age, and a jolly crowd we were. For two weeks before the "Fourth" we had been gathering a store of combustibles to celebrate the day in a fitting manner. Our plans were to have a continuous performance, but Mr. Cheney, our teacher, to whom the camp belonged, had other views on the subject.



"[illegible]" [illegible]

It is no small thing to be responsible for six American boys on the Fourth of July, and Mr. Cheney had racked his brains to know what to do with us. No less than six telegrams had been received from as many doting parents, requesting that "Walter should not be allowed to shoot himself," and that "especial care should be given Edward," etc. No wonder the poor man was worried; however, he was equal to the occasion, and the morning of the Fourth found us safely stowed aboard the "Camp Mystic," our speedy little motor boat, bound for the fishing grounds, where the danger of firecrackers and other explosives was at a minimum.

Mrs. Cheney had seen that the launch was well tocked with everything a hungry boy could wish for, even to an enormous watermelon, which put the finishing touch to our feast. Even the fish entered into the spirit of the day, and allowed themselves to be caught with such surprising frequency that it caused us to forget all save the wonderful luck we were having. Never before at a Fourth of July picnic had such a catch been made, and we were all in great good humor.



[illegible]



"EARLY SPRING, FLORIDA." BY NELLIE SHANE, AGE 10.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

At sunset we pulled up our anchor and started for camp and fireworks, which we enjoyed all the more from our enforced desertion.

As we undressed that night in our tents by the light of a huge bonfire we had built on the point, we heard Mr. Cheney draw a sigh of relief, as the last boy crawled into bed:

"Thank Heaven the 'Fourth' comes but once a year!" he said.

THE SUNLIT HILLS.

BY GLADYS C. EDGERLY
(AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE far-off hills, kissed by the sunbeams, lie
On Summer's beds of flowers, bright and gay.
With fleecy clouds for soft white coverlets
And pillows made of sweetly scented hay.

The sunlit hills are robed in grass and flowers,
And crowned with stately bending poplar trees,
While here and there a little brook is found,
And perfumes float upon the whisp'ring breeze.

The sky is tinted with the sunset glow,
And standing 'mid these rays of golden light
The hills like monarchs, in their twilight dress,
Await the somber shadows of the night.



"EARLY SPRING." BY ELISABETH CURTIS, AGE 15
(HONOR MEMBER.)

A JOLLY FOURTH OF JULY.

BY ELLEN LOW MILLS (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A LONG time ago, when Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States, he ordered two young men, captains, to take men, provisions, horses, and anything else they would need to explore the West.

It took them two long years, from 1805–1807.

In 1905 there was a world's fair, held in Portland, Oregon, and it was named after them.

On their way west they found an Indian woman who was willing to guide them over the Rocky Mountains.

Her name was Sacajawea, and there was a statue of her at the head of the grand staircase and it is now in the park.

On the Fourth of July you can imagine there was a great celebration, and I will try and tell you about it.

In the morning there were Day Fireworks. They were firecrackers and inside of them were balls of paper which turned into horses, cows, sheep, men, and flags of all nations and almost anything you could imagine.

In the afternoon they had a sham battle and it was splendid. Of course there was a parade by the Vancouver Troops.

In the evening a famous band played selections from operas and ended it up with a burst of martial music, "Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," etc., etc.

In the meantime the fireworks were going on over by the American Inn.

Rockets of every description went up with stars of red, green, blue, purple, yellow, and clusters of different colored stars.

While in a few minutes the best rocket went off and then came bombs. Inside of one was Mount Hood and pictures of Lewis and Clark. It ended up by a lot of rockets going up in the shape of a fan.

I wonder what Lewis and Clark would have thought of that celebration?

THE SUNLIT HILLS.

BY GERTRUDE L. AMORY
(AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

FAR over the sunlit hills
In a tiny cottage small
Lives pretty Louise and merry Jim
And thoughtful Janet tall.

Far over the sunlit hills
The three merry children play,
Playing tag or catch or hide-and-seek
All through the long bright day.

Last, she loves to climb the hill,
And [illegible]
And [illegible]
For she has the chickens to feed.

And all through the live-long merry days,
When summer brightens the ground
[illegible]
And the children play around.

A JOLLY FOURTH

BY [illegible] (AGE 14).

(Honorable Mention.)

ONE of the jolliest or rather the jolliest Fourth I ever spent was in Georgia. The celebrations there are a great deal different from the ones in the North. In the North there is very little else done than shooting many and very beautiful fireworks. Whereas in the South the chief feature of the day is the masquerading of the children. This custom dates far back to the early history of our country and at first bore on the relation of our country to England. It has no significance to the Southern children now but to produce the maddest, merriest day of the year. These masked figures style themselves as being fantastics. The day before they ransack chests and trunks to find old costumes. Were you to see them with the combination of costumes, without their even uttering a word or engaging in any of their fantastic doings, it is worth a trip from California to Georgia to see it. You will see a boy with the following articles to make up his costume: His sister's basque, his grandfather's trousers, his grandmother's bonnet and a baby's rattle.

A girl will also be seen with an old skirt styled about half a century back, an old dusty slouch hat and a green, originally black, waistcoat as her costume. However, the more ridiculous the costume is, the more perfectly designed for the occasion. They are all alert to different tricks, such as ringing doorbells with a tremendous jerk, jumping from behind trees to scare persons. They also quite frequently use watermelon rinds to smear your face with if they catch you. Those who are not masked entice the fantastics by calling: "Fantastic, come this way, come in the morning and stay all day!" If they look as if they are coming you have never heard and never will hear such a slamming of gates and calling "Mamma!" With noises of drums and horns they have a grand parade at night, after which they tumble in bed from sheer exhaustion.

THE SUNLIT HILLS.

BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible]).

O'ER the sunlit hills and far away
The west is crimson with the close of day;
And from the steeple comes the knell
Of the village evening bell.

O'er the sunlit hills and far away
The west is crimson with the close of day:
The little stars then downward peep
And children cuddle down to sleep.



"MY PLAYMATE." BY FLORENCE EWING WILKINSON, AGE 16.



"[illegible]" BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible]).

A JOLLY FOURTH OF JULY.

BY CARL H. WESTON (AGE 13).

LAST Fourth of July our Sunday School teacher took nine boys in a launch up the Delaware.

We took a trolley and rode through narrow streets between great factories belching forth soot and smells; and another part of the way by superannuated houses. We then boarded the launch and went up the river to the park.

After our lunch we spent the time amusing ourselves in the park. We then went a few miles further up the river and just after we had turned around, the boat struck something, everybody pitching forward, and we knew something had broken because the boat would not go. We got out the lids of the lockers, and awkwardly using them as paddles with prodigious labor got to shore in about two hours. Calling somebody, he got a rope and pulled us to a small factory town down the river.

We ate supper from some left-over lunch, the owner of the launch saying it would be fixed soon. He, with numerous assistants, had failed to drag the boat ashore, and now he, with most of his clothes off, performed various diving and squirming feats under and in the boat to ascertain the break. As we had expected to get home early and it was now after nine, some went to the only place in town where they could telephone to their parents. But the Sunday School teacher heard there were trolleys near and decided to abandon the launch; so, after the way had been described, I was sent to get the telephoners. It was very dark as I started on my walk alone through this unknown town. I was met with a pandemonium of snarls, barks and meows coming out of the darkness, apparently making a complete circle about me. This was an unexpected turn of events, and I became afraid to walk lest my feet should tread on some living, squirming thing, that would prove to be a cat, or that I might have a dog's teeth imbedded in my leg. Everything being left to

the imagination, I began to think the sounds a part of inferno, conjured up for my benefit and it became a great effort to walk, or even breathe, but fortunately I met the others and came back with them.

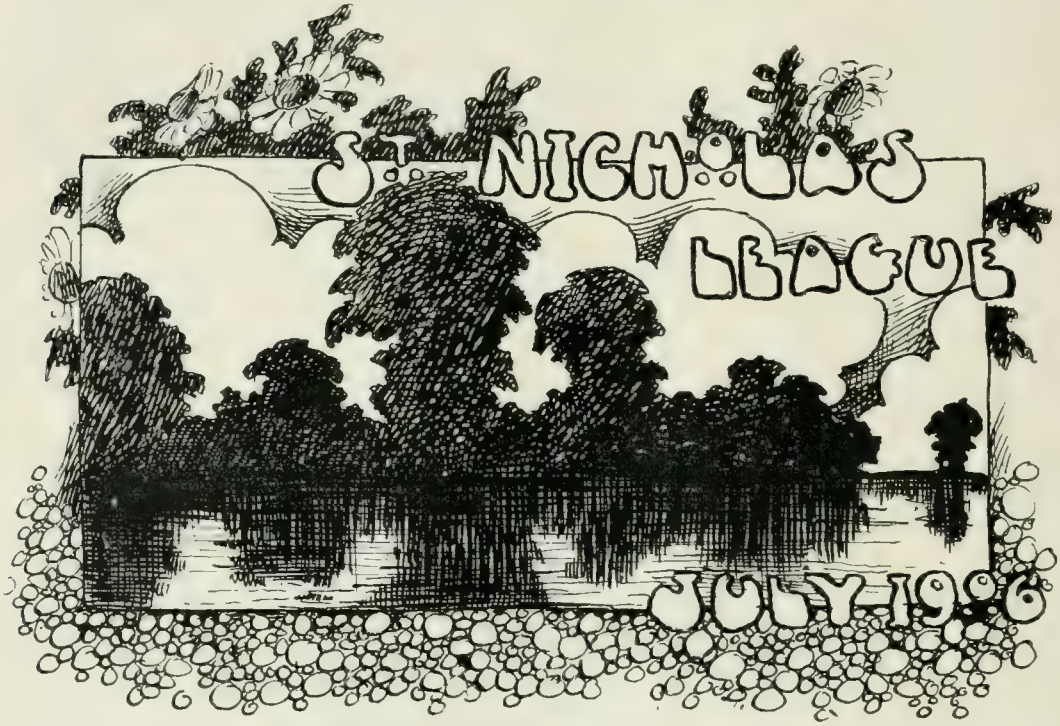
We had a pleasant ride to Camden and I caught the last train from town, getting home at 2:00 A.M., ending the most enjoyable Fourth I have ever spent, the two drawbacks being the worry it caused my parents and my scary walk through the town.

The ST. NICHOLAS League's membership is free to all. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.

A JOLLY FOURTH OF JULY.

BY BEATRICE B. FLOOD (AGE 11).

WE certainly had a jolly time. First, I woke up. No one was about, so I got my fireworks and went out. After awhile sister Hazel got up. "Why," said she, "you up?" "Yep," said I. Then everyone got up and the fun did begin. We set off firecrackers, Roman candles, snakes and—and—oh, everything you could think of. At dinner the fun began again. We had ice cream, favors, and lots of things good. When I went to bed mamma said: "Did you have a nice time?" I said, "Yep." And I did.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY A. C. GARDINER, AGE 15 (GOLD BADGE.)

THE SUNLIT HILLS.

BY ETHELWYN HARRIS (AGE 15).

WITH the first red glint of the dawn we go,
Out into the valley and far below,
And our sickles flash where the daisies blow,
As the sun smiles faintly over the hills.

All day we toil in the yellow glare,
And our spirits lag in the sultry air.
We little accomplish—less we care,
While the sun laughs, mocking over the hills.

But when purple the shadows about us play,
And the earth is hushed at the close of day,
The sun paints crimson our homeward way,
Like a benediction over the hills.

A JOLLY FOURTH.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 16).

(*Honor Member.*)

ALTHOUGH it was the Fourth of July, Polly was in the dining room studying history. Polly was very deficient in history, so her mother insisted that she study a little each day during vacation.

It was warm, the Revolutionary War was n't very interesting, and—Polly was cross. "Oh, dear, this horrid old stuff!" Polly cried petulantly, throwing her history on the floor.

"Allow me to pick up the book for you, Mistress Polly," said a gallant gentleman in the uniform of a Revolutionary soldier. To Polly's extreme astonishment, it was Nathaniel Greene. Before she could recover her speech, the general continued, half apologetically. "We 're very late to the party, but we could n't help it."

"I [illegible] was going to say," interrupted Polly.

"O, but you are," returned Nat Greene complacently, preparing to seat himself in the nearest chair. Polly looked at the table, [illegible] laid out with her mother's best china and the choicest dishes.

Again the door opened, and in trooped a group of laughing people in the garb of one hundred years ago. Our first president held the [illegible] Polly sat facing him at the foot of the table, and the others selected any seat.

It was a distinguished company. Molly Pitcher, the heroine of Monmouth, divided her attention between Patrick Henry and Benjamin Franklin. Polly, when she regained her composure, chatted volubly to Paul Revere and Nathan Hale. "Did you really 'spread the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm?'" inquired Polly.

"You bet I did," said Paul Revere with more force than elegance.

Betty Ross, who made the first American flag, talked busily to Colonel Marion.

In the midst of the dinner, Washington arose and said, "A toast to our country on this glorious Independence [illegible]"

All raised their lemonade glasses and drank the toast. Then Nathan Hale cried out gallantly. "And I propose the health of our charming hostess, Mistress Polly Clarke."

But they never drank that toast. A terrible crash was heard outside, and Polly rushed to the window in time to see her brother shoot off his last cannon cracker.

When she returned to her seat, her illustrious guests were gone, the table was bare, and her history was lying on the floor where she had thrown it.



"A SUMMER [illegible]" — [illegible] BY [illegible], AGE 15.

MY SUNLIT HILL.

BY FLORENCE KAUFMAN (AGE 14).

I sit in the dim, soft twilight
When things of earth are still,
And gaze into the future—
My rosy, sunlit hill.

There all 's serene and peaceful,
The paths are trod by few;
But those I love are near me,
To help in all I do.

No sounds of earthly clamor
Reach up to [illegible] height
For far above all things of earth
Is this, my hill so bright.

My hill is full of girlish dreams,
Of aspirations high,
And I am filled with joy to think
They 'll come true by-and-by.

The pleasures of to-day are great,
There 's much my time to fill;
But I am longing for the chance
To enter "Sunlit Hill."

So in the dim, soft twilight,
When all is hushed and still,
I gaze into the future,
And see my sunlit hill.



"MY ILLUSTRATION." BY MARY [illegible], AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A JOLLY FOURTH.

BY THEODORE BORN (AGE 10).

[illegible]

For weeks my brother had been collecting firecrackers and mother had put them in an unused part of the sideboard for convenience and safety, to be used on the evening of the "glorious Fourth."

We spent the morning of the Fourth in firing snake-nests and torpedoes.

After lunch we were preparing to go to the country.

All at once we heard our cook screaming. "O Mrs. Born! the fireworks are going off in the sideboard."

I was brave enough to run over to our neighbor's home to escape the noise and odor of the sulphur.

Luckily father was home and with our cook's aid the flames were soon extinguished.

It was comical to hear our cook tell about it. She said the pinwheels were whirling, the snake-nests were uncoiling, and all the other fireworks were exhibiting their stars and colors with no audience to enjoy them.

Mother had read the comic sheets the Sunday before and had visions of her cut glass and silver coming through the ceiling. But fortunately not a thing was broken or burned. So after all we went to the country.

It was a great relief to see our home still standing when we came home.

We never knew how the accident happened, but we always had an idea brother had something to do with it.

Mother vowed that never another firecracker should be brought in the house. But when it was all over we said it was an exciting but jolly Fourth.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY HAZEL HALSTEAD, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE SUNLIT HILLS.

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGED 10).

On the peaks of lofty mountains
Which seem to reach the sky,
The glistening snow
Is deep I know,
As the fleeting years go by.

If I e'er should tire of wand'ring,
I 'd bend my steps that way;
If this should be,
I 'll once more see,
The sunlit hills some day.

I 'll see the little rivulets
That ripple by the farm·
They flow along
With merry song,
A brooklet's prettiest charm.

How often in my childhood days
I wandered by these rills;
And traced each bed,
To where it led,
Over the sunlit hills.

A JOLLY FOURTH OF JULY.

BY LEONARD W. LABAREE (AGE 8).

We travel a great deal all around, about the world. One time we were traveling in Persia, Asia. It was in early summer. It came the Fourth of July.

My father had some things called "snake's eggs" — some little things with tin foil on them, that when you light one, a snake of ashes slowly comes out.

Some friends of ours who were with us had some fireworks, and all had some candy done up in red, white and blue Fourth of July papers. We used some fireworks and snake's eggs, then had candy all around.

Maybe we sang "My Country 't is of Thee." Then we had our lunch by a horrid mud place where caravans spend the night.

Then we went on. It was a pretty happy and jolly Fourth of July.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ANNETTE HOWE CARPENTER (AGE 13).

My great-great-grandfather, Silas Bingham, afterwards Captain, himself a great-great-grandson of Myles Standish, was a Revolutionary soldier,—a "Green Mountain Boy," enlisting at the age of sixteen. He was with Washington on that terrible march across the frozen sands of New Jersey. His shoes, worn and ragged, gave out. Impeding his progress, they were discarded and the new socks his mother had sent him were pulled down as the soles wore out until shoes and socks were both gone. His feet, bleeding and gashed, left bloody footprints in the snow, yet he must hurry on—his country must be free. So hungry was he, that Christmas night, that while crossing a field where Irish potatoes had been planted, seeing one, he picked it out of the slush and devoured it, half frozen and raw as it was, with a relish no other Christmas dinner before or afterwards ever gave.

After the battle of Princeton and the retreat to Morristown for recuperation, as the poorly clad soldiers were without tents, outhouses, porches, and even fence-corners were utilized for shelter. My great-great-grandfather and his mess, with three others, occupied a portion of a porch near a door of the room where Washington and his officers were seated and standing around



"MY PLAYMATES—WALTZING MICE." BY ELESE R. RUSSELL, AGE 12.

a huge fireplace filled with logs of wood, which burned with a warmth and glow which, by contrast, made the cold wind sweeping through the porch seem doubly chill. He said to the others in a whisper, "Boys we 'll freeze to death here. Let's watch our chance when supper is served and slip into the back corner of that room, wrap our blankets about us, and go to sleep." They had been there but a short time when an orderly discovered them. Giving them a rough shake, he said, "Get out of here. This is the officers' room. You have no business here." But they were too sound asleep to be aroused by an orderly. Washington's attention being called, he said, "Let me see if I know them." When he saw them he said, "Why yes, this is Bingham and his mess. Poor fellows! How much they have suffered! I would stake my life on their honesty and patriotism."

The truth of the above is vouched for by his granddaughter, my grand-aunt, Mrs. Jefferson, now living at Cadiz, Kentucky.

Read of the Living Heart" or the read that the Samaritans made for him that I thought was very good. I think his life is

I remain your loving reader, DOROTHY WILSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much "Queen Zixi" stepped, as I used to very much, but I have now that I like [illegible] as well, it is "Jimmy Scarecrow." I am very interested to know how "Susan" will get on at school.

One of my friends and I are going to get up a school magazine, which we think and hope will be a success. We have for the name of it, the wild flower of the month, and we paint that flower all over the cover, so that it looks very pretty; the one we are doing now is "The Primrose" for April.

I think if I write any more my letter will be too long, so

I remain your sincere reader, IDA F. PARFITT.

HARTFORD, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just about once in so often I sit down and write you a letter, and there are always just about the same pleasant things to say to you. The League, we all think, is a fine thing.



"A PLAN FOR JULY." BY VERA MARIE DEMENS, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

LEAGUE LETTERS.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Wednesday about five o'clock in the morning we had a dreadful earthquake, as I am sure you have heard. I think it was felt worse in San Francisco than in any other place, although it was dreadful enough in Oakland, and was also felt in other places around San Francisco. It did a good deal of damage in Oakland, knocking down several buildings, and cracking others.

In San Francisco after the earthquake fires broke out in several different places. I think these fires were caused from careless people running out from their houses and leaving coal-oil stoves and breakfast fires. The fire could not be got under control, as all the water-pipes had burst from the great shake. The dreadful fire spread and all but one-fourth of the city burned. A great many people were killed. At night, from Oakland one could see the dreadful fire blazing brightly. I hope there will not be any more earthquakes, because they scare me so. The big earthquake was followed by several lighter shocks. Yours truly, ENID FOOTE.

[illegible], IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just received the April number of the ST. NICHOLAS and I think it is fine. I like the story of Robert Louis Stevenson very much. In the Little Colonel Series and in the Little Colonel's House Party there is an article about "The Strongest Friendship I have ever made was made through you, and I have become acquainted with many other Leaguers through your pages. I cannot say I have a prize yet, but I hope it is not wholly beyond my reach. This spring we noticed that the English sparrows would, as we thought at first, bite off the ends of the twigs on the maple tree in front of our house. On closer examination we found they were drinking the little drops of sap that accumulated on the ends of the twigs.

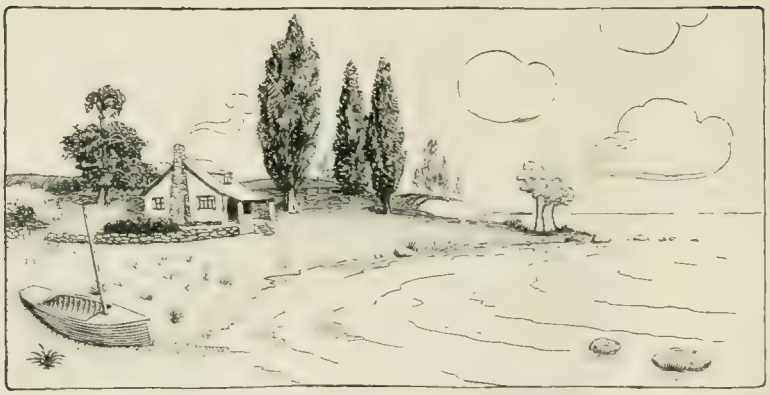
We have a pet chipmunk who has been in the family for four years and a half, nearly. He is very cunning and tame but not particularly gentle, as he bites if he is not pleased with anything. The other day he was taking some nuts from my hand and found he did not like them so he bit me quite hard. I remain your ardent admirer and reader, ALICE WESTON CONE (age 13).

[illegible], DEVONSHIRE PLACE, [illegible], ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Very many hearty thanks for the truly beautiful badge, which has just arrived, and with which I am delighted. It has encouraged me so much to write. I had also to be grateful to you for your goodness in giving such a beauty to me, especially as my poor little verses seem hardly to deserve this reward.

My mother thinks the badge is exquisite and all my friends to whom I have shown it tell me I am very lucky, which is true! A thousand times "thank you." Yours most gratefully,

MARGARET STUART BROWNE (Honor Member.) (Hurrah!)



"SUMMER." BY ERNST WERNER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Alice Brabant
Mildred Knowlton
Gladys M. Adams
Margaret E. Webb
Elizabeth Ralph Bevier
Atwood Townsend
Florence Sherk
Marjorie Peck
M. P. Greenfield
Constance Steuart Winslow
Eleanor Johnson
Marie Louise Chancellor
Geneva Anderson
Ruth D. Crandall
Aileen Hyland
Edith J. Minaker
Mary Blossom Bloss
Wilbur K. Bates
Elizabeth C. Day
Emmeline Bradshaw
Kathryn Sprague DeWolf
Nannie Clark Barr
Alice Shirley Willis
Maud Dudley Shackelford

VERSE 2.

Mary Elizabeth Mair
Marguerite Aspinwall
Margaret Smith
Mabel Franke
Francis Spaulding
Maud H. Brisse
Twila E. McDowell
Helen Paul
Primrose Lawrence
Thoda Cockroft
Ernst Hoefer
Dorothea M. Holden
Mark Ruprecht
Ruth Cranston Garvey
Katharine R. Neumann
Marion B. Phelps
Josephine Warren Reed
Ruth Bartlett
Emilie Noel Johnston
Albert Lucas
Mason Garfield
Elizabeth Donnell
Margaret E. Nash
May Bowers
Ida C. Kline
Lillie G. Menary
Isabel D. Weaver
E. Babette Deutsch
Helen C. Robertson
ConstanceManchester
J. J. Clopton
Martha Merriam
Helen Dill
Rella Kron
Laura Backus
Helen Campbell Palmer
Christine Fleisher
Anne Eunice Moffett
Frances Hyland
Josephine Freund
Dorothy Jones
Anne Brown
Dorothy Davis

PROSE 1.

Rosamond Ritchie
Mary Ruchti
Pauline Werner
Mary Daniel Gordon
Katharine Norton
Eleanor M. Sickles

PROSE 2.

Elsie Park
Ida N. Wells
Jettie Resnik
Jeanette Westbrook Sanford
Eleanor Alice Abbott
Elizabeth Toof
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Aloyse Slattery
Frances P. Gordon
Esther P. Watkins
Dorothy E. Wallace
B. Dixon
Ellen McKey
Clarence Sebeck
Jean Holcomb
Monica O'Shea
Arthur Kramer
Inez Pischel
Mary DeEtta Ingham
Margaret Boland
Alexander T. Ormond
Adrienne Kenyon
Marguerite Hearsey
Mallory W. Webster
Oak McHenry
Florence M. Hewlett
Georgina Schofield
Carlton W. Cox
Margaret H. Coover
Emily Brettner
M. P. Madison
Eleanor Haynes Clark
Florence G. Hatton
Christine Funkhouser
Alice Virginia Dawson
Peggy Polairet
David G. Dutton

DRAWINGS 1.

Beth May
Margery Bradshaw
Rubin Rosen
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Ernst Werner
Katharine Thompson
Lydia C. Gibson

DRAWINGS 2.

Bertha V. Emerson
Rena Kellner
Elsie Gledstanes
Evelyn Guy
Sydney Lucas
Ruth Wellington
Emily Thomas
Sally Calkins Wood
Raymond McKinless
Sarah Lippincott
Marshall Cutler
Nathalie Norris Dobbs
Marion Myers
Vieva Fisher
Katherine E. Barnard
Muriel E. Halstead
Grace A. Badger
Victor Kolasinski
Caroline E. Fessenden
Phyllis Sargent
Harriet Putnam
Jessie B. Boyd
Caroline H. Gibson
Natalie Dalton Johnson
Frances Isabel Powell
Anne L. Clopton
Mary Falconer
Alphonse DeCaré
Jeanne Demetre
Dorothy Spencer
Margaret Rhodes
Margaret G. Rhett
Mayme Lois Jones
Katharine Myers
Grace Garland
Mary G. P. Liddell
Roy E. Hutchinson
Lucia E. Halstead
Josephine Holloway
Flora Lamson
Margaret Schuster
Everard A. McAvoy
Frederick Gest
Martha Sherman Stringham
Emily W. Browne
Ruth Cutler
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Lola Hall
Marie Atkinson
Virginia Hoit
Joan M. Boyd
Rachel Bulley
Louise W. Tener
Mildred Willard
Helen M. Copeland
Edythe M. Crombie
Henry Neuman
William Berg
H. Leopold
Louise Miller
Stanislaus F. McNeill

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Pierre S. Palmer
E. Deprez
Will N. Auer
Martha E. Garrett
Gertrude Boland
William Whitelock
Norman MacLeish
Sydney S. Norris
Douglas Crawford
David Bisset
Franklin Robbins

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Margaret B. Ussher
G. Huntington William
Katharine Robinson
Edith H. Bailey
Jean P. Ross
Edwin O'Dougherty
Gertrude R. Hoyt
Alice May Flagg
Malcolm Chesney
Edith Louise Smith
Rosamond Morse
Marian E. Donnitzer
William Dow Harvey
Angelica Mumford
Norman Lawson
Ruth G. dePledge
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Winona Montgomery
Theo. Kalbfleisch, Jr.
Alice Durand
Edna Browning
Ferdinand W. Haasis
Henry Morgan Brooks
William K. Braasch

PUZZLES 1.

Alice Rice Bragg
Dorothea S. Walker
Gladys Richardson
Marion M. Macy
E. Adelaide Hahn
Frances Paine
Harriette H. Shields
Buford Brice
Alice Lowenhaupt
Stella E. Jacobs
Thomas Morton French

PUZZLES 2.

Mary E. Hastings
Pauline Flach
Irving Beach
Frank Nelson
Elmer Silver
Archibald S. Macdonald
Luther T. Jones
Carl Guttzeit
Charles Stark
Margaret B. Jaques
E. Winnifred Campbell
Maria Dimpfel
Teresa R. Robbins
Evangeline Coombes
Katharine W. McCollin
Jean Fulton
Lawrance D. Oppenheim
Katherine Michael
Lilian S. Clapp
Katherine E. Spear



"ATTIC TREASURES." BY CORNELIA DOWNS, AGE 13.



"A HEADING [illegible]" BY WILLIAM [illegible]

LAKE MILLS, [illegible]

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My daughter and I [illegible] very pleased [illegible] two votes were worthy of such a lovely prize. I [illegible] Perhaps you remember, I sent you a letter getting [illegible] written, but soon I wrote them I did not think that they would take a silver badge.

Thanking you again for my badge, and hoping some time to win a gold [illegible] however,

Your affectionate reader, AILEEN HYLAND.

Other valued letters have been received from Edwin M. Einstein, Ruth E. Abel, Vera Marie Demens, Helen Mertzanoff, Russell Fox, Margaret Lawrence, John Griffin Pennypacker, Marjorie Thurston, Beulah E. Amidon, Gertrude Kinkele, Louise Syles, Harry Leopold, Gertrude Johnson, Christine Rowley, Cleora Landon, Pierre W. Lawrens, Alice C. Barnaby, Gisela K. Haslett, Bessie Boise, Charlotte Eugenia Williams, Polly Nelson, Max Thomburg, May Irving Grinnell, Elsie F. Weil, Elizabeth Page, Katherine K. Davis, Roxana Wentworth Bowen, Elmira Keene, Hilda Macdonald, Sarah McCarthy.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 898. Ferdinand Hebenstriet, President; Walter Pettit, Secretary; nine members. Address, Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.

No. 899. "N. B. K." Marie Freligh, Secretary; four members. Address, 1310 Jackson St., Anderson, Ind.

No. 900. Helen Irvine, Secretary; five members. Address, 400 15th St., New Brighton, Pa.

No. 901. "St. Nicholas Club." Isabel Lewis, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 336 Houston St., Montgomery, Ala.

No. 902. Thomas L. Sullivan, Secretary; four members. Address, 10 Mill St., So. Groveland, Mass.

No. 903. Bertram Krulewitch, Secretary; sixteen members. Address [illegible] Fourth St., N. Y. City.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 82.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 82 will close **August 20** (for foreign members **August 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **December.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Joy of Giving."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Historic Christmas." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Hot Day."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "The Camp" and a Heading or Tailpiece for any ST. NICHOLAS department.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



"TAILPIECE FOR JULY" BY HELEN [illegible]

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, [illegible] *is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month —not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A BARGAIN. We wish in this department to call the attention of our readers occasionally to books that might be attractive. Consequently, seeing advertised a copy of the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe," published in London in 1720, we hasten to let you know about it. It has all the old-fashioned pictures, is in three volumes, and is beautifully bound in morocco, but it may be considered a little high in price. The book dealer who owns it rates it in his catalogue at thirteen hundred dollars, or say, four hundred and forty dollars a volume. Luckily you all know that the story is quite as interesting when read in cheaper form even without old-fashioned pictures.

DERIVATIONS. There are some very funny stories told about the derivations of words, since people are likely to twist their language into strange forms. Thus, the Pope is even to-day called by the name, "pontifex," which boys in the Latin class all know is taken by him from the title of the old Roman priests. Now, "pontifex" means bridge-builder, and it is true that the Roman priests in the early days of the republic were in charge of bridges; but scholars tell us that the word, "pontifex," probably should be "pomptifex," meaning "maker of ceremonies." Many of you have wondered what the priest had to do with bridge-building, and this little change of *nt* to *mp* makes the whole matter clear.

An astonishing derivation is that of the word, "stranger," which we are told comes from the Greek word *ex* or out of. Absurd as this seems, it is easy to understand. *Ex* means out, from, or away, the same word as the Latin *ex*; hence comes *extra*. Then comes the Latin *extraneus*, which means outside. The old French word, from this, *estrange*, means an outsider, but *estrange* gave us the word *étranger* by dropping the *s*, and *stranger* by dropping the *e*.

After this serious example, we shall not be surprised at the old joke that derived the town name, "Middletown," from "Moses," by dropping the "iddletown" and adding "oses."

BEGINNING SHAKSPERE. A young friend writes from New Jersey to recommend "Shakspere's Characters," written by Walter Jerrold and published by Dutton & Co. This little book gives all the characters, the plays where they are found, quotations about them, a list of places where scenes are laid, and other items to help students in discussing and studying Shakspere.

This same correspondent is gradually collecting the Rolfe edition, an excellent one for young readers, as it contains all needful information to help in understanding the great dramas. There is a play to each volume. If there is a boy or girl who wishes to take our young friend's advice and to begin acquaintance with Shakspere's plays, we suggest the buying of "The Merchant of Venice" or "Twelfth Night" in some edition like Rolfe's, with explanatory notes. Read a play first *without* looking up puzzling points, read it as you would read a story-book, for the fun and pleasure given by the situations and plot. Afterward study it more closely.

THE MINSTRELS. In the beginning, all poetry was written for the ear. No one could read except a few scholars; the evenings in the old castles in winter time were long and slow; the occupations of folks indoors kept eyes and fingers busy, leaving minds free. So it was that while the old soldier sitting at the fireside wrapped his bowstring, mended his arrow, or patched a doublet, and the women spun threads, knitted, or embroidered, they were delighted to hear stories of heroic deeds sung or recited by minstrels.

You may read all about these jingling folk in Percy's "Reliques," where there is a charming little paper about ancient minstrels; but just now our business with them is simply to remember that poetry came about as a thing pleasing to listen to. It still remains fully half addressed to one's musical sense. A poem is never at its best for you until it has been read aloud by some one who can bring out the harmony to which the words have been fitted.

ONE WHO LOVES DICKENS. How often it happens that chance brings things into right relations. Following the previous letter comes one from the other side of our continent, — from California, — and this girl tells us how she had "gotten," as she puts it, into the habit of "devouring" stories to see how they would end; but when she came to Dickens's works, she found his style pleased her enough to make her read partly for the enjoyment of seeing how humorously he expresses himself. She names a few of the well known favorites, and then speaks of "The Poor Relation's Story," "The Child's Story," and ends with the exclamation — "Oh, ever so many more. I can't name *the best* short stories — they are all good!" If reading Dickens can make young people give up the foolish habit of reading really important books hastily, he should be freely recommended, for in our modern days when books are almost hopelessly abundant, it is of the greatest importance that the very best should be so read as to give the reader all the good that is in them.

A REMARKABLE SCHOOLHOUSE. Perhaps the strangest material ever used in building a schoolis that found cheapest in the town of New England, North Dakota. The structure is built entirely of agates. Of course, we do not mean such agates as small boys use in playing marbles. It is wholly of petrified wood which there is very plentiful upon the prairies. It is said that the material has been put together in most artistic fashion, so as to bring out its beauty; and that "when the sun shines the building glistens like crystal."

Where the schoolhouse is so hard, probably the hardest of lessons will by contrast seem not really hard at all. But, on the other hand, with so bright a schoolhouse, how dull must the brightest scholars appear!

NOTE IT DOWN. We all have bright friends whose opinions are valuable to us in regard to our reading. They seldom recommend books that are not well worth while, and yet at times we forget the books recommended by these helpful readers just when we might be able to find them. This item is a reminder to write down such recommendations of good books to read at the time when they are made. Keep a little list of books to read, and then when selecting for a vacation, a birthday gift, or the holidays, you will not be at a loss.

DO YOU LOVE ADVENTURES? All American boys nowadays should acquaint themselves with conditions on the other side of the world. It is sometimes said that the world has grown smaller; our quick steamers and telegraphs have made time and distance easier to overcome. The Sandwich Islands, once the symbol of all that was queer and strange, are now part of our Uncle Sam's Farm and under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. A book published by A. C. McClurg & Co., recently, called "Hawaiian Yesterdays," tells what a boy saw of life in the Sandwich Islands sixty-five years ago.

For those who want to know about a newer region, one still wild and unknown, there is "The Siege of the South Pole," by Hugh R. Mill, published by F. A. Stokes & Co. This will tell all about the attempts to capture the great frozen fortress of the South. There is no other book treating this whole subject so fully.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS. All grown people seem to be well suited with the little editions of famous books known as the "Temple Classics." Possibly you know them. The volumes are as large as one's hand, bound in cloth or limp olive green leather. But even if you know the series, you may not know that a number of books popular among young people are included in it. In fanciful fiction the Temple Classics include Grimm's and Andersen's "Fairy Tales," "Selections from the Arabian Nights," Fouquet's "Sintram and Aslauga's Knight," Kingsley's "Heroes," and Perrault's "Fairy Tales." Among the story-books are "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Westward Ho!" "Ivanhoe," and selections from "Morte d' Arthur." These dainty little books cannot easily be improved on as pocket volumes, and they are good editions, that is, they follow their originals closely. The books named, and others, are called "Temple Classics for Young People," published by Macmillan & Co. But it must be remembered that among the books in the general Temple Classics are many that the boys and girls desire for their own libraries.

THE LETTER-BOX.



A TEMPORARY SCHOOL-ROOM OUT OF DOORS IN SAN JOSE, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Enclosed you will find a picture of my school-room.

We have school out of doors because our school building was destroyed by the earthquake.

I remain,

ZOE MECKLEM.

PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you something about the earthquake. Some people got away from the fire in San Francisco and got into a park. While they were waiting a little canary came flying by and perched upon their bags.

The lady went down the street to get a cage.

They came down to our school to stay awhile. They brought the canary with them. My teacher told us that when night came he put his head under his wing and was swinging away as fast as he could to put himself to sleep.

MINERVA MURRAY (age 8).

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When reading over the Letter Box I came across a letter written by one of your English friends. This friend asked how they cooked rice in Japan. I have asked our Japanese cook and he said that it should be cooked as follows: first, it should be rinsed in about five or six waters, then placed in a pan that is of the same diameter at the bottom as at the top, and it also must have a cover. After having rinsed it put enough water to come to the second joint of the middle finger, beginning from the top of the rice. When the rice is beginning to boil remove the cover about a quarter of an inch, then after about ten minutes replace the cover and remove to a cooler part of the stove; let it remain there until time to serve.

Hoping that this will prove satisfactory, I remain,

Your faithful reader,

MARGARET LEONARD (age 13).

CLAREMONT, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to the Letter Box before, and I hope you will find room to print this letter.

I have taken you ever since 1901, and I am so fond of you I can hardly wait till the first of the month comes which means that ST. NICHOLAS will come too.

I wish we could have some more long stories complete in one number, like "Hilarity Hall," but I think that the two continued stories we are having now, "The Crimson Sweater," and "From Sioux to Susan," are very interesting.

The ST. NICHOLAS is one of the best companions I have. I read it from cover to cover as soon as it comes. And all the numbers from 1901 till now I have bound.

Wishing you as great a success in the future as you have had in the past,

I am your interested reader,

CATHERINE FLINT.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

Double Beheadings. Cross-words: 1. Cream. 2. Adamant. 3. Sweetest. 4. Demented. 5. Gigantic. 6. Remark-ed. 7. Reverie. 8. Bewitch-ed. 9. Reserve-d. 10. Beloved. 11. Deceive-d. 12. Exactly. 13. Attempted. 14. Cheerful. 15. Arrive-d.

Double Diamond. Cross-words: 1. Dickens. 2. Stage. 3. Sage. 4. Gem. 5. Belt. 6. Bend. 7. Sea. 8. Stretch.

Double Primal Acrostic. Lincoln. 1. Links. 2. Ink. 3. Name. 4. Comet. 5. Ocelot. 6. Lemon. 7. Nest. 8. Nightingale.

Concealed Double Acrostic. Wild-rose. 1. Water. 2. Lily. 3. Lily. 4. Daisy.

Additions. Easter Tide. 1. Chest. a, e, escheat. 2. Zeal, a, a, azalea. 3. Mace, s, h, sachem. 4. Malt, d, u, Talmud. 5. Fete, f, e, effete. 6. Goat, u, r, ragout. 7. Tacit. s, c, tactics. 8. Gain, s, o, isagon. 9. Dad, r, y, dryad. 10. Cote, i, x, exotic.

Word-Squares. I. 1. Frame. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Mercy. 5. Ennui. II. 1. Lance. 2. Ruler. 3. Oppel. 4. Nest.

Enclosed Double Diamond. Cross-words: 1. Desired. 2. Spanner. 3. Winters. 4. Lunette. 5. Eternal. 6. Refutes. 7. Departed. 8. Lessens. 9. Spotted. 10. Satisfy.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Malvern Hill; finals, Ticonderoga. Cross-words: 1. Merit. 2. Altai. 3. Laconic. 4. Volcano. 5. European. 6. Round. 7. Neptune. 8. Hector. 9. Indigo. 10. Leding. 11. Lava.

To our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the April Number were received, before April 15th, from Mary E. Dunbar—"Sammy" W. and H. Beaty—Frank L. White—"Duluth"—"Allil and Adi"—James A. Lynd—Marjorie Mullins—Albert Allard—Marguerite Hyde—Elizabeth D. Lord—Agnes R. Lane—Myrtle Alderson.

Answers to Puzzles in the April Number were received, before April 15th, from James Morris Lowell, 1—H. D. Kingsley, 1—A. Mc[illegible], 1—Elizabeth Pierce Eager, 1—M. Keenan, 1—R. Mc[illegible], 1—W. S. Dell, 1—Caroline C. Hinman, 1—Ella May[illegible], 1—Wm. H. Barnes, 1—Edward Lattimore, 1—Raymond Meeks, 1—Van Hyde, 1—Grace Lawrence, 1—Lowry A. Baggs, 2—Ed. [illegible] Morgan, 2—A. Chapman, 1—"Nutshell," 12—Harry Edgar, Jr. 1—Arthur Albert Myers, 1—H. Robertson, 1—E. F. J. Carpender, 1—Sophie D. White, 2.

SUBTRACTIONS.

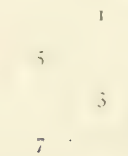
(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. From the name of a fierce fighting dog curtail three letters, and leave an animal that becomes furious at the sight of anything red. 2. From the name of a dog used in duck-hunting curtail four letters, and leave a German watering-place. 3. From the name of a dog that has rescued many Alpine travelers behead two letters and curtail eight and leave "not out." 4. From a kind of dog mentioned in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" curtail five letters, and leave kinship. 5. From the name of a watchdog, behead one letter and curtail four, and leave like. 6. From the name of a Scotch shepherd dog behead three letters, and leave a falsehood. 7. From the name of a fierce dog of India behead one letter, and leave an opening. 8. From the name of certain small dogs behead one letter and curtail three, and leave to make a mistake.

The final letters of the eight new words will spell the name of a man who loved dogs.

GERTRUDE L. HUSSEY.

CUBE.



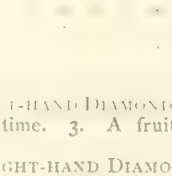
From 1 to 2, appellations; from 1 to 3, a point of the compass; from 2 to 4, another point of the compass; from 3 to 4, a cheerless tract of country overgrown with shrubs; from 5 to 6, an inhabitant of tropical America; from 5 to 7, a beautiful white flower; from 6 to 8, the center of the nervous system; from 7 to 8, foreign.

From 5 to 1, a metal vessel; from 2 to 6, an expression of grief; from 4 to 8, one of the people commanded by Attila; from 7 to 3, a common tree.

"MARLBOROUGH."

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. In stranger. 2. A period of time. 3. A fruit. 4. An animal. 5. In stranger.

II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In stranger. 2. A beverage. 3. Singly. 4. Close. 5. In stranger.

III. Central Square: 1. Proud. 2. Cripples. 3. Wrong. 4. The covering of many invertebrate animals. 5. A treatise.

IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In stranger. 2. Part of the foot. 4. Pertaining to a famous city. 4. To consume. 5. In stranger.

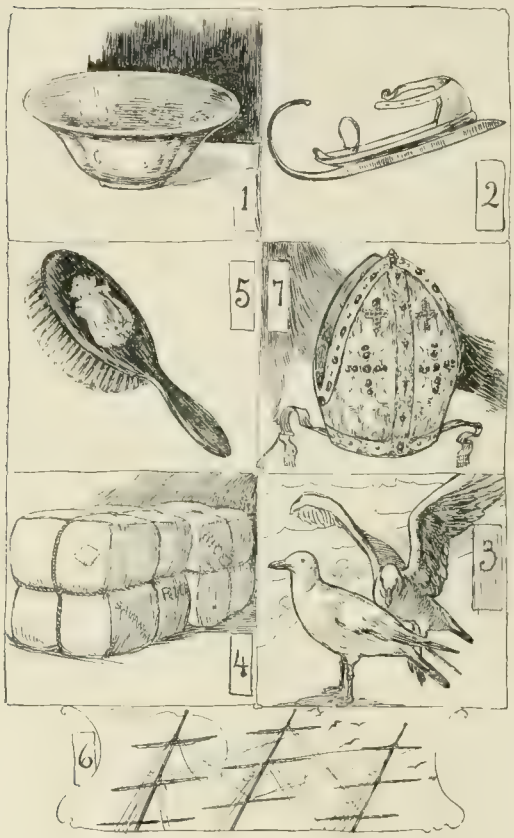
V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In stranger. 2. An affirmative answer. 3. Gathers. 4. Quick. 5. In stranger. ELEANOR V. COVERLY.

DIAMOND.

1. In stone. 2. A color. 3. An Italian city. 4. A small South American opossum, having four white spots on the face. 5. A portion of every twenty-four hours. 6. The fruit of certain trees. 7. In stone.

VIRGINIA DAVIDSON (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



When the seven objects pictured have been rightly guessed and the names written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the name of a famous Roman historian.

Designed by ELSA MEHLER (League Member).

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

	I	O	7	O	O
A	O	*	O	5	O
O	O	4		O	O
O	*	O	O	O	C
*	O	O	O	O	O
2	O	O	O	O	*
O	*	3	O	O	O
*	O	O	O	■	O
O	O	*	O	O	6
D	O	E	O	O	O

Cross-words: 1. A large island in the Pacific. 2. A country bordering the Red Sea. 3. A northern country of Europe. 4. A city of Canada. 5. An island belonging to China. 6. A republic of North America. 7. A state bordering on the Pacific. 8. A state rich in mineral wealth. 9. A picturesque Canadian city. 10. A town in Nicaragua.

The letters represented by the star path, from top to bottom, spells the surname of a noted American who was born on the Fourth of July; the letters represented by numbers spell the name of a national hymn; while those represented by letters spell the surname of a famous patriot who died on July Fourth.

THEOBOLD FORSTALL.

RIDDLE.

Take something that hangs on a hook,
And what 's found on the end of a line,
And divide by the ocean. In winter then look
For a harvest abundant and fine.

ANNA M. PRATT.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell a pleasant season.

Cross-words: Melody. 2. A fruit. 3. Merriment. 4. Trust. 5. An East Indian tree whose fruit is pickled. 6. A sweet substance. 7. The whole amount. 8. Tarries. 9. Sports. 10. A useful grain.

WILLIAM O. DICKINSON (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. Upper Left-hand Square. 1. Smokes. 2. To seize without right. 3. A character in "The Last of the Mohicans." 4. Mistake. 5. A tiny grain in a flowerless plant, similar to a seed. Adjoining Square: 1. A point of the compass. 2. A part in a quartette. 3. A heavenly body. 4. Rent.

II. Upper Right-hand Square. 1. To frighten. 2. The Christian name of the author of "Sherlock Holmes." 3. Concerning. 4. To wander. 5. To go in. Adjoining Square: 1. Commanded. 2. In bed. 3. Inanimate. 4. A little whirlpool.

III. Lower Left-hand Square. 1. A trap. 2. At no time. 3. An old word meaning "to lower." 4. A memorial. 5. Upright. Adjoining Square: 1. Season. 2. Frosted. 3. Stingy. 4. A feminine name.

IV. Lower Right-hand Square. 1. Peculiarity. 2. To wash lightly. 3. A joint of the body. 4. A small island. 5. Part of a saw. Adjoining Square: 1. A narrow opening. 2. To load. 3. A Norse god. 4. A portable shelter.

V. Central Square: 1. Cognomen. 2. Related. 3. To obey. 4. Terminates.

JAMES P. CAHEN, JR.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

421-122.



"'THE CADDIES DID FINELY,' TOWNSEND SAID."

(See page 604.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII. SEPTEMBER, 1906. NO. 11.

WHICH WON?

BY ANNA P. PAFFETT.

"Though [illegible] the goal be [illegible],
The reward [illegible] P[illegible]. *Browning*

THERE was no question about it. The goal seemed farther off than ever. Two years of strenuous effort had not brought her to the school championship in golf, and Janet Martens was beginning to have doubts whether she would ever get there. To have a "first" in anything—in study or athletics—meant a high honor at Hillsdale. It meant that on those bulletin boards or rolls of honor that hung in the dining hall the winner of a "first" would see her name emblazoned for future classes to gaze at with wonder and reminiscent admiration. It was an honor for which all the girls were trying, as the custom was new enough to be interesting even to school girls.

But long as she might for honors, Janet knew she had small chance for them in her studies. She was the pet of her class, and unknown to herself and unacknowledged to themselves, the pet of most of the teachers as well. But not even her most ardent admirer ever claimed for Janet any special studiousness. A chafing-dish spread or a game of football between the two rival boys' schools in Harbury would drive Geometry and Latin and Literature far from her mind and a rueful face and a very blank memory would show themselves in class next day. So sweetly and gaily did she take the punishment for unprepared lessons and so contrite was the answer when the necessary lecture in Miss Drane's room was ended, that even the principal found herself compelled sternly to suppress an indulgent smile as Janet went out.

The whole Junior Class was united in a body of vigorous "rooters" whenever any question of defence of their golf champion was to the fore. They would gladly have formed themselves into a flying wedge and "rushed" any body of Senior girls who dared to question her ability in the one line in which it might be claimed that she shone. But such "rushes" were not permitted at Hillsdale and so the Junior girls could only snort with rage and wish they were boys. They firmly believed that this time Janet was scheduled to win. In the Spring she had lost by 2 holes only and a whole long Summer near a golf club had given her good chances for practice.

The school champion was Mary Taylor. Tall and angular and full of snap, she could drive her ball, nine times out of ten, straight from the tee at No. 16, "The Cropper," on to the green below, and Janet knew she had never "a ghost of a chance" for that hole in spite of her famous long putts. And to Mary's long drives the Seniors pinned their faith.

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The Autumn matches were scheduled to come just after the boys had played their championship games and the interest in golf was particularly keen just then. Quite a gallery from the schools and the town turned out each season to see the finish. At a dance the night before the girls' trial round, Tom Baldwin, a Junior at Talton Hall, came over to cheer Janet. She liked him and his cheery encouragement and points culled from his own experiences over the links were certainly a help. But when she looked across the room and saw Townsend, who had just won the Interscholastic Championship of Harbury, talking most earnestly to Mary Taylor her heart sank.

The Interscholastic Medal was duly presented that evening, amid cheers and rival calls, the defeated Ridgely boys getting their chance when the second prize went to their champion. And then, while lemonade and cakes were disappearing, the usual "post mortem" was held, and every stroke, almost, of the whole match, was discussed for and against with ardent enthusiasm. In the firelight in the hall Janet stood surrounded by her usual following of boys and girls. Her wind-browned cheeks and clear blue eyes glowed and the little wavy locks that the dance had ruffled made a halo round her pretty head.

"The caddies did finely," Townsend said, as he passed her. "Did you notice how well my boy located the ball on the fifth?"

He and Bob Wilson stopped beside the fireside group and the talk was carried on, the subject being one that interested all.

"Good scheme to do something to show that we appreciate that they 're doing better," some one said.

"Oh, I wish we could," Janet exclaimed. "I 've been crazy to for some time. I 'm especially interested in them because one boy—the one who nearly always caddies for me—is in my Sunday School class. I persuaded him not to caddy on Sundays during the Summer while I was n't here, and I 'd like to show that I appreciate his keeping his promise. *I* think a Christmas tree would be a fine plan."

"That 's a jolly idea!" roared Bert Townsend. "You 've hit it, Miss Martens." And he started forth to stir up interest in the new plan. An hour later he dropped on a window seat beside her and repeated, "That 's a ripping good idea of yours, and we 've made a lot of plans already. I 'm going to get a committee started and put you on it. Make you chairman if you 'd like," he added.

"Ye powers, no!" burst from Janet. "Don't spoil my nerve for to-morrow's golf with any such awful idea as that. I 'll help from a back seat but I 'm not keen for the fierce white light that beats upon a chairman."

* * * * *

Saturday, the day of the qualifying round, had arrived and Janet, resolute, if slightly nervous, stood at the first tee feeling of her driver and waiting for her partner, who had not been true to her promise of promptness.

"I 'll give dem clubs a gorgeous scrubbin', Miss Martens, if ye 'll let me have 'em a few minutes while ye 're waitin'," her caddie, Willie Binns, whispered confidentially. "I hear Townsend, de champeen, say 'de moral influence of clean clubs is most important to a player' a few minutes ago. He 's a-talkin' to Miss Taylor, Miss Martens, and if he gives her any points I 'm a-goin' to be there to hear 'em. Jest gimme the clubs and I 'll go and squat down behind their bench."

A keen eye it was that Willie kept on "de champeen" and a keener ear open for any crumbs of wisdom that might be let fall. Therefore his disgust knew no bounds when he heard Miss Taylor say: "You 'll caddy for me, won't you? You helped me a lot last year with your coaching and I 'm awfully anxious to make a good showing this yeâr."

Observing as he was, Willie did n't notice the furtive glance Bert Townsend cast in the direction of Miss Janet Martens and Tom Baldwin, who stood testing her driver while he smiled encouragingly down into the blue eyes below him.

"Certainly I will if you want me," was the answer. "But don't count on me for next Saturday, please," he added. "I 'm not going to caddy for anyone in the final match. I 'm afraid they might say again, as you told me some one did last year, that I had helped you to win. You must have all the glory of the victory for your own."

Whether Mary preferred the prestige of flaunting the champion as her caddy to the undimmed glory of success without him was a question between that young lady and her own soul. At any rate she smiled cheerfully and made the most of the joys of the moment.

Willie rose from his squatting position and meandered off in the direction of the caddy-house, to get some more sandpaper. On the way he fell foul of Jim Mullane. It was almore in tone than in the bottom of his staunch little Irish heart.

When the cards were handed in and the scores were posted his courage went down, for Miss Taylor's showed 93 to Miss Janet's 99. This was not encouraging even though the others were much worse. And Willie trudged home in a silent, pre-occupied mood. How could he help her win? There were so many dangerous spots on the course, any one of



"[illegible] WHICH WON? AS HE WAITED TO WATCH THE [illegible]"

ways a dangerous moment when these two rival caddies met, for neither could resist the "scrappy" tendencies born in their Irish blood. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

"I'm a-goin to be fore-caddy for de lady-champeen, I am. She chose me 'cause I 'm de best caddy of de lot," was young Mr. Mullane's conciliatory opening.

"My girl 's going to beat yours, sure, if ye are de best caddy in de bunch," responded Willie in scornful tones. "Wid Mr. Townsend to help her, I 'll lay she don't beat Miss Martens in de finals."

"Oh! you go home and think again! Miss Taylor 's goin to win sure," boasted Jim.

"You won't talk so smart next Saturday, you won't"; but Master Willie's confidence was which might be her undoing next Saturday. The pond, for instance, which she had just escaped by a scant foot and a half — that was likely to lose her a hole. And the long grass on the side of the hill, where half the players lost their balls coming over "The Cropper." It was his business to save the balls from being lost, but could he do anything against Miss Taylor's longer drive there? Miss Janet was almost sure to lose that hole. It was an important point, too, being so near the end of the course. One hole there might settle the championship for the weal or woe of Master Binns's loved Miss Janet. And if she lost, how could he face Jim Mullane's scorn?

Meantime up at the club house Janet Martens's flushed face was bent over her tea-

cup while she listened to Bert Townsend's congratulation on the good score she had made.

"It 's not the best I 've done" she ruefully answered. "I 'm in anything but a mood of self-congratulation. I 've been blushing with shame ever since that beastly sixteenth hole. Why, oh, why can't I drive on the green as all the boys and some of the girls do?"

"It 's because you think you can't, I 'm sure," he said. "Have more faith in yourself."

"It 's too bad, is n't it," broke in Bobby Williams just then, "that they can't get the girls' trophy ready to be presented after the match next Saturday? Of course, it 'll make a nice little event at the Christmas tree dance, but it seems a long time to wait after you 've won it.



"IN THE CHEERING CROWD OF CADDIES MASTER BINNS LED THE WAY"

I hope it will be pretty enough to be a credit to the girl who wears it."

"It 's to be something to wear this time? How jolly!" exclaimed Janet.

"It 's going to be an awfully pretty watch fob. I 'm on the committee and helped select the design," Townsend volunteered. "I hope"—but he pulled himself up short and no one knew what he hoped about the fate of the prize.

It was the day of the final struggle. The list had narrowed down, as everyone expected, to Mary Taylor and Janet Martens, and the adherents of these two stood about the first tee while the contestants prepared to enter the fray. The rival caddies glowered at each other across the tee.

Mary Taylor drove first, with a ripping, self-confident swing that sent her ball far over toward the green. Janet was nearly even with her at two, but one stroke behind at the approach and even a long putt failed to win the hole for her. At the ninth hole Mary was "two-up" and Janet's followers began to grow uneasy. But she took the tenth hole 5-4 and tied the eleventh and twelfth. The thirteenth also went to her and the fourteenth and fifteenth to her opponent, making Mary Taylor again two-up with only three to play.

Binns was in a state of the doleful dumps. His pride called to him to do something to save the day. And the sixteenth—the Cropper—yawning ahead of his favorite! With that lost the day would be lost—and his confident boasting a broken bubble. There was a superstition among the caddies that a "found ball" was especially lucky, and Binns fingered longingly in his pocket a ball which he had picked up in the long grass that morning, meditating whether to offer it to Miss Janet. But while he hesitated Miss Taylor drove and, as usual, her ball soared cleanly forward and dropped just below the green. With a brave smile, but with a rather heavy sensation in the region of the heart, Janet stepped up, while Binns ran forward to watch the ball. It was a good clean hit and hope soared with the little white sphere and then fell dead as it lost itself in the long grass on the side hill. Down the slope bounded Binns and as he ran, to the delight of his favorite and her friends the ball rolled out of the grass ahead of him to the very edge of the green.

"By Jove!" roared Tom Baldwin, "that had snap behind it to come through the grass!"

And Janet hardly felt the ground under her feet. She was too delighted to notice the sour smile on Mary Taylor's face as she made a poor approach and dropped her ball ten feet from the hole. At the very rim of the cup Janet's ball landed and a soft little tap put her in, while her rival putted past the hole and lost it 4–3. Elation carried Janet triumphantly through the seventeenth and with the score tied they started off for the eighteenth hole. Mary Taylor had undoubtedly lost her temper. She played with a snap that was positively vicious and as they came to the approach this was especially evident. Past the hole and over the side of the green went her ball, and the second approach and a beautiful putt only served to lose her the hole and the championship by one stroke.

In the cheering crowd of caddies Master Binns led the way, and a happy young man he was as he recounted his idol's triumph.

To Janet's ears there was no sweeter music than the chant of the Juniors, in which a vigorous crowd of the boys joined as they escorted her back to Hillsdale Hall:

"Martens, Martens, Martens wins!
She's our favorite!
Nineteen-six is proud to say
Now and then and every day
Martens — he's all right!
Rah, rah, rah, and rah, rah, rah for Nineteen-six's champeen!"

* * * * *

The Christmas tree and dance were set for the last night before the schools broke up for the holidays. The weeks before it had been filled with strenuous class work in which Janet had done better than ever before. Success had been a tonic which spurred her brain on to fresh efforts and she almost forgot that she had thought herself one of the stupid girls. But in this new cheer there was always a bitter little fact in the background. Mary Taylor's dislike of her ever since she had won the golf championship had been so marked that it had been noticeable not only to her but also to her friends.

"I 'd most rather not have the old fob than have her look at me as she does," sighed Janet on the Sunday before Christmas. But when she saw the fob lying there on the table at the club in its velvet case, ready for presentation, she forgot the bitterness in the warm congratulations of her friends.

Fifteen remarkably clean Corktown youths filed into the club-house in awe-struck silence. They were much impressed by the importance of being "the main part of the show," as they thought.

The club house in its holiday greens and holly berries was a charming sight, and the big Christmas tree held not only gifts for the caddies but little amusing trifles for everybody, while underneath were piled holly-trimmed bundles of good things for the boys to carry home.

By nine o'clock the whole village had assembled for the festivities and before the gifts from the tree were distributed Mr. Walter, the president, made his annual presentation speech to "the champion of the fair sex." It seemed to Janet that she had never been so happy in her life. Everything was at high tide—life, fun, success. She danced with almost every boy in the two schools, it seemed, and the unwonted excitement of dividing dances between rival claimants made her rather giddy with happiness.

No little warning voice whispered to her that "pride goeth before a fall," but a little cold breath of discomfort did mar her supreme happiness when she passed Mary Taylor in the hall and for her cheerful nod and smile got only a contemptuous stare and cold bow. The fact that Bert Townsend was her escort may have had something to do with the marked snubbiness of Mary's greeting, but Janet, who was never silly and self-conscious about the boys, did not think of such a thing.

Bert probably did n't think of it either, for he dropped on the seat beside her in the hall to cool off by an open window, and exclaimed confidentially:

"Say, it is n't very good form to criticize one girl to another, but I can't help saying that I think Miss Taylor is showing an awfully unsportsmanlike spirit. She 's been so disagreeable to you ever since the golf match that everyone has noticed it."

Outside the stars were brilliant and the win-



"'I SAVED THE GAME,' SAID THE CADDY."

try air that blew in was delightful after the quick two-step. While Townsend went to bring her a glass of lemonade Janet leaned out and looked up at the sky.

"Ain't she a daisy?" came a voice from below, muffled but audible. "She 's got de champeenship for fair, now, and I 'm tellin'

you on de q. t. dat I 'm proud dat I helped her to it."

"Ah, go 'long, Bill. Ye 're too conceited. Caddying don't help much," sneered another voice.

"Maybe not, kid, but I saved de game by droppin' a ball on de sixteent' green or she 'd a lost it, sure."

It was all as clear as day! And when Bert Townsend came back he found two big blue eyes staring out of a stony, frightened face, and a limp little girl who had forgotten that she had ever wanted lemonade.

"Oh, Mr. Townsend," she wailed, "I 've no right to the prize. Please take it and give it to Mary Taylor. My caddie cheated. I 've just heard him telling another boy."

But by the time the tale was told Janet had decided that the brave thing to do was to go and tell the story herself. At the end, with flushed face and shining eyes she handed the little velvet box to her rival, and waving aside the protests of the by-standers, she got out of the room, somehow. No one followed her. They all knew by a subtle fellow-feeling that it was a tragic moment in the girl's life.

Ten minutes later, with firm lips and bright eyes that showed that she had not shed a tear no matter how hard the fight had been, she came back into the room ready to say goodnight and merry Christmas to her friends. She found the dancing over and little goodnight groups standing about. Bert Townsend jumped on a chair and began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there has been talk for some time among the boys of Talton Hall of establishing a sort of prize to be awarded each Christmas to the fellow who has been elected as the best all-round chap in general character. The Ridgely fellows have joined in the plan with enthusiasm and at the last meeting it was decided to include also the young ladies at Hillsdale if they cared to come in."

A cheerful "Yes, yes!" from the girls settled that point, and with scarcely a pause Townsend continued:

"There is n't time this year for a formal election, but yet we want to award our first prize, so I take the liberty, backed by every fellow in the room, I think I can safely say, of nominating Miss Janet Martens."

Then the tears did come, that Janet had so pluckily held back, as she heard the roar of applause from boys and girls and teachers, too, who had all sympathized with her in her disappointment. Those were very dewy blue eyes that looked up at Miss Drane and trembly lips that said:

"Oh, I don't deserve it, but I 'm *so* happy!" Hillsdale Hall marched home to the class of [illegible] song—

"Martens, Martens, Martens wins,
She's our favor*ite*;
Nineteen-six is proud to say,
[illegible] day,
Martens—she's all right!"

THE WATERFALL.

By M. M.

A MOUNTAIN brook, one sunny day,
Ran off from home and lost its way;
In places never seen before
It wandered for a mile or more.

And then it found a rocky stair,
All slippery, and tumbled there;—
Went down with such a mighty fall
It never could climb back at all.



IF

By Ellis O. Jones.



If c-a-t spelt dog and cow
And horse and mouse and heaven,
If two plus two made six and nine
And twelve and eighty-seven,
If "see the man" was all there was
To learn inside my reader,
No boy would be as bright as I,
In school I'd be the leader.

If school took up at nine and then
Let out in an hour or less,
If half of this was singing songs
And the other half recess,
If all the days were holidays
'Cept Christmas and Thanksgiving,
I'd know what people mean who talk
About the joy of living.



CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS IN THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE.

By Charles Keeler.

In the many records that have been printed and pictured of the terrible disaster by earthquake and fire at San Francisco on April 18th last, very little has been told of the share the children of the city had in the dangers and makeshifts of that awful time.

The following account was written for St. Nicholas, and the photographs were made especially to illustrate it. Editor.

"What 's the matter?" cried a whole city at once as everybody awoke with a start just before sunrise on the eighteenth of April. Houses were creaking and furniture was banging. Bricks came clattering down and walls waved to and fro as if some old giant had caught hold of them and was shaking them back and forth. Dogs ran howling up the street, looking back to see what was chasing them; horses trembled in their stalls, scrambling to keep their feet, and chickens made strange sounds like terrified screams. Thousands of children bolted from their rooms and ran with mothers and fathers to the sidewalk, while others, too frightened to move, held fast to their beds and waited in silence until the commotion was over.

One little girl cried out to her mother: "I don't know what 's the matter with me, Mamma, I can't stop shaking." A boy of four who had been told when naughty that Santa Claus would come and take him if he did n't behave, cried out while the house was rocking like a ship in a storm: "Oh, Mamma, Santa Claus has come for me!"

Another mother hurried to her child's room where she found the empty bed covered with plaster from the ceiling. She called frantically, "Margery! Margery!" when a little head was poked from under the bed-rail and a little voice piped up reassuringly: "Here I am, Mother dear; when the plaster began to drop I thought I 'd be safer under the bed."

Then there was the little girl who looked up to her father as the most wonderful person in all the world. The furniture had been strewn about in confusion when he reached her bedside and picked her up. "You won't do it again, will you, Papa dear!" she said, looking at him with eyes of wonder. But another child seemed to enjoy the experience, for, when her mother leaned over her while the walls were shaking, the little girl said: "You know, Mamma, you can feel it lots better if you cuddle down in the middle of the bed."

My own boy of two years was sleeping on an open porch just under a chimney, his ten-year-old sister beside him. At the first jolt I sprang to his side, freed him from the big pins that held him under the covers, and threw him in bed with his mother. Next his sister followed and then the whole little family was safe under blankets and pillows. By this time bricks were tumbling and crashing on the children's beds and the house was rocking and groaning so that I expected it to fall. When, in a minute, all was quiet again, I pulled off the covers. The boy sat bolt upright, threw back his head and laughed as if it were the best kind of a joke to be showered with bricks and have the house nearly tumbled about his ears. His big sister had heard the roar and said: "What 's the matter, is the house on fire?" This was in the town of Berkeley on the hills just opposite the Golden Gate.

Over in the big city of San Francisco across the bay, children were seeing many strange sights.

In Chinatown the almond-eyed, sallow-skinned folk with black queues dangling on their blouses, and flapping pantaloons, came tumbling out of their crowded quarters into the narrow streets and alleys. Many of the women have crippled feet from tight bandages in babyhood, and these poor little ladies can hardly walk. It is a wonder how all the people scrambled out before the brick walls fell, but mothers caught up their babies, strong men carried the women with bound feet, and out of doors they ran. One little Chinese girl told me she thought the sky was tumbling down, and a bright boy of five said he was so frightened by the noise that he just stood still and stopped up his ears with his fingers.

In a Chinese mission orphanage were some thirty children. They all scurried out of the brick building into the street and stood in their night-clothes amid the crowd, wondering what was coming next. Presently the teachers got the children's clothes and all dressed in the entry-way, the big ones helping the little tots.

In the poorly built homes of the laboring



CHILDREN IN FRONT OF THEIR "EARTHQUAKED" HOMES.

people south of Market Street much damage was done by the earthquake and many were killed. A little girl whose home was in this district, told me her experience as follows:

"I have two brothers and three sisters, and when the earthquake came we jumped up and tried to run out into the street. First we went to the front door, but that was stuck



RETURNING WITH FOOD FROM A RELIEF STATION.

tight, and then we tried the back door and found we could n't open that either. You see the earthquake shook the house so that the doors would n't work, and the windows had iron slats over them so we could n't get out that way. We saw the people in the street, and the fire-engines came along because the house next door was on fire. Then we knocked at the windows and after a while a fireman noticed us and came and chopped the door open. When we ran out in the street the firemen brought us our clothes and we had to dress right there in the crowd because there was no place else to go."

Another house not far away caught fire from an exploding lamp. When the father had carried the mother and child safely out, the little girl thought of her pets—a parrot and two canaries. Into the burning house she ran and rescued all three.

A man and his wife who lived alone in a house that caught fire right after the earthquake, had a famous talking parrot. The man was busy carrying off a trunk when his wife heard the parrot calling, and forgetting the danger to herself, rushed back and saved her bird.

Lauretta Gage, a girl of twelve, who had

been sick for many months, lived with her mother, father and sister in a house on Minna Street. At Christmas time the doctor had brought her a big, beautiful doll, the first one she ever had. Her little sister, with sparkling eyes, told me it had cost six dollars. The family had a mother and father terrier, and a week before the fire four cunning puppies were added to the household. When the time came to leave their home that morning, they gathered up a few blankets and some food. Lauretta carried her doll in her arms until she found that each one of the family was loaded down, and the puppies had been forgotten. Then she laid the doll on her bed, smoothed its dress, kissed it good-bye and ran for the puppies. She placed these snugly in a market basket. She was sure the little mother would keep close to the puppies, and so they started off.

While many animals were so well cared for by people driven from their homes before the sweeping fire, it is not strange that some were overlooked. A black mother cat came bounding up Russian Hill with a kitten in her mouth. Dropping her baby under a sidewalk she ran back toward the fire and presently returned with a second kitten. A third and fourth were carried up in succession, and the happy mother is still on Russian Hill, teaching her frisky kittens to become well-behaved mousers.

Those four days following the earthquake were a test of childhood such as the world has seldom known. Thousands of children saw their homes burning, their school-houses burning, the whole great city burning, and heard night and day the boom of dynamite blowing up houses and stores and churches in the desperate effort to stop the fire. Many had little or nothing to eat, and even drinking water was hard to find, but as they walked along with their parents, going they knew not where, they did not complain or cry. Little hands held tightly to those they loved and little heads were held erect as they walked for countless blocks to some park or open ground beyond the fire's path.

Up on a bold rocky height known as Telegraph Hill live many Italians and Greek fishermen, a few Mexicans and some Irish laborers. It was not until the third day of the great fire that their homes were in danger, but meanwhile they were left there with little to eat, not knowing how soon they would have to flee. When at last the fire came upon them they had no water with which to put it out, so they used casks of wine. With blankets soaked in claret



THE NEW HOME AFTER THE FIRE.

they beat out the sparks that fell on their roofs, and thus saved their homes. But while a few men stayed to fight the fire, thousands were in danger of being burned and fled from the hill to the edge of the bay, where tugs and steamers took them off.

One little girl carried her doll — a very large one, which she had carefully wrapped in a shawl. She and her mother found themselves alone in the crowd on the water front, where everybody was hurrying and struggling to get aboard the boats and out of the fire's reach.



CHILDREN PLAYING SCHOOL ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

The mother and child stood helpless upon the dock while one boat after another loaded with people and left. The last one was nearly full and the guards were passing aboard only mothers with babies in arms. The little girl held her doll tenderly, and as the boatmen were about to cast off the lines, leaving them behind, she whispered: "Never mind, dollie, we can go on the next one." A soldier saw her and in his haste thought she was carrying a baby. "Let those people get aboard with their baby!" he shouted. The crowd parted, they jumped aboard, and the boat steamed out into the bay.

Little Carolina, a bright-eyed Italian girl on Telegraph Hill, had a young goat. Before the close of the third day after the earthquake they were all running from the hill to escape the fire, and Carolina led her little black-horned, brown-haired kid "Billy." The next day they were camped in an open field near the water's edge, and had nothing to eat but a few crackers. Carolina was very hungry and wished that old Nanny, the kid's mother, were there to give her a cup of milk. Then her father said: "We must kill the kid and eat it or we shall all starve." Carolina burst into tears, threw her arms about the playful little pet and said: "No, no, let us go hungry," and so they did. On the following morning they went back to their home, and soldiers were giving people bread and other food in Washington Square. So little Billy is still frisking with the children on Telegraph Hill.

In going about the different camps I was interested in what the children had thought of saving when driven before the fire, and was surprised to find how many had taken their school books, leaving everything else behind. Very few dolls were saved, and indeed most of the children were glad to have escaped with the clothes on their backs. During the fire a little tot of five was seen marching all alone in the

crowd of fleeing people, carrying a stuffed bird in a glass bell and a woolly toy dog in her arms. Catching the eye of a strange lady in the crowd, she looked up proudly and said: "I saved 'em!" But for the most part the helpless pets seemed to have the first place in the hearts of both young and old.

Many kind people are thinking of the children of San Francisco to-day and doing what they can to help them. Out beyond the gas works on North Beach, where hundreds of homeless families are living in tents, some good women have started a sewing-school for girls. Little girls of six and seven years go daily to the school tent and sew upon clothes for themselves or on baby dresses for little brothers and sisters. When their clothes need washing they have to go to bed while their mothers wash and dry their one little suit. But they are as happy and bright as if they lived in palaces with all sorts of fine things to wear. Indeed, I think they are happier, for they are learning to be of some use in the world and to feel that they can do something to help their mothers.

Out in the great beautiful Golden Gate Park with its miles of driveways, its groves of trees gathered from all the world, its beds of flowers, lakes and lawns, thousands of people are living in tent-cities in charge of soldiers of the United States Army. In some of the tents there are desks and blackboards, and the public school teachers have volunteered their services to give lessons in drawing, teaching the children about the flowers and birds in the Park and many other interesting things.



DOG AND PUPPIES SAVED FROM THE FIRE.



MAKING THEIR WASH DRESSES—A SEWING SCHOOL IN A TENT.

I found the favorite game of the children was playing fireman and soldier. One party had a little ladder and was carrying a baby on this, pretending she had been hurt and was



THE DOLL THAT THE SOLDIER MISTOOK FOR A BABY.

being taken to the hospital. It was great sport, and they laughed merrily as they bore her along. One little boy had a toy pistol, another a wooden sword, and with these weapons they marched about playing soldier. They had plenty of models, for real soldiers on foot and horseback were everywhere around them. There were bugle calls for meals, and everything in camp was carried on in true soldier fashion.

Six little boys were seen skipping about on the grass, singing:

> "Red Cross buns! Red Cross buns!
> One-a-penny, two-a-penny,
> Red Cross buns!"

The Red Cross Society was doing so much good in distributing food and clothes, that the children thus showed their gratitude by changing the words of the old song from "hot cross" to "red cross."

A large number of the city school-houses were burned in the fire, and one of the early contributions for relief came in the form of thirteen dollars from the Indian children of a school in Indian Territory. One of the girls wrote that the money was to be used for buying brick and stone for the new school buildings. The closing exercises of the schools were held all together in Golden Gate Park, thousands of children uniting in singing patriotic songs and listening to words of cheer from eloquent speakers. The bright smiling faces of the boys and girls of San Francisco, meeting in the open air amid the trees less than six weeks after their city had been destroyed and the homes of thousands had been burned, was a sight to stir the hearts of all assembled. Seldom in the world has there been such a notable gathering of children.

But while crowds of young people have thus been kept busy with school and play, there is much work for these homeless children by the sea. Mothers find it hard to keep their families clean, and to care for babies in camp, so big sisters must help tend the little ones, and boys must find wood and keep the camp-fires burning. Indeed there are many children of tender years who are earning their own living in San Francisco. Down amid the ruins where heaps of bricks and rubbish are strewn about in confusion, and everybody must walk in the middle of the street, dodging the honking automobiles and the teams hauling brick and scrap-iron, newsboys are selling papers as busily as ever. On the water front, hard by a camp of soldiers,



CAROLINE'S LITTLE SISTER WITH THE FRISKY KID.

I found one youngster making a good living peddling packages of chocolate. Two urchins were busy tying up little rolls of copper wire which they were selling, and they proudly in-

formed me that they had already made thirty cents. Another boy had a stand on the street curb amid the ruins, where he was selling relics of the fire. Down at the Ferry Building two boys had started a flower stand and had thus brought a touch of brightness and cheer into the midst of the scene of desolation. Out amid the ruined houses on the slope of Russian Hill I found a party of children working away at digging up a brick pavement. I asked them what they were doing it for and they told me they meant to have a vegetable garden there. A little girl carrying a demijohn stood in the ruins of her former home. When I asked her what she was about she replied: "Packing water up to camp." All their water had to be carried four blocks up hill, and the boys and girls did their share of this work.



CAMP BEGINNING ITS SECOND GOLDEN GATE DAY.

Yes, the children of San Francisco have been tried and have proved themselves worthy of their descent from the men who crossed the plains in the days of '49 after gold was discovered in California. With their cheer and courage they are helping fathers and mothers to commence life anew. While the rain beats upon the tents of the homeless, there is the prattle of child voices and the laughter of merry rompers within. In a lull between showers I saw two little girls dressed in "lady clothes," tattered old skirts of older sisters, and rags of veils, going from tent to tent on a round of calls. Even in that bitter cold rain of the first Sunday after the fire, when tents were few and frail and fathers stood all night in the storm holding a flimsy shelter over their dear ones, the children did not complain. In days to come, when the new city rises strong and beautiful out of the ruins of the old, when men point with pride to this broad avenue and that fine building, they will not forget that in those days of trial it was the mothers and children who, looking up to the husbands and fathers and brothers in loving trust, gave them the strength and the spirit to meet the crisis and to win.

THE SANDMAN.

By May Morgan.

Sandman, sandman,
Round the world you go,
Sandman, sandman,
Every child you know.

When with us you have to be
You 're not needed o'er the sea;
For with children there 'tis day.
And they 're all at play.

When with us your work is done
Off to other lands you run;
For 'tis always night somewhere,
And you must be there.

Sandman, sandman,
Round the world you go,
Sandman, sandman,
Every child you know.



From the oil-painting by Maxfield Parrish, owned by Michael M. Van Beuren.
THE SANDMAN.

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

By Ralph Henry Barbour.

Chapter XXIII.

The Poaching.

When Otto Ferris had happened into the Senior Dormitory in time to see Tom Forrest hand his fishing rod to Chub, he had thought nothing of it. And when, having found the book he was after, he returned to the Campus and ran into Horace, he mentioned the incident as a mere bit of unimportant news; on a drowsy Sunday afternoon nothing is too slight to serve as conversation. Horace settled himself with his back to a big elm tree and thought it over.

If Doctor Emery should learn of the fact that Chub and Roy had gone fishing he would promptly punish them. But the punishment would be something not worth considering. But if, by chance, the two boys were detected fishing on private property, say on old Farmer Mercer's territory, they would suffer badly; they might even be expelled. Horace did n't want anything as bad as that to happen to Chub for he only half disliked that youth, but he could n 't think of anything that would please him more than to see Roy Porter leave school in disgrace. In that case he could, he believed, very quickly regain his former leadership.

In a few minutes he had thought out a scheme which might work, and which, if it did work, would probably bring about the results desired. It was risky, but Horace was n 't a coward, whatever his other faults were. He looked about. Otto was deep in his book under the next tree. Horace smiled to himself and called across to him. Otto listened to the scheme with avidity and promptly pledged assistance.

"What you 've got to do," directed Horace, "is to get the sweater. He keeps it on top of his trunk; I saw it there a couple of days ago when he opened it."

"But supposing it 's locked? "

"I don't believe it 's locked," answered Horace. "Anyhow, you go up and see. I 'll wait here."

"Well, but—but why don't you do it? " blurted Otto.

"Now don't you begin to ask questions," replied Horace severely. "You do as you're told. If you don't you may have trouble keeping your place in the second boat."

"That's all right," whined Otto, "but you more than half promised to get me into the first, and you have n 't done it."

"I said I would if I could," answered the other coolly. "If you could row as well as Whitcomb I 'd give you his place, but I 'm not going to risk losing the race just to please you. Run along now."

Otto went, but was soon back again.

"I can't do it," he said. "Tom Forrest 's up there asleep on his bed."

"Lazy chump," muttered Horace, crossly. "Wait; I 'll go along."

There was no doubt of the fact that Tom was sleeping. His snoring reached them outside the door. Horace and Otto tiptoed in and the former considered the situation. Then, motioning Otto toward Roy's trunk which stood beside the head of his cot, he placed himself so as to watch Forrest and cut off that youth's view of the trunk. Otto crept to the trunk. It was unlocked and the crimson sweater lay in the top of the till. Down came the lid again noiselessly and Otto retreated to the door, the sweater stuffed under his coat. Horace crept after him.

"All right so far," murmured Horace as they went softly downstairs. "Now we 'll take a walk. Can't you stuff that thing away better

than that? You look like an alderman. Here, I 'll show you."

He folded it flatly and laid it against Otto's chest, buttoning his coat over it.

But once on the road, instead of following it toward the village they crossed it and made up through the woods. When they reached the creek they turned up it and went stealthily, keeping a sharp lookout for Chub and Roy. As it was, in spite of their caution, they very nearly walked on to them at the deep pool, and had they not fallen instantly to the ground would have been detected. Afraid to move away lest the rustling of the branches prompt the others to investigate, they had to lie there for fully a quarter of an hour while Chub whipped the pool and Roy went off to sleep. Then they saw Chub wind in his line, glance at Roy and move toward them. Luckily for them, however, Chub took it into his head to try the opposite side and so crossed over on the stones and passed them by. They waited until he had slowly taken himself down-stream. Then Horace sat up and saw the idle pole lying on the ground almost at Roy's feet. It was Otto who finally, after much persuasion and threatening, crept over and secured it without arousing the sleeper. Then, making a little detour, they went on up the creek.

Five minutes brought them to the edge of Farmer Mercer's property and in view of a placard threatening dire punishment to trespassers. Horace now donned the crimson sweater, threw his coat to Otto and jointed up the pole.

"Wish I had a line and fly," he muttered. "They 'll think he was a crazy sort of fisherman, I guess."

Leaving Otto at the wall, he clambered over. A couple of hundred yards further on there was a place where the meadow came down to the stream and where there were neither bushes nor trees to screen it. It was in full view of Farmer Mercer's big white house which lay perhaps an eighth of a mile away across the meadow. Here Horace, a readily-distinguished crimson spot against the green of the farther trees, halted and went through the motions of casting his line. But all the time, you may be sure, he kept one eye on the white house. He had landed just one mythical trout and was preparing to cast again when his eye caught a dark figure stealing along the porch toward the meadow gate. Out flew the non-existent line. Through the gate hurried Farmer Mercer. Then, as though catching sight of the latter for the first time, Horace became apparently panic-stricken. He dropped his pole, picked it up again, looked this way and that for escape, and finally, when the farmer was less than two hundred yards away, dropped his pole again and plunged into the bushes.

"Hi!" shouted the pursuer. "Hi! Come back, you rascal!"

But Horace refused the invitation. Instead he made for the spot where Otto was awaiting him, threading his way through the trees along the creek. The farmer's cries continued and the farmer still pursued, trying his best to head off the fugitive. But he was running a losing race, for when Horace picked up Otto they ran in earnest and all the farmer had for his trouble was a discarded fishing pole minus line or hook and a vivid memory of a crimson sweater.

The two boys made a short cut for the school, but, as luck would have it, when they reached the dormitory the troublesome Tom Forrest was wide awake. So Horace, who had stowed the sweater under his own coat this time, had to smuggle it under his pillow and await Tom's departure. But Tom apparently had no present intention of leaving. And a few minutes later Chub and Roy clattered in. When they saw Horace and Otto they deferred telling Tom about his pole, and Chub laid himself down, very stiffly because of his own pole, on Roy's bed. Conversation languished. Horace mentioned the fact that he and Otto had been for a walk and Chub replied that they too had taken a stroll. Both sides waited for the others to leave. Suddenly the supper bell rang. Horace went to the wash-room and Otto followed. Chub slipped off down-stairs and Roy told Tom about the pole. Tom good-naturedly told him to let the old thing go. Then Roy, by the merest chance, noticed that his trunk was unlocked, turned the key, slipped it into his pocket and followed Tom down to supper. A moment after when Horace went to return the sweater to its place he found

he was too late. After a second of indecision he opened his own trunk and hid the garment down at the bottom of it. Then he locked the trunk securely and, with Otto at his heels, followed the others.

It was at half-past nine the next morning that Roy was summoned to the Principal's office. A rather stout, hard-featured man of middle-age whom Roy had never seen before to his knowledge, sat beside the Doctor's desk.

"I was asleep, sir," he answered.

"Ah!" The Principal paused and tapped softly on the polished surface of the desk. Then, "In the dormitory, you mean?" he asked.

"No, sir, I was n't in the dormitory."

"Not in the dormitory? But you just said you were asleep?"

"Yes, sir, I was."

"Where, then?"



"OTTO KEPT IN THE TRUNK. IT WAS UNLOCKED AND THE CRIMSON SWEATER LAY IN THE TOP OF THE TRAY."
(SEE PAGE 974.)

"Porter," said the Doctor, "does this belong to you?"

He took a fishing-rod from the desk and held it out. Roy looked at it and shook his head.

"No, sir," he answered.

"Do you own a fishing-rod?"

"No, sir."

"Where were you yesterday afternoon at—" The Doctor looked inquiringly at the stranger.

"Four o'clock," prompted the latter gruffly, viewing Roy with unfriendly gaze. Roy hesitated and his heart sank. Then,

"By Wissick Creek, at what the fellows call the Deep Hole."

The stranger snorted triumphantly.

"Why did you go there to sleep?" asked Doctor Emery.

"Why, sir, I—I was out walking and—and I lay down and got sleepy. So I just went to sleep."

He knew that it sounded silly and unconvincing. Evidently the Doctor thought so too, for he smiled gently and regretfully.

"Don't you think that's rather a strange tale to tell, Porter?"

"It's the truth, sir."

"It's a tarnation lie, that's what it is," said the stranger, vindictively. Roy turned hotly.

"It isn't a lie," he cried. "And I don't know what business it is of yours, anyhow!"

"Well, I rather guess it's my business—" began the other. But Doctor Emery held up a hand.

"Leave him to me, if you please, Mr. Mercer," he said, quietly. "Porter, this gentleman tells me that he discovered a boy, presumably one of my boys, fishing at the bottom of his meadow at about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The boy saw him coming and ran away, leaving this pole behind him. The boy wore—"

"Ask him what he wore," interrupted Farmer Mercer.

"Just what I have on now," answered Roy. "And this cap," he added, holding it forth.

"Yes, you had a cap all right," said the farmer. "But I don't suppose you happened to have on a red sweater, eh? A dark red one?"

"No, I didn't," replied Roy.

"You have such a sweater, I understand, however," said the Doctor.

"Yes, sir, I have a crimson sweater."

"That's what it was, crimson," said the farmer.

"But I didn't wear it yesterday. I haven't had it on since camp."

"Have you loaned it to anyone recently?" asked the Doctor.

"No, sir."

"Where is it kept?"

"In my trunk."

"Could anyone borrow it without your knowing of it?"

"Why, I suppose so, sir; that is, if my trunk was unlocked."

"Do you keep it unlocked?"

"No, sir, not very often."

"Then you think it would have been impossible for anyone to have taken it without your knowledge?"

"I think it would, sir."

"Do you know of anyone else in school who has a red sweater?"

"No, sir. Gallup has a red and white striped one," but nobody else has a solid red one.

"There wa'n't any stripes on the one I saw," said Farmer Mercer, decidedly.

"Porter," said the Doctor after a moment's silence, "I'm sorry that I can't bring myself to believe your story. Is there anyone who can substantiate it? Were you alone yesterday afternoon?"

"I am sorry, sir, that you won't believe me. I wasn't on this man's land yesterday, and I don't think I ever was. Anyhow, I never fished on it. I've never fished since I came here."

"I hope you are telling the truth," answered the Doctor, gently. "But circumstantial evidence is sadly against you. There is no one who can prove that you were at the Deep Hole at four o'clock?"

"No, sir, no one knows that I was there at that time."

Chub, he reflected, had left him at least a quarter of an hour before and so couldn't have been sure of his whereabouts at four o'clock.

"Hm! That's unfortunate," said the Doctor. He turned to Farmer Mercer. "I don't think I need trouble you to remain, sir. I regret deeply that this has occurred and assure you that punishment will be justly meted out to the culprit."

The farmer arose.

"It's got to be stopped, Doctor," he said. "As for the culprit you've got him right here. That's the boy without a doubt. Put him in his red sweater and I'll tell you mighty quick. Just about his height he was, and kinder slimmish like. Well, you know your own business best. Good morning, Doctor."

And the farmer passed out with a final ugly look at Roy.

Chapter XXIV.

On Inner Bounds.

By noon the news was all over school; Roy Porter was on inner bounds for the rest of the term.

"Well, Sid, who'll play first?" asked one of the audience. Sid shook his head dispiritedly.

"Patten, I s'pose. I think it's a beast of a shame, that's what I think, to take a fellow

off the nine just five days oefore the big game! Of course Hammond 'll lick us."

"I 'll wager if we wanted to we could get him back on the nine," said Sid presently.

"How ?" asked half a dozen voices eagerly.

"Oh, I know a way," was the unsatisfying reply.

"Go on and tell us, Sid!"

"I would if you 'd promise never to tell anyone, cross your heart and hope to die."

Everyone promised instantly and fervidly.

"Supposing, then," resumed Sid, "that a whole raft of us were caught fishing on old Mercer's place. What would happen ?"

"We 'd all get suspended," piped up the youngest boy promptly.

"Inner bounds," suggested some one else.

"Huh! I guess not! It isn't likely Prexy would suspend half the school," replied Sid, scornfully. "He 'd see the injustice of it, of course, and give us all a good blowing up and let us go. And if he let us go he 'd have to let Roy off too. It would be a—a—"—Sid paused for a word—"it would be in the nature of a popular protest!"

"That 's so," said one of the number. "He could n't punish all of us very well."

"We ought to get a whole lot of fellows, though," one of the Middlers said.

"Yes, about twenty," answered Sid. "We can do it, too, you bet! Supposing we call a meeting of the Middlers and Juniors for this afternoon after supper ?"

"Good scheme ! Where ?"

"At the boat-house. You fellows tell it around, but don't say what the meeting 's about."

Then the dinner-bell rang and the informal conclave broke up.

"Wait for me after dinner," whispered Chub to Roy at the table. "I want to see you."

"All right," answered Roy cheerfully.

He was trying very hard to hide the fact that he was terribly down in the mouth. The half-curious, wholly sympathetic looks of his companions followed him all through the meal and he was glad when it was over. Chub caught up with him on the steps and together they crossed the walk and found seats under one of the elms well away from possible eavesdroppers.

"Tell me all about it," demanded Chub, scowling fiercely.

So Roy told him.

"You don't think he will let you off in time for the game Saturday ?" asked Chub.

"No, I 'm pretty sure he won't. He 's dead certain I was the chap that Mercer saw."

Chub jumped to his feet.

"Where are you going ?" asked Roy suspiciously.

"To see Prexy," was the answer. "I 'll tell him that you did n't wear your red sweater and that you could n't have been on old Mercer's place because you were with me."

"Don't be a fool!" said Roy. "What 's the good of getting into trouble yourself ? He 'll ask what you were doing and you 'll have to 'fess up; and then the nine won't have any captain on Saturday."

"I don't care," answered Chub stubbornly. "I got you into the hole and the least I can do is to get you out."

"But you would n't get me out! You 'd just throw yourself in with me. Look here now, Chub; Prexy is n't going to take any stock in your story. He 'll just think that we concocted it between us this morning. Besides, you left me for almost an hour and you can't swear that I did n't go over to Mercer's while you were gone. It 's only a quarter of a mile from where you left me."

"But you were asleep!"

"So you say."

"Well, were n't you ?"

"Yes, but Prexy won't believe it. He 'll think we were both out fishing and that I went to Mercer's; and instead of being minus a first baseman on Saturday the team will be short a first baseman and a second baseman too; also a captain."

"But it is n't fair," cried Chub. "I was the only one that fished, and now you 're geting the blame for it. It was all my fault, anyhow; I made you go along when you did n't want to."

"Nonsense; I did n't have to go."

"But you went to please me."

"Oh, well, what if I did ?"

"It is n't fair," muttered Chub. "If I play in that game and you don't I 'll feel like a brute."

"You don't need to, Chub. Besides, there 's the school to think of. You know plaguey well we 'll get done up brown if you don't play—"

"We will, anyway, I guess," interpolated Chub, sadly.

"—And that is n't fair to the nine and the school. You 've got to do everything you can to win that game, Chub. You don't suppose that I mind being out of it if we 're going to win, do you?"

"But we need you, Roy! Who 's going to play first?"

"Patten, of course; he can do it."

"He can't bat as you can."

"He 'll do all right," answered Roy, cheerfully. "Now you keep mum, old man, will you?"

"I suppose so," Chub muttered. "But I ought n't to."

"Yes, you ought. I 'm not the main thing, Chub; there 's the school."

"You 're a brick," said Chub. "All right; I 'll keep mum as long as you want me to. But if you change your mind all you 've got to do is to say so and I 'll do all I can. Promise to tell me if you change your mind?"

"Honor bright; but I shan't change it; I don't mind, Chub, as long as we win."

"Look here," said Chub after a moment's silence, "You did n't poach on Mercer, and I did n't. Who the dickens did?"

"I can't imagine. I dare say it was some fellow from the village."

"With a crimson sweater on? Not likely. I suppose it could n't have been your sweater, eh?"

Roy shook his head.

"How do you know?" pursued Chub.

"'Cause mine was locked in my trunk."

"Sure?"

"Certain."

"Some one might have had a key that fitted the lock, though."

"They might have, but—" Roy paused and scowled thoughtfully. "Come to think of it, Chub, my trunk was n't locked yesterday afternoon. I remember now. I locked it after we got back."

"Was the sweater there?"

"I did n't look."

Chub whistled softly.

"Bet you anything some fellow swiped it and wore it," he declared. "Let 's go see if he put it back."

They hurried up to the dormitory and Roy



"HIS BROTHER'S ADVICE WAS: 'WHEN YOU 'RE DOWN ON YOUR LUCK GRIN AS HARD AS YOU CAN GRIN.'"

unlocked his trunk, threw back the lid and opened the till.

"I thought I left it here on top," he muttered, diving through the contents of the till. "Maybe I put it underneath, though."

Out came the till and out came most of the contents of the trunk. But there was no crimson sweater. Roy turned to Chub in distress.

"I don't care if they took it," he said, "but

I hope they 'll bring it back! I would n't lose that sweater for anything!"

"Lock your trunk again," said Chub, "and let 's get out of here. Some one 's coming. Let 's go somewhere and think it over."

"If we only knew who was away from school yesterday afternoon," said Roy, when they were once more under the trees.

"We knew that Ferris and Burlen were," answered Chub suggestively. "They said so."

"And Ferris saw you borrow that pole from Tom!" said Roy. Chub sat up suddenly.

"I 'll bet that was Tom's pole that old Mercer brought with him!" he cried.

"But you left it at Deep Hole, and I did n't leave there until long after four, I guess."

"But you said you did n't see it when you left!"

"That 's so; I 'm pretty sure it was n't there," answered Roy, thinking hard. "But how could anyone have got it?"

"Don't know, but some one did. They might have sneaked up while you were asleep. Horace Burlen could do it."

They looked at each other a moment in silence. Then,

"If he took the sweater he 's thrown it away," said Roy sorrowfully. "He would n't be likely to bring it back again."

"Why not? He found the trunk unlocked and maybe thought he could put it back again without anyone knowing anything about it. See? That's just about what happened, Roy. I 'll wager he did the whole thing to get you in trouble."

"Was n't Tom in the dormitory when we got there?"

"Yes."

"Then maybe he was there when Horace got back; and Horace could n't get at my trunk without being seen."

"What do you suppose he 'd do with it?" asked Chub.

Roy shook his head.

"Put it in his own trunk maybe," he answered.

"Come on," said Chub.

Back to the Senior Dormitory they hurried, for each of them had an examination at two and it was almost that hour now. The dormitory was empty and Chub stood guard at the head of the stairs while Roy crossed the room and examined Horace's trunk.

"Locked," he announced softly.

Chub joined him and they stood for a moment looking at the trunk as though striving to get an X-ray view of its contents.

"Maybe we could find a key to fit it," whispered Chub.

"I would n't like to do that," answered Roy, shaking his head.

"No more would I," answered Chub, "but I 'd do it if I was just a little more certain that the thing was in there. I 'd like to bust it open with an ax," he added savagely.

Then the two o'clock bell rang and they hurried downstairs.

"Keep mum about it," said Chub, "and we 'll get to the bottom of it yet."

"The trunk?" asked Roy with a weak effort at humor.

"Yes, by jove!" was the answer.

Roy watched practice that afternoon. He stood on the school side of the hedge which marked inner bounds and, out of sight himself, saw Patten playing on first. It was lonely work and after a while the figures on the green diamond grew blurred and misty. Then, suddenly, Brother Laurence's advice came back to him and Roy brushed the back of his hand across his eyes and turned away.

"'When you 're down on your luck,'" he murmured, "'grin as hard as you can grin.'"

So he tried his best to grin, and made rather a sorry affair of it until he spied Harry walking toward the tennis courts with her racket in hand. He hailed her and she waited for him to come up.

"I 'm awfully sorry, Roy," she greeted him. "I told dad you did n't do it."

"And he believed you at once," said Roy despondently.

"N-no, he did n't," answered Harry. "He—he 's a little bit stupid sometimes; I often tell him so."

Roy laughed in spite of his doleful feeling.

"What does he say then?" he asked.

"Oh, he just smiles," answered Harry resentfully.

Roy supposed he did. And then, in another

minute, they were side by side on the stone coping about the stable yard and Roy was telling Harry everything, even to the examining of Horace's trunk and the reason for it.

"That 's it!" cried Harry with the utmost conviction. "He did it! I know he did!"

"How do you know it?" asked Roy.

"Oh, I just do! I don't care if he is my cousin; he 's as mean—!"

"Well, suspecting him won't do any good," said Roy. "We can't see into the trunk. And, anyhow, maybe he did n't bring the sweater back at all."

"Oh yes he did, too," answered Harry. "Don't you see he 'd want to put it back again so that you could n't say that some one had taken it and worn it? It 's there, in his trunk."

"And I guess it 'll stay there," said Roy hopelessly. "He won't be fool enough to take it out now."

"Could n't you make him open his trunk?"

"I don't see how. I could n't go and tell him I suspected him of having stolen my sweater; not without more proof than I 've got now."

"I suppose not," answered Harry thoughtfully, her chin in her hand and the heel of one small shoe beating a restless tattoo on the wall. "You might—" she lowered her voice and looked about guiltily—"you might break it open!"

"And supposing it was n't there?"

"But it is there!" cried Harry. "I know it is!"

"I wish *I* did!" grunted Roy.

"Well, we 'll just have to think of a way," said Harry presently, arousing herself from her reverie. "And now I must go on, because I promised to play tennis with Jack Rogers. I 'm sorry."

"That 's all right," answered Roy. "I—I 've got some studying to do, anyhow."

Harry turned upon him with alarm in her face.

"Now don't you go doing anything desperate, Roy Porter!" she commanded. "You just sit still and hold tight and—and it 'll come out all right. You leave it to me!"

(*To be continued.*)

A SPOILED STORY.

(*NONSENSE VERSE.*)

By J. D. Benedict.

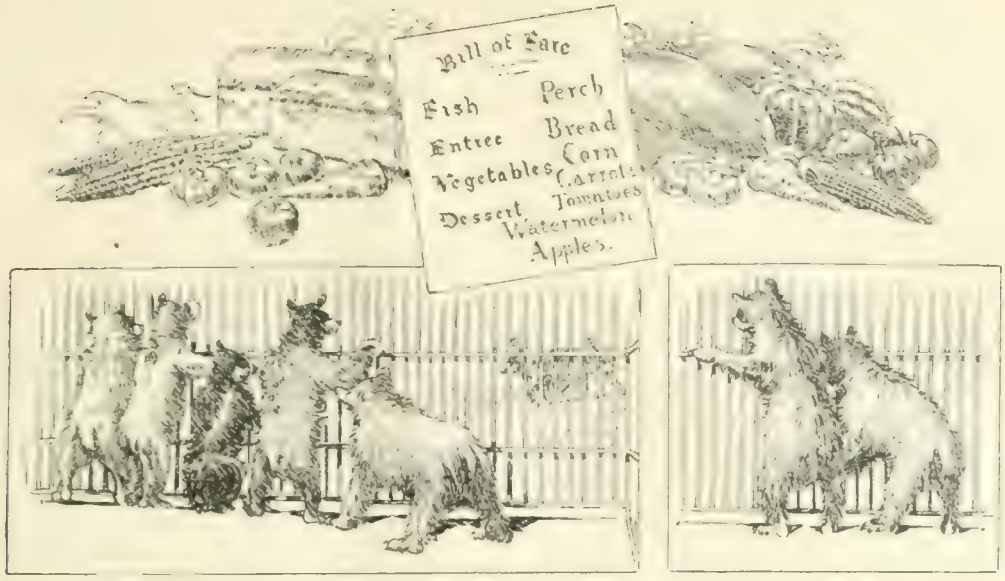
Young Tommy was a reckless chap
As ever you did spy;
He crept into the pantry once
And ate a pot of lye—
No, no! I mean a lot of pie.

The pie did not agree with Tom,
So very large a piece,
He felt so ill he hastened off
To find a pot of grease—
Dear me! I mean a grot of peace.

He wept with pain and doubled up
As tight as any clam.
"OH dear! I feel as bad as when
I ate that jot of lamb—
No, no! I mean that lot of jam."

* * * * *

This story gets so mixed at times
Under my very eyes,
I'll stop. So far what I have said
Seems like a lack of pies—
Dear me! I mean a pack of lies.



Here comes our dinner!



A Shower of good things



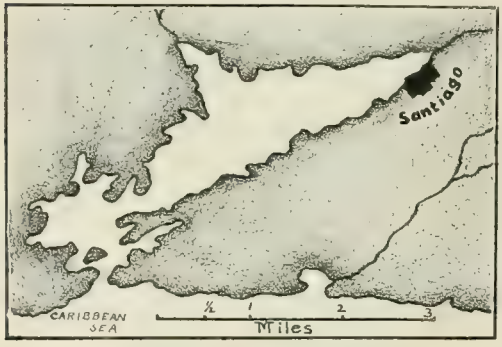
A Glutton.

MEAL-TIME IN THE BEAR-PITS AT THE ZOO.

GEOGRAPHICAL BOTTLES.

By Walter J. Kenyon.

On the 30th of May, 1898, our morning newspapers announced to the eager public that Cervera's fleet lay "bottled up" in Santiago harbor. No boy of the present generation will forget, as long as he lives, the electric effect of that headline. Nor will he be less likely to remember how a coaling vessel was by and by sunk athwart the narrow entrance to that harbor, with the idea of "corking up the bottle." Now that the excitement of those days, together with the events of the war itself, have become matters of history, it will be well



THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO.

worth while to revisit this famous "bottle," and some others of its type.

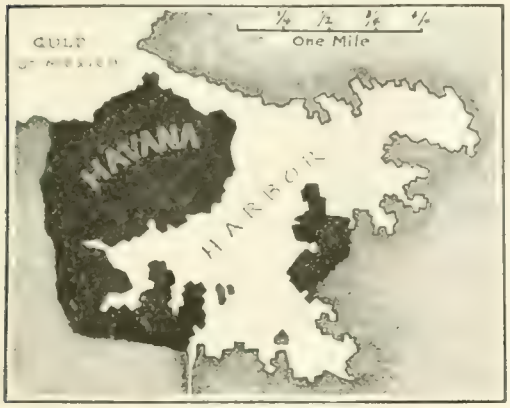
The detail of Santiago harbor is shown on this page. At the first glance we notice how narrow, how very narrow, the entrance is. Indeed we are told that it is only six hundred feet in width, a dimension not exceeding the length of a good-sized Atlantic steamer. And this narrow passage from the sea leads between two rocky hills, almost mountains, into an inland waterway,—the Bay of Santiago de Cuba. Well, within this great salt water bottle lay the seven vessels of the Spanish fleet, so well hidden by the intervening hills that the American vessels, reconnoitering on the outside, at first could spy no trace of them within.

These arms of the mountain, coming so near together, are useful in times of peace, also, to keep out the great storms that now and again lash the Caribbean Sea. On the outside, a hurricane may be sinking every vessel in its track, while within, a boy may safely row his boat. The effect of this mountain fence with a gateway through it may be best imagined by remembering how some ports, having no such protection by nature, have spent millions of dollars in building breakwaters of piles and rocks. What things it would mean to Chicago, for instance, or Galveston, could either rub her Aladdin's lamp and find herself lying snugly in a bottle harbor, instead of crouching behind her fence of sticks and stones!

If we now take a trip around the world, over the maps of a good atlas, we shall find that this geographical bottle is a very common type of harbor, the world over. The coasts of Cuba show a succession of such inclosed bays, Havana harbor being typical. It often happens that nature herself provides the corks, also, in the shape of islands that almost block up the entrance, or at least block the view from the outside. Such a cork is Corregidor Island, in Manila Bay, or the rocky Alcatraz fortress just inside the Golden Gate, at San Francisco; and Smith Cay occupies a similar position at Santiago.

The Annapolis Basin, in Nova Scotia, is very typical among these geographical bottles. A fairly good map of that beautiful country will show a narrow gap on the Bay of Fundy side of the peninsula. This gap, known as Digby Strait, breaks through a long ridge that the people call North Mountain. Through this break rush the famous tides of Fundy, and fill up an inland basin of salt water twenty miles long and several in width. The entrance, from the outside, is mysteriously invisible to the landsman's eye. To a passenger crossing the

Bay of Fundy from St. John it seems as if the captain were steering his trim side wheeler head on, into a blue mountain wall. But at last the forested mountain opens, and through the break the interior hills of Nova Scotia close



THE HARBOR OF HAVANA

the distance. One can imagine the tremendous tide race through this Digby Strait when we know that the ordinary tidal rise in this region is anywhere from forty to seventy feet. It is so great, in fact, that the wharves at Digby are two-storied affairs; and people go aboard steamers from the upper or lower story, according to the height of the tide.

New York harbor is, in most respects, a geographical bottle—only it has two mouths instead of one. Added to the principal opening, the Narrows, a sort of side entrance is provided by the East "River," leading out into the Sound.

The coast of Australia presents several examples of the geographical bottle, the finest being the harbor of Melbourne. An ordinary map shows this city located apparently upon a first rate harbor of the bottle type we have been examining. As a matter of fact the bottle is really there—a magnificent enclosure of salt water fully thirty-five miles across, in either direction. Into this bay, called Port Phillip, there flows the Yarra River; and oddly enough, Melbourne, with its half million people, hides itself away nine miles up this stream! Below the city the river has two sand-bars which prevent the passage of large vessels. The heavy ocean traffic, therefore, has its terminus in the bay, whence the journey is continued to town by rail. The explanation for this awkward situation seems to be that, in the early days of Melbourne, the one idea of the settlers was to build as near as might be to the gold diggings. So up the river the miners planted their settlement, never dreaming that one day it would become a great metropolis, imprisoned behind the sands of the useless Yarra.

Rio Janeiro has a splendid enclosed harbor —the best in all South America; better far than the shallow "Lake" Maracaibo, which looks so ideal upon the map. Here again, at Rio, we have a great salt water inlet, some seventeen miles across, communicating with the ocean by a narrow strait.

In nearly every case these natural bottles are what the geographer calls "drowned rivers." That is to say, the coastal lands in the vicinity have subsided, allowing the sea to flow in, and convert what was a lowland valley into a partly enclosed marine area. Divers have gone to the bottom of New York Bay and have found there the ancient bed of the Hudson River, as that stream flowed before the mouthward part of its valley subsided into the sea. The old bed reaches through the Narrows and well out into the floor of the Atlantic. Of course, as the sea water entered the sinking valley, any hills rising thereabout would become islands, in the new order of things. And there we find

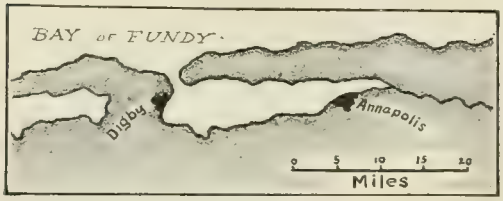


MANILA AND LAGUNA BAY

them to this day, in almost any of these inclosed inlets.

Next in order of value, after the "bottle" harbors, are the river-mouths that have become walled in by sand-bars. Sometimes these

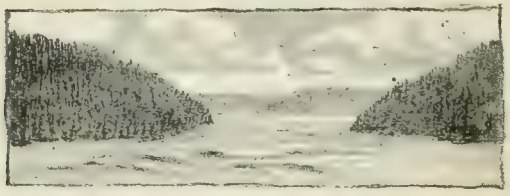
reaches of water are very spacious, and their protecting islands of sand are many miles in length. Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, in North Carolina, are of this sort. But such a harbor, besides being too shallow for use by large vessels, is liable to all sorts of changes of bottom, as each freshet from the river shifts the



THE ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

sands about. It is easy to see how much better a harbor, is one of our geographical "bottles," lying behind two stalwart, unchanging mountains that push their noses toward each other just far enough apart to allow a fine deep water strait between them.

The poorest type of natural harbor is just a V-shaped dent in the coast, where, granted good weather, vessels may run in and unload, putting off again before the next heavy storm. Vineyard Haven, in the island of Martha's Vineyard, is one of these. In the terrible storm that swept the Atlantic Coast in November, 1898, a dozen or more sailing craft made for this little dent in the coastline. But they drove before the wind and the wild sea smashed



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

them all against the shore. It even threw parts of these wrecks across the wagon road that skirts the bay. One heavy schooner was driven entirely through a stout steamer wharf, cutting the latter in two! It takes such happenings as this to awake the imagination of the "landlubber" to the differences in harbors.

Perhaps the most notable "bottle" harbor in the world is that at San Francisco. Here is a vast reach of water fifty-five miles long and in some parts twelve in width. Into this bay the tides of the Pacific flow, through the famous Golden Gate. This is a strait about a mile in width in its narrowest part, and very deep. The proud Californians look out over this serene expanse and tell you that here is anchorage for the combined navies of the world, which, indeed, seems a very mild statement of the case. Aside from the immensity of this harbor facility it is interesting to notice that California's two big rivers, after traversing the great interior valley, flow into this bay. Thus nature has furnished two serviceable water roads, leading from a most notable natural harbor into the very heart of a rich farming, mining and lumbering region. These rivers, the Sacramento and San Joaquin, are of the same commercial significance to California that the Hudson is to New York.

The harbor at San Francisco is the more noteworthy because it is the only one of first magnitude south of Puget Sound, and it is claimed by some that this is the reason that the city is sure to recover from the recent earthquake and fire. Between these points California presents to the Orient an inhospitable cliff-coast, only occasionally broken by a little beach or minor inlet. Little coasting steamers make landings, it is true, at several points along this grim front; but it is a matter of considerable hazard. In some places along this coast great cranes, fixed upon the cliff, hoist people and freight ashore in baskets. And the daring little skipper must even then keep one eye to windward lest a crashing storm drive in upon him and forever terminate his service on the sea. Thus it is that the two great harbors mentioned must for all time share a monopoly of the Pacific Ocean commerce.* One familiar with the Atlantic seaboard can parallel the situation by blotting out, in his mind's eye, all the ports between Savannah and Portland, save only New York. And between these, in place of the numerous hospitable inlets, substitute a scarcely broken sea-cliff. He will then have

* San Diego, in the extreme south, is able to entertain heavy-draught vessels, but her harbor is much smaller than the other two mentioned.

the conditions before him which give to San Francisco its preëminence.

But we have side-tracked the discussion by



these speculations. What we really must do now is to cast up, in a general way, the various points that give importance to any harbor.

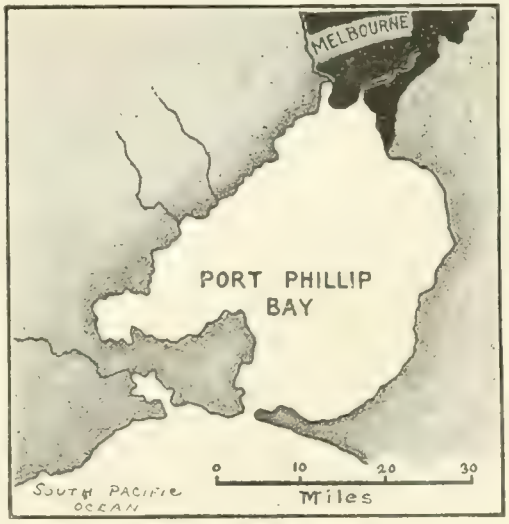
In the first place it must really *be* a harbor, —that is, it must be a body of deep water at least partly hidden behind some able-bodied peninsula that will hold at arm's length, so to speak, the fierce ocean storms; and it must have a deep channel, free from rocks, leading out to sea. But now, after we have our harbor, it is not enough. There must be something in the back country worth going after. Either gold, which started Melbourne and San Francisco in business, or hides and wheat, which have made Buenos Ayres, or manufactured goods which have built up Liverpool. In short, the country round about must have something worth exporting before it can attract ships to its harbor and so build up a port. We might easily pick out, upon the map, some very good harbors which have never come into use, in any large way, because the back country has nothing in it that the world wants. The splendid fiords of Norway are examples of this sort.

But, after all, Norway, aside from its lumber, which has built up a medium-sized town here and there, has nothing very much to offer the world except some codfish and the stout and honest hearts of its emigrants. And so those magnificent fiords, which, by the way, are only a variation of our geographical "bottle," remain grand and romantic and lonely, with the memory of the ancient Vikings haunting their solemn aisles.

On the other hand we have Africa, teeming with stuff that people want—ivory and gold and tropic fruits, but presenting that same forbidding cliff front that most of California does. In the days of exploration Vasco de Gama and the rest of them coasted along for many a weary day in hope deferred of seeing that inhospitable cliff break away and let them into some snug harbor. We have but to recall the late Boer war to see how very important is the port of Lourenço Marquez in those parts—simply because it has the only real harbor for hundreds of miles, on either hand.

There is one thing yet to consider. There must not only be a productive country back of the harbor, but there must be a good road, or the possibility of one, leading from the harbor well up into that back country. Alaska, for example, has magnificent harbors all along the "Inside Passage" and also, she has plenty of gold in the back country. Her chief concern, at present, is about routes over the mountains from the mines to the ports.

The very best kind of a road that commerce



has ever found to travel on is a deep and quiet river—especially a river that leads from the sea, where the ships of all countries are sailing, far into a land that is rich in the things those countries want. If we now look over the

world map we shall see that wherever such a river reaches the sea a big seaport has grown up. We have Cairo on the Nile, and New Orleans on the Mississippi, and New York on the Hudson; Buenos Ayres, the metropolis of the southern hemisphere, on the La Plata; Para, young, lusty and hopeful, at the mouth of the Amazon; Hamburg on the Elbe; and so on, in an indefinite list. This matter of a good water road inland is so important that often man has patched up some sort of a harbor where none existed so as to avail himself of one of these great waterways. New Orleans, for instance, from most points of view, is built in the most unlikely place. The streets are lower than the surface of the river and only a great dyke of earth keeps the big stream from sweeping the city off the continent of North America. The city of New Orleans stands like a toll gate, at the beginning of this long water road up the center of our country. And in South America, Buenos Ayres has a precisely similar station, as a glance at the map will show. New York got its start by the same condition. Here was the bay, an excellent harbor, and there was the Hudson, reaching back into a rich country; and there also was Long Island Sound, just as good, for trade purposes, as another river. And finally, along came De Witt Clinton, and others who made the Erie Canal, and so made the Hudson twice as much of a road by opening from it their "big ditch" into the Great Lakes. Historians tell us that this new waterway, the Canal, enabled New York to outrace Philadelphia and become the metropolis. Philadelphia had the Delaware, and all the trade it could give, but it had no waterway through the mountains to the country in the west.



THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It is of interest, now, to see how Chicago got her start. Some of the histories make much ado over the "natural harbor" which the explorers found. But every one knows that that natural harbor was the mouth of the merest shred of a little muddy stream, reaching inland to nowhere in particular. It was all very well for a *canoe* harbor, into which the Red Man might paddle on the way to the portage. But so far as commerce is concerned, in the modern sense, if Chicago had had nothing but her "harbor" to start her in business, she would not be much of a town to-day. Chicago's fortune was based upon several factors, all working together, and the quiet little mud creek she grew up on was perhaps the least of them. So we find that sometimes the harbor makes the town, as in the case of San Francisco, and in other instances the town makes the harbor, as in Chicago.

In September, 1900, the whole world was thrilled with horror over the great disaster at Galveston. Here was a case in point. A prosperous city had grown up at that place because the rich Texas cotton region absolutely demanded a port out of which its product could be cheaply shipped. Galveston Bay was the best site that offered itself as a harbor. But this "Bay" was merely a portion of the Gulf of Mexico, very insecurely partitioned off by a low sandbar. An unusually heavy storm swept westward across the Gulf. The waters piled up along the Texas coast. They piled up over that low bar and drove irresistibly upon the doomed city. Similar catastrophes have happened before, in the Gulf. Off the Louisiana coast there once thrived a summer resort called Last Island. Although merely a sandbar, a big summer hotel had been built upon it. This hotel was thronged with guests at the time of the disaster. The implacable waters, driven by a big outside storm, piled fearfully and steadily up; and in the morning only a mere vestige of the island itself served to mark the ill-fated pleasure place.



IN THE FLOWER GARDEN. IN AUGUST



IN THE KINDERGARTEN. IN SEPTEMBER

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

By Agnes McClelland Daulton.

Chapter XXI.

A SERIOUS TRIFLE.

Sue's trouble at Hope Hall had come too near the Christmas Holidays to attract much attention from the girls. Even if she was more meek—they had no time to exclaim over it as their poor little brains were in a turmoil, divided between the agony of examination and the rapture of going home.

The report card Sue carried to Cherryfair showed excellent standings with one exception,—in the lowest corner, opposite the word deportment, stood that ugly black cross. Sue was glad to slip into Father's study the very first hour of her return and tell him all about it. His reproof, coming on the first night, after he had been parted from his little daughter for four months, could not be very strongly expressed, especially as perched on his chair with an arm around his neck, she abused herself so roundly and was so very magnanimous toward everybody else. Indeed he was completely disarmed by her tactics and found himself taking her part with a good deal of vehemence, then he laughed and said:

"There, Sue, you are the same little Irishman; I see, Miss Hope has n't taken that out of you. You ought to be well scolded and shut up in a dark closet, but instead you get the kiss and laugh you were hoping for. But remember, daughterling, the discipline I do not give you must come some day. Every little moth is sure to get her wings singed, if she won't stay out of the candle."

And this was her dismissal instead of the stern lecture she so richly deserved. Away she danced for a "lovering" with Masie, a game of blindman's-buff with the children, and then to help Mandy with the tea, and be, as she expressed it, "Johnnie-on-the-spot over the whole place," forgetting utterly, for the time at least, the shoulder to shoulder talk she had had with Miss Hope.

There were reasons why Mr. Roberts could not bear to cast a shadow over Sue's holidays, for he knew he must tell her, before she returned to Hope Hall, that he would be forced to resign his ministry and go to Mexico for the winter, leaving the dear ones alone, and that in the spring Cherryfair must find a new tenant; for the Roberts family, who had been so happy beneath its dilapidated roof, were to find a new home in Chicago, where Mr. Roberts was to go into business.

But Sue, when father and Masie told her the night before she returned to school, was, as always before the inevitable, brave and cheerful. She reassured them wonderfully, and grew so merry over the idea of Father well again and the wonderful fortunes that would befall them in a big city, that she promised again and again, that not a single thoughtless act of hers should bring a shadow, now that they must stand by one another in troublous times—poor little pie-crust promises, but none the less sincere at the moment. To Virginia the two weeks spent at Cherryfair seemed the most delightful of her life; she had been wise enough not to tell Sue of Martha's urgent invitation to be her guest at Christmas time, for the Roberts family felt Virginia belonged to them and she had her own particular place in every heart at Cherryfair.

Martha was farther from understanding the friendship than ever, but in spite of Virginia's unswerving loyalty she felt Sue must surely soon fall into a pit of her own digging. Martha was not aware that she meant to hasten the catastrophe but she certainly did not mean to throw out a life-line. There was so little of this on the surface that volatile Sue went back to Hope Hall thinking that at last Martha and she were indeed quite good friends.

So it happened that Martha was in Number 21 the day Virginia's belated South American Christmas gifts arrived. Among them was a little box addressed to Sue, and in it was a quaint silver bracelet with a cunningly wrought clasp in which was a tiny key hole.

"The key to this I wear on my watch chain," wrote Thad, "for it seems as if somebody ought to have Susan Plenty on the end of a chain."

"Pooh," sniffed Sue, trying to force the pretty trinket over her plump hand, "and how did he expect I was going to get into the thing when it's locked and he has the key! Isn't that just like that absurd boy?"

"Oh, you see," Virginia explained, "Father has sent me one just like it, and my key will unlock yours. Here, let me try."

Sue looked on with frowning brows while Virginia fitted the bracelet to her wrist, and snapping the clasp, locked it with the little key. She stood quite still for a moment looking at it and then she said beseechingly, catching a quick breath:

"Please take it off again, Virginia. I can't stand it. It makes me think of handcuffs and jails and things. Ugh, I hate it! I believe I would die if I had anything locked on me. I can't get my breath."



"SUE LOOKED ON WITH FROWNING BROWS WHILE VIRGINIA FITTED [illegible] ACTIVATED"

"You absurd girl," laughed Virginia. "You will lose it if it is n't locked."

"No, I won't, for I 'll keep it in its box," chuckled Sue, hiding it deep in the pink cotton wool. "It was awfully dear of Thad to give me one just like yours, Virginia, but there is something in me that rebels at authority or discipline, or anything that does not leave me

free, free, free! It 's so good to be alive when you can do exactly as you please and I 'd a lot rather be dead than locked up, I don't care who carried the key."

"You are a strange girl, Sue," and Virginia put her arm lovingly about her. "You are so good and unselfish and yet I never knew any one who hated so much to obey. Now I don't mind that a bit."

"And I," replied Sue returning the embrace vehemently, "don't care what they do to me, so they let me have my liberty. Oh girls," she cried a moment later, as she was locking away the bracelet in the drawer of her desk, "here is a box of the cubeb cigarettes Pater got for Mandy's cold when I was home. I brought them along for a frolic and forgot all about them. Let 's each smoke one. Have one, Martha?"

She did not explain that she would never have thought of bringing the cubebs to school if Maze Wood had not put it in her naughty head when she told her of Nan Dempcy's escapade.

"I don't think I care for one, thank you," replied Martha, sniffing daintily at the box Sue offered her, "I don't like the smell of them, what are they, anyway?"

"Oh, just some spicy little berries ground up. They are fine for some colds. Dr. Burton told Pater about them. They 're awfully jolly. Come along, Virginia, I heard you sneeze one day last summer. Let 's be sociable."

But Virginia, after a whiff or two, declared she had plenty, so foolish Sue, thinking she was horrifying Martha—she did so love to shock Martha—put her feet on a chair in as mannish an attitude as she could assume, and puffed away pretending to enjoy it immensely.

"That was lots of fun," she assured the girls when the cigarette was reduced to ashes and Martha was giving affected little coughs. "I 'm going to lock up these cubebs with my bracelet, and some night when the Minnehahas are here we 'll crush 'em up—the cigarettes, not the 'Hahas—and smoke 'em in a peace pipe. Would n't Miss Thaw's old eyes wink if she could see in that drawer, and would n't she love to catch me smoking. Beg pardon, Martha, I 'm always forgetting she 's a friend of yours. She has no love for Susie."

"Well, whose fault is that," asked Martha sarcastically, "I don't think you 've cultivated her very assiduously; have you, Sue?"

Chapter XXII.

The End of Sioux.

Christmas vacation being over the girls had flocked back to Hope Hall quite ready to settle down to good hard work. Nan Dempcy returning with an indigestion, and Enid Fenn engaged, proved in Miss Hope's opinion blessings in disguise, for Nan was so cross and disagreeable that Number 14, for the time at least, lost its attraction, and Enid was so self-satisfied and patronizing, that the Screech Owls unanimously voted her a bore, and so lacking a leader in their mischief settled down to their books in real earnest.

The Minnehaha formed itself with dignity into a book club and grew so superior that even Miss Thaw smiled frostily upon them. But Miss Hope remarked to Mrs. Rood with a shrewd smile:

"It is as well to be prepared just now for any catastrophe. This is n't normal. We are entirely too exalted and great will be our fall. I am just holding my breath."

But with Nan, Enid and Sue subdued for a time, the girls kept earnestly to their work. Beyond the everyday failures to be expected, there was not a single black mark during the first month, and as this beatific state still continued into the second even Miss Hope became unwary, and when Miss Gribble finding that Washington's Birthday fell upon Friday, their regular gala night, suggested to the faculty a fancy dress party there was not a dissenting voice.

There was great rejoicing in Hope Hall when the pretty invitations, on the well-known violet paper with the violet seal appeared.

"Martha Washington and her friends will be pleased to meet 'Pocahontas' in the music-room upon the evening of February twenty-second, from eight until ten," was the invitation addressed to Miss "Sioux" Roberts instead of to Susan Plenty, as was Miss Hope's

usual way. While Virginia's was for "Molly Ball," much to her joy.

"You can't guess who's going to be Martha Washington!" sang little Dolly Bates skipping down the hall, for Dolly had an unerring nose for news and had a way of tantalizing the older girls into giving her all sorts of bribes for allaying their curiosity.

"Pooh, that is n't worth a pic'yune, Dolly," snapped Nan Dempcy, who had eaten a pickle at dinner that was seriously disagreeing with her; "everybody knows it is Miss Hope."

"But it is n't, it is n't," shrieked Dolly. "You are as cold as ice, guess again."

"Miss Thaw," guessed Enid with a grin. "She 'd make a charming Martha."

"It 's no such thing, and it is n't Miss Sargeant, nor Fräulein, nor anybody you would ever guess. It is Miss Hope's mother and she 's coming to-day."

This, to the girls who had been at Hope Hall long, was good news indeed, for the "little Madam," as they lovingly called Mrs. Hope, was a great favorite and Miss Hope always laughingly declared she could only allow her at the Hall on especial occasions, as she would soon have the girls utterly ruined by indulgence.

Mrs. Hope was the tiny original of her daughter; but with a motherly smile that dazzled. So quick was she upon her feet, so playful in her manner, so winning in voice, so sweet in spirit that the girls trooped about her and fairly wailed over the stupid study bell that called them to duty.

If Sue and Virginia were anxious to appear well at the party before Mrs. Hope's arrival they were now frantic in their desires to look their very best. "Silks and blankets, fans and warpaint, combs and feathers, slippers and moccasins"—both talked at once, and one grew so bewildered by the other 's brilliant ideas, it is a wonder that Molly Ball and Pocahontas did not appear before Martha Washington and her friends in a marvelous tangle. But strange to say matters straightened themselves out beautifully after some patient work and in Number 21, upon the night of February twenty-second, pirouetted joyfully a most fascinating Molly Ball.

Aunt Sibyl, who fortunately had returned to Kinikinnick just in time, had sent Virginia her great-great-grandmother's corn-colored silk gown. With her powdered hair piled high upon her head, a warm flush on her dusky cheeks, her eyes sparkling under her black, arched brows, her slender throat lifted proudly from the lace bertha, Virginia looked the grand dame to perfection. Not a detail had Aunt Sibyl forgotten—the corn-colored slippers were great-great-grandmother's own; the strand of amber beads, the quaint yellow lace fan that hung from an amber chain, and the great tortoise-shell comb that reared itself above her head—George Washington himself might well have kissed her little brown hand.

"You 're a dream, Virginia," cried Sue, "a perfect dream."

"And you, Oh Sue, I hate to say it," gasped Virginia, with a shudder, "you 're a nightmare!"

For Sue, realist to the core, had utterly refused to appear as the charming, poetic Pocahontas, of whom, without doubt, Miss Hope was thinking when she had invited her. The Indian dress with it 's beads and wampum was partly hidden under a Navajo blanket, her long black braids hung from under her feather bonnet, but her bright, sparkling face was hideously transformed by bands and circles of red and yellow and blue, that she had coaxed Martha Cutting to paint upon it with water colors, and Martha, who was to be the daintiest of Priscillas, nothing loath, had laid the colors on with lavishness.

"Oh Sue, it is n't too late yet," begged Virginia. "Please, Sue, dear, I love you so much and I can't bear to see you make yourself so ugly."

"Ugh, ugh!" grunted Sue, fastening a paper knife, and an old hair switch she had borrowed of Nurse Cheeseman, to her belt, "Me heap big Injun."

"You 're horrid," pouted Virginia.

"Pooh, me big brave!" chuckled Sue, brandishing her tomahawk dangerously near Virginia's precious comb, "Whoop-e!"

"Oh Sue, do be good," protested Virginia. "I forgot to tell you, but two strange ladies have come since dinner. Enid Fenno said Miss Hope was so surprised and delighted to

see them. One is that lovely deaconess, Miss Pennypacker, your aunt's friend."

"Ugh, ugh! Me big Injun. Me no 'fraid of white squaw," grunted Sue provokingly.

"Oh dear," sighed Virginia, "I suppose it is no use, you always will have your own way." But just then she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and a girl can't quite despair if she looks as if she had stepped from some old painting, even if her best friend does insist upon being a scarecrow. So dropping a reconciling kiss on the tip of Sue's nose, the one

their stiff starched caps and long skirts; they shrank away trembling—even Dolly Bates, failing to recognize Sue, ran as fast as her clattering wooden shoes would let her to hide behind Martha Washington's brocade skirts, and from that refuge take scared peeps at the slouching, muttering figure.

"Good gracious!" giggled Nan Dempcy, "Just wait until Miss Hope sees her. Sue Roberts always does think of the most outrageous things. Won't old Thaw fall in a faint?"

"I 'd hate to make such a guy of myself,



"THE MUSIC ROOM WAS ALL A-BUZZ WHEN AN INDIAN IN A GAY BLANKET SHUFFLED IN."

spot that had escaped Martha's brush, she sailed away, leaving Sue, who was determined upon making a more startling entrance.

The music room was all a-buzz and a-bustle when, fifteen minutes after "Molly Ball" had made her advent, an Indian, half crouching under a gay blanket, shuffled in gloweringly. The dainty Puritan maids, the demure little Quakers, and ladies of high degree stopped on the instant in the midst of their merry babble to catch a breath in dismay, and then suddenly understanding, a gale of laughter swept the room. Not so with the little Dutch girls, in

even to spite Miss Thaw," whispered Enid loud enough to reach Virginia, who stood with Martha Cutting clenching her hands to keep from crying out; for if foolish Sue had looked disreputable in the privacy of their own room, here under the lights and among the daintily-dressed girls she was impossible.

But Sue was happy. She was making exactly the sensation she had wished, the big girls were laughing, the little ones were quaking, and she herself had dared what not another girl in Hope Hall, not even the redoubtable Nan, would have ventured.

"Push her to the front," urged Enid, her naughty heart beating high in anticipation under the meek, drab folds of her Quaker garb. "Come on, Nan, we must be there to see."

Crowding closely around the grotesque figure the girls pushed Sue rapidly down the room toward Mrs. Hope, who, dressed as Martha Washington, stood with her daughter and the other teachers in line. Sue felt to her fingertips that the girls were expecting something unusual in behavior to match her attire. To simply look weird and mutter she felt would be stupid, and the Minnehahas, some of whom had been in her secret, would never forgive her if she should be flat after attracting so much attention. She must do something startling, something thrilling, and be quick about it.

Higher and higher rose her spirits, as she heard the giggling girls elbowing behind her. She was quivering with excitement, her cheeks burning beneath their paint, her black eyes dancing, all thought of propriety, of courtesy, of common civility whisked from her brain by her mad desire to do something daring. Unluckily Sue did not see the trim little lady in gray who stood at the end of the line and whose eyes were flashing.

"You George's squaw?" inquired Sue, shaking Martha Washington's hand vigorously, quite unmoved by the shocked expression on the kind old face. "Him no tell lie, he did it with his little tomahawk. Him heap big chief."

Rewarded for her audacity by the snickering of the girls behind her, she passed on down the line. "How! how!" was her greeting to Miss Hope, who as Lady Kitty Duer stood next—even Miss Gribble's low "careful, Sue, careful," had no effect, and mounted now on the crest of the wave of her foolish excitement and hilarity, she stood before Miss Pennypacker ready for anything.

This was Aunt Serena's famous friend—the tactful dignified woman whom Aunt Serena had told her so many times would be so shocked by her rude unlady-like behavior. A madder impulse seized Sue. She would test the quality of the lofty example that had always been held up to her. Behind her Nan whispered and Enid laughed. They thought she was afraid of this tall woman who looked down on her saucy painted grin with such calm grace. Sue fairly burned to distinguish herself.

Then all in a flash she snatched the switch and the wickedly-gleaming paper knife from her belt, threw herself forward to grasp Miss Pennypacker by her back hair, and with a wild whoop brandished her weapon and the flying switch like a scalp above her victim's head.

There was no doubt Sue had made her sensation. The girls fairly shrieked with laughter for a moment, then at the sight of Miss Hope's flaming face they fell back frightened and dismayed. But for Sue herself there had been a more startling outcome, for hardly had she swooped forward when a voice made her turn aghast.

"Susan! Susan Plenty Roberts! let go this instant! I 'm ashamed of you!"

There was no mistaking that voice; those flashing eyes, nor that stern, set face, pale with righteous indignation. It was Aunt Serena Fulton's voice, it was Aunt Serena's hand shaking her by the arm, Aunt Serena's very self, and someway in that horrified face for the first time in her life Sue saw herself as she really was. She did not need to look into the burning faces of her teachers, nor see the dismayed glances of the girls. She did not need to hear Miss Hope's quick, low, "Go to your room, Susan," nor Virginia 's suppressed sob, as she pushed forward to her side.

"Come," whispered Virginia, "Come away."

Up the stairs they crept together to their own room to hide Sue and her disgrace, that dear room they had left so gaily such a little time before. If Virginia rebelled against Sue's folly she did not show it, and indeed it would have taken a harder heart than hers to have been anything but kind to that trembling girl; her face pale through the disfiguring paint, her eyes strained and staring.

"Cry, dear, cry!" urged Virginia, the tears streaming down her own face, as with shaking hands she helped Sue off with her feathers and beads. "I can't bear to see you like that, Sue. Please let me call Nurse Cheeseman."

"No, oh, no!" moaned Sue, ringing her hands helplessly. "Go back Virginia, and leave me alone! I have disgraced you and everybody! Oh Virginia if I could only get away, if

I could only go home! But I don't think I could ever sing 'Whoopsy saw, sine craw' nor dance with them all again."

"Poor old Sue, poor old girl!" and Virginia pressed the shamed head to her breast.

"I was horrid, perfectly horrid! And I meant to be funny! Oh, I don't know what I did mean. I was just swept away by my silly desire to show off. But, Oh Virginia, I never knew. . . I never knew, until I read it in Aunt Serena's face. . . . I 'm. . . awful. . . I 'd hate to have a daughter like me. . . I should think father and mother would die of shame! Miss Hope, and dear Miss Sargent they tried to help me, and Miss Gribble whispered to me to-night and I never listened. I just went on, and on, and on! And now it will all come down on father and mother, and on Aunt Serena, and she sent me here. She 's been kind to me all my life. . . Most of the pretty things I have had she or Uncle David have given me. Why even then I was spreading around in her gifts. . . Oh I 've been such a fool, such a silly, wicked idiot, Virginia. Phil said once they would send me home and I just laughed at him and Betty said if they did I would be a family disgrace. . . think of that. . . *me* a disgrace. . and Oh, I am. . *I am*. . but Phil, dear old Phil, he said that he would always stand by me. . . Oh, if I could only see him. . and Aunt Serena. . . it 's no wonder she don't come to see me. . . but I would go to her if her heart was broken. . I would. . no difference how bad she had been, and, Oh Virginia, I want her so!"

"Do cry, Sue dear your eyes look as if they were burning," begged Virginia with her arms around her. "Perhaps it is n't so bad after all."

"Virginia Clayton," cried Sue starting up and grasping Virginia's arm so tightly it made her cry out. "Tell me this: did I or did I not act like a wild savage—a girl you would scorn to know, or did I behave as father's daughter should?"

Truthful Virginia winced under that fiery, questioning gaze but straight and true came the answer.

"I—I could n't believe you were my Sue, not the dear Sue of Cherryfair—the one your father and mother and the children love and admire so much—and Oh—and Oh—I just wanted to catch you up in my arms and carry you away. Oh what made you do it, Sue, what made you? If Nan Dempcy—"

"No, no she would n't, not even she," groaned Sue, falling back on her pillow. "Oh I wish I had never thought of calling myself Sioux! I remember father said once he did n't believe a little Sioux squaw would be as rude as I am sometimes—Oh I had better die, Virginia, for I never can be a nice, good Susan girl—I will just always have to be a wild, whooping Indian," and then for the first time Sue's tears came and burying her head deep down in the pillow she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Virginia feeling that this was much better for her than the wild, strained excitement let her grief have its way. Her own heart was very, very heavy, for Sue would be expelled, she felt sure of that, and she knew of the sorrow that would bring to the loving hearts at Cherryfair and to Mr. Roberts alone and ill in far off Mexico.

By and by Sue, worn out by her grief and shame lay quite silent, brooding over the trouble she had brought upon them all, and Virginia, in answer to the ten o'clock bell, made ready for the night. They heard the girls come up and go trooping past their door. Poor Sue as she heard their gay voices shuddered and felt her cheeks burn. How could she ever look at them again?

Just as Virginia was about to turn out the light there came a gentle tap at the door and little Mrs. Hope, still in her brocade, came softly in. It seemed to penitent Sue that no vision was ever more lovely than that motherly old face, nor no sound more sweet than that gentle voice.

"Dear little daughter," she said sitting down by Sue and taking the hot hand in hers. "I could n't go to sleep until I came to say good night and God bless you."

(*To be continued.*)

ELSIE'S FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

By Henry M. Nelly.

Old Doctor Potter sat in his office reading his paper and listening to the dismal patter of the rain on the windows. It was a drowsy day and he was very tired and it was not long before the paper slipped from his hands and his head fell back upon the chair.

He was not asleep. He had just fallen into that delightful doze that is half sleep and half waking, when there came a timid knocking upon the door.

The Doctor sat up suddenly and collected his dignity as quickly as possible.

"Come in," he called in a deep voice.

The door did not budge.

He had almost made up his mind that he had imagined it all when the knocking came again, even more timidly than before.

"Come in," he called again, and in answer, the door was pushed slowly open and a little girl, very thin and wet and woe-begone, stuck her head into the office.

"Please, sir," she faltered. "Are you the Doctor?"

Doctor Potter beamed down upon her kindly.

"Yes, little woman," he said. "What can I do for you?"

She dragged herself forward by inches until at last she was wholly within the room, and there she stood shifting from one foot to the other.

"Well, what is it?" he asked encouragingly.

"Please, sir, it 's a hurted little bird," she said.

The Doctor looked puzzled.

"A hurt bird," he repeated. "Have you got it with you?"

"No, sir." She pointed a wet finger toward the street. "It 's out there."



"SHE WALKED CONFIDENTLY AHEAD . . . OUT INTO THE WET VILLAGE STREET."

Doctor Potter rose and looked out of the window.

"I don't see it," he said. "Have you got it in a cage?"

She shook her head slowly.

"No, sir," she said. "It 's layin' in th' gutter."

"In the gutter?" he repeated, growing

more puzzled. Then he drew the wet little form upon his knee.

"Now tell me all about it from the beginning," he said, "and we 'll see what we can do about it."

Her face brightened as though the sun had come out from behind the clouds.

"Well I wuz walkin' down th' street and it wuz rainin' awful an' I wuz runnin' an' it fell outen th' tree right into th' gutter an' it jest laid there an' cried an' it could n't get up an' I run in here an' telled you about it an' that 's about all I guess."

Doctor Potter threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"I suppose you would have exploded if you had n't said all that in one breath, would n't you?" he asked, and when he saw how really serious she was he rose and put on his hat.

"All right," he said. "Come on out and we 'll see what we can do for it."

She walked confidently ahead of him as they trudged along the wet village street, and when they reached the corner she stopped suddenly and pointed to the gutter a few feet away.

"There 't is," she said.

Doctor Potter followed the direction of her finger and saw struggling pitifully in the mud, a wounded sparrow.

"Oh, is that all it is?" he asked. "I thought it was a pet of yours."

"No," she answered. "'T ain't a pet. It 's jest a sparrer only it 's hurted an' I thought you would cure it," and two big tears started down her already wet cheek.

"There, never mind," said the Doctor as he picked up the wounded bird. "Come along back to my office and we 'll see what we can do for your little friend."

When they reached the steps he turned to her and asked,—

"Why did you leave it lying there? Why did n't you bring it with you?"

She drew back a step.

"'Cause I wuz 'fraid," she said. "They bites, does n't they?"

"You 're a little brick," he said, and led the way into the office.

She stood watching him with wondering eyes as he examined the patient and when he muttered, "Broken leg," she seemed to understand just how serious it was.

"But you can cure it, can't you?" she asked.

He went to a drawer and took out some bandages and then to another and took out some bottles with medicine in them and for ten minutes he worked over the little sufferer without saying a word.

When he had finished, he turned to her and said,—

"There, we 'll let him rest here for a little while and it won't be many days before he will be well enough to go out. What are you doing?"

She had taken something from her pocket and was examining it in her hand. She held it out to him as she answered,—

"It 's only six cents, but I guess that will be enough, won't it? If it costs more, I guess you 'll have to wait till I save more, 'cause that 's all I 've got."

He thought for a long time before he answered.

"Well I 'll tell you," he said finally. "You keep that money until I get ready to make out my bill and when I am ready to do that, I 'll let you know. That 's the way we always do business. Meanwhile we 'll put your sick friend in the box of soft cotton where he can rest easily. And now you must tell me your name and address so that I will know where to send my bill."

She watched him write on a card,

ELSIE RITTER,
147 Main St.,
(Bird with broken leg)

and then she said good-bye to him very seriously, as any of his patients would have done, and went out.

A week went by and then another, but still she did not get the bill and she was going to call on him and remind him of it when one day she received a box and a letter in the mail. When she opened the box, she gave a little cry of surprise and delight and drew out to the astonished sight of her mother, a beautiful bronze medal tied with ribbon and arranged with a pin to fasten it to her dress.

But even the wonder that she felt at seeing her name engraved upon one side of the medal did not equal her wonder at the letter that accompanied it. It said,—

of how that little girl had offered to give him all her pennies if he would cure it. We were all very much interested in the story. Our Society gives out Medals of Honor every year to whomever we think worthy of them and when Doctor Potter said he thought that little



"IT'S ONLY SIX CENTS, BUT I GUESS THAT WILL BE ENOUGH, WON'T IT...?'"

My Dear Little Girl,

Have you ever heard of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? You probably have not but at one of our meetings the other day, Doctor Potter, who is our Treasurer, told us the story of a kind-hearted little girl who had run through the rain to get him to help a suffering bird which she was afraid to touch and girl deserved one, we all agreed that she did. If you do not understand it all, just ask your mother to explain it to you.

With the very best wishes, I am,

Your friend and admirer,

James H. Roberts.

(Corresponding Secretary.)

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By Helen Nicolay.

XI.

THE TURNING POINT OF THE WAR.

In the summer of 1863 the Confederate armies reached their greatest strength. It was then that, flushed with military ardor, and made bold by what seemed to the southern leaders an unbroken series of victories on the Virginia battlefields, General Lee again crossed the Potomac River, and led his army into the North. He went as far as Gettysburg in Pennsylvania; but there, on the third of July, 1863, suffered a disastrous defeat, which shattered forever the Confederate dream of taking Philadelphia and dictating peace from Independence Hall. This battle of Gettysburg should have ended the war, for General Lee, on retreating southward, found the Potomac River so swollen by heavy rains that he was obliged to wait several days for the floods to go down. In that time it would have been quite possible for General Meade, the Union commander, to follow him, and utterly destroy his army. He proved too slow, however, and Lee and his beaten Confederate soldiers escaped. President Lincoln was inexpressibly grieved at this, and in the first bitterness of his disappointment sat down and wrote General Meade a letter. Lee "was within your easy grasp," he told him, "and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late successes, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. . . . Your golden opportunity is gone and I am distressed immeasurably because of it." But Meade never received this letter. Deeply as the President felt Meade's fault, his spirit of forgiveness was so quick, and his thankfulness for the measure of success that had been gained so great, that he put it in his desk, and it was never signed or sent.

The battle of Gettysburg was indeed a notable victory, and coupled with the fall of Vicksburg, which surrendered to General Grant on that same third of July, proved the real turning-point of the war. It seems singularly appropriate, then, that Gettysburg should have been the place where President Lincoln made his most beautiful and famous address. After the battle the dead and wounded of both the Union and Confederate armies had received tender attention there. Later it was decided to set aside a portion of the battlefield for a great national military cemetery in which the dead found orderly burial. It was dedicated to its sacred use on November 19, 1863. At the end of the ceremonies President Lincoln rose and said:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devo-

tion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

With these words, so brief, so simple, so full of reverent feeling, he set aside the place of strife to be the resting place of heroes, and then went back to his own great task—for which he, too, was to give "the last full measure of devotion."

Up to within a very short time little had been heard about Ulysses S. Grant, the man destined to become the most successful general of the war. Like General McClellan, he was a graduate of West Point; and also like McClellan, he had resigned from the army after serving gallantly in the Mexican war. McClellan was a good organizer, but Grant had to a greater degree the faculty of taking the initiative; and he possessed a persistent will always to do the best he could with the means his Government gave him. On offering his services to the War Department in 1861 he had modestly written: "I feel myself competent to command a regiment if the President in his judgment should see fit to intrust one to me." For some reason this letter remained unanswered, although the Department, then and later, had need of trained and experienced officers. Afterward the Governor of Illinois made him a colonel of one of the three years' volunteer regiments; and from that time on he rose in rank, not as McClellan had done, by leaps and bounds, but slowly, earning every promotion. All of his service had been in the West, and he first came into general notice by his persistent and repeated efforts to capture Vicksburg, on whose fall the opening of the Mississippi River depended. Five different plans he tried before he finally succeeded, the last one appearing utterly foolhardy, and seeming to go against every known rule of military science. In spite of this it was successful, the Union army and navy thereby gaining control of the Mississippi River and cutting off forever from the Confederacy a great extent of rich country from which it had for a long time been drawing men and supplies.

The North was greatly cheered by these victories, and all eyes were turned upon the successful commander. No one was more thankful than Mr. Lincoln. He gave Grant quick promotion, and crowned the official act with a most generous letter. "I do not remember that you and I ever met personally," he wrote. "I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further." Then, summing up the plans that the General had tried, especially the last one, he added: "I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

Other important battles won by Grant that same fall added to his growing fame, and by the beginning of 1864 he was singled out as the greatest Union commander. As a suitable reward for his victories it was determined to make him Lieutenant-General. This army rank had, before the Civil War, been bestowed on only two American soldiers—on General Washington, and on Scott, for his conquest of Mexico. In 1864 Congress passed and the President signed an act to revive the grade, and Grant was called to Washington to receive his commission. He and Mr. Lincoln met for the first time at a large public reception held at the Executive Mansion on the evening of March 8. A movement and rumor in the crowd heralded his approach, and when at last the short, stocky, determined soldier and the tall, care-worn, deep-eyed President stood face to face the crowd, moved by a sudden impulse of delicacy, drew back, and left them almost alone to exchange a few words. Later, when Grant appeared in the great East Room, the enthusiasm called forth by his presence could no longer be restrained, and cheer after cheer went up, while his admirers pressed about him so closely that, hot and blushing with embarrassment, he was forced at last to mount a sofa, and from there shake hands with the eager people who thronged up to him from all sides.

The next day at one o'clock the President, in the presence of the cabinet and a few other officials, made a little speech, and gave him his commission. Grant replied with a few words, as modest as they were brief, and in conversa-

tion afterwards asked what special duty was required of him. The President answered that the people wanted him to take Richmond, and asked if he could do it. Grant said that he could if he had the soldiers, and the President promised that these would be furnished him. Grant did not stay in Washington to enjoy the new honors of his high rank, but at once set about preparations for his task. It proved a hard one. More than a year passed before it was ended, and all the losses in battle of the three years that had gone before seemed small in comparison with the terrible numbers of killed and wounded that fell during these last months of the war. At first Grant had a fear that the President might wish to control his plans, but this was soon quieted; and his last lingering doubt on the subject vanished when, as he was about to start on his final campaign, Mr. Lincoln sent him a letter stating his satisfaction with all he had done, and assuring him that in the coming campaign he neither knew, nor desired to know, the details of his plans. In his reply Grant confessed the groundlessness of his fears, and added, "should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you."

He made no complicated plan for the problem before him, but proposed to solve it by plain, hard, persistent fighting. "Lee's army will be your objective point," he instructed General Meade. "Where Lee goes there you will go also." Nearly three years earlier the opposing armies had fought their first battle of Bull Run only a short distance north of where they now confronted each other. Campaign and battle between them had swayed to the north and the south, but neither could claim any great gain of ground or of advantage. The final struggle was before them. Grant had two to one in numbers; Lee the advantage in position, for he knew by heart every road, hill and forest in Virginia, had for his friendly scout every white inhabitant, and could retire into prepared fortifications. Perhaps the greatest element of his strength lay in the conscious pride of his army that for three years it had steadily barred the way to Richmond. To offset this it was now menaced by what had always been absent before—the grim, unflinching will of the new Union commander, who had rightly won for himself the name of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

On May 4, 1864, his army entered upon the campaign which, after many months, was to end the war. It divided itself into two parts. For the first six weeks there was almost constant swift marching and hard fighting, a nearly equally matched contest of strategy and battle between the two armies, the difference being that Grant was always advancing, and Lee always retiring. Grant had hoped to defeat Lee outside of his fortifications, and early in the campaign had expressed his resolution "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"; but the losses were so appalling, 60,000 of his best troops melting away in killed and wounded during the six weeks, that this was seen to be impossible. Lee's army was therefore driven into its fortifications around the Confederate capital, and then came the siege of Richmond, lasting more than nine months, but pushed forward all that time with relentless energy, in spite of Grant's heavy losses.

In the West, meanwhile, General William T. Sherman, Grant's closest friend and brother officer, pursued a task of almost equal importance, taking Atlanta, Georgia, which the Confederates had turned into a city of foundries and workshops for the manufacture and repair of guns; then, starting from Atlanta, marching with his best troops three hundred miles to the sea, laying the country waste as they went; after which, turning northward, he led them through South and North Carolina to bring his army in touch with Grant.

Against this background of fighting the life of the country went on. The end of the war was approaching, surely, but so slowly that the people, hoping for it, and watching day by day, could scarcely see it. They schooled themselves to a dogged endurance, but there was no more enthusiasm. Many lost courage. Volunteering almost ceased, and the government was obliged to begin drafting men to make up the numbers of soldiers needed by Grant in his campaign against Richmond.

The President had many things to dishearten him at this time, many troublesome questions to settle. For instance, there were new loyal

State governments to provide in those parts of the South which had again come under control of the Union armies—no easy matter, where every man, woman and child harbored angry feelings against the North, and no matter how just and forbearing he might be, his plans were sure to be thwarted and bitterly opposed.

There were serious questions, too, to be decided about negro soldiers, for the South had raised a mighty outcry against the Emancipation Proclamation, especially against the use of the freed slaves as soldiers, vowing that white officers of negro troops would be shown scant courtesy if ever they were taken prisoners. No verified report of any such vengeance is recorded, however.

Numbers of good and influential men, dismayed at the amount of blood and treasure that the war had already cost, and disheartened by the calls for still more soldiers that Grant's campaign made necessary, began to clamor for peace—were ready to grant almost anything that the Confederates chose to ask. Rebel agents were in Canada professing to be able to conclude a peace. Mr. Lincoln, wishing to convince these northern "Peace men" of the groundlessness of their claim, and of the injustice of their charges that the government was continuing the war unnecessarily, sent Horace Greeley, the foremost among them, to Canada, to talk with the self-styled ambassadors of Jefferson Davis. Nothing came of it, of course, except abuse of Mr. Lincoln for sending such a messenger, and a lively quarrel between Greeley and the Confederate agents as to who was responsible for the misunderstandings that arose.

The summer and autumn of 1864 were likewise filled with the bitterness and high excitement of a presidential campaign; for, according to law, Mr Lincoln's successor had to be elected on the "Tuesday after the first Monday" of November in that year. The great mass of Republicans wished Mr. Lincoln to be reëlected. The Democrats had long ago fixed upon General McClellan, with his grievances against the President, as their future candidate. It is not unusual for Presidents to discover would-be rivals in their own cabinets. Considering the strong men who formed Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, and the fact that four years earlier at least four of them had active hopes of being chosen in his stead, it is remarkable that there was so little of this.

The one who developed the most serious desire to succeed him was Salmon P. Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury. Devoted with all his powers to the cause of the Union, Mr. Chase was yet strangely at fault in his judgment of men. He regarded himself as the friend of Mr. Lincoln, but nevertheless held so poor an opinion of the President's mind and character, compared with his own, that he could not believe people blind enough to prefer the President to himself. He imagined that he did not want the office, and was anxious only for the public good; yet he listened eagerly to the critics of the President who flattered his hopes, and found time in spite of his great labors to write letters to all parts of the country, which, although protesting that he did not want the honor, showed his entire willingness to accept it. Mr. Lincoln was well aware of this. Indeed, it was impossible not to know about it, though he refused to hear the matter discussed or to read any letters concerning it. He had his own opinion of the taste displayed by Mr. Chase, but chose to take no notice of his actions. "I have determined," he said, "to shut my eyes, so far as possible, to everything of the sort. Mr. Chase makes a good Secretary, and I shall keep him where he is. If he becomes President, all right. I hope we may never have a worse man," and he not only kept him where he was, but went on appointing Chase's friends to office.

There was also some talk of making General Grant the Republican candidate for President, and an attempt was even made to trap Mr. Lincoln into taking part in a meeting where this was to be done. Mr. Lincoln refused to attend, and instead wrote a letter of such hearty and generous approval of Grant and his army that the meeting naturally fell into the hands of Mr. Lincoln's friends. General Grant, never at that time or any other, gave the least encouragement to the efforts which were made to array him against the President. Mr. Lincoln, on his part, received all warnings to beware of Grant in the most serene manner, saying tranquilly, "If he takes Richmond, let him have it." It was not so with General Frémont. At a poorly attended

meeting held in Cleveland he was actually nominated by a handful of people calling themselves the "Radical Democracy," and taking the matter seriously, accepted, although, three months later, having found no response from the public, he withdrew from the contest.

After all, these various attempts to discredit the name of Abraham Lincoln caused hardly a ripple on the great current of public opinion, and death alone could have prevented his choice by the Republican national convention. He took no measures to help on his own candidacy. With strangers he would not talk about the probability of his reëlection; but with friends he made no secret of his readiness to continue the work he was engaged in if such should be the general wish. "A second term would be a great honor and a great labor; which together, perhaps, I would not decline," he wrote to one of them. He discouraged officeholders, either civil or military, who showed any special zeal in his behalf. To General Schurz, who wrote asking permission to take an active part in the campaign for his reëlection, he answered: "I perceive no objection to your making a political speech when you are where one is to be made; but quite surely, speaking in the North, and fighting in the South at the same time are not possible, nor could I be justified to detail any officer to the political campaign . . . and then return him to the army."

He himself made no long speeches during the summer, and in his short addresses, at Sanitary Fairs, in answer to visiting delegations, and on similar occasions where custom and courtesy obliged him to say a few words, he kept his quiet ease and self-command, speaking heartily and to the point, yet avoiding all the pitfalls that beset the candidate who talks.

When the Republican national convention came together in Baltimore on June 7, 1864, it had very little to do, for its delegates were bound by rigid instructions to vote for Abraham Lincoln. He was chosen on the first ballot, every State voting for him except Missouri, whose representatives had been instructed to vote for Grant. Missouri at once changed its vote, and the secretary of the convention read the grand total of 506 for Lincoln, his announcement being greeted by a storm of cheers that lasted several minutes.

It was not so easy to choose a Vice-President. Mr. Lincoln had been besieged by many people to make his wishes in the matter known, but had persistently refused. He rightly felt that it would be presumptuous in him to dictate who should be his companion on the ticket, and, in case of his death, his successor in office. This was for the delegates to the convention to decide, for they represented the voters of the country. He had no more right to dictate who should be selected than the Emperor of China would have had. It is probable that Vice-President Hamlin would have been renominated, if it had not been for the general feeling both in and out of the convention that, under all the circumstances, it would be wiser to select some man who had been a Democrat, and had yet upheld the war. The choice fell upon Andrew Johnson of Tennessee who was not only a Democrat, but had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln military governor of Tennessee in 1862.

The Democrats at first meant to have the national convention of their party meet on the fourth of July; but after Frémont had been nominated at Cleveland and Lincoln at Baltimore, they postponed it to a later date, hoping that something in the chapter of accidents might happen to their advantage. At first it appeared as if this might be the case. The outlook for the Republicans was far from satisfactory. The terrible fighting and great losses of Grant's army in Virginia had profoundly shocked and depressed the country. The campaign of General Sherman, who was then in Georgia, showed as yet no promise of the brilliant results it afterward attained. General Early's sudden raid into Maryland, when he appeared so unexpectedly before Washington and threatened the city, had been the cause of much exasperation; and Mr. Chase, made bitter by his failure to receive the coveted nomination for President, had resigned from the cabinet. This seemed, to certain leading Republicans, to point to a breaking up of the government. The "Peace" men were clamoring loudly for an end of the war; and the Democrats, not having yet formally chosen a candidate, were free to devote all their leisure to attacks upon the administration.

Mr. Lincoln realized fully the tremendous



THE FIRST MEETING OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL GRANT.

issues at stake. He looked worn and weary. To a friend who urged him to go away for a fortnight's rest, he replied, "I cannot fly from my thoughts. My solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go. I do not think it is personal vanity or ambition, though I am not free from these infirmities, but I cannot but feel that the weal or woe of this great country will be decided in November. There is no program offered by any wing of the Democratic party but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union."

The political situation grew still darker. Toward the end of August the general gloom enveloped even the President himself. Then what he did was most original and characteristic. Feeling that the campaign was going against him, he made up his mind deliberately as to the course he ought to pursue, and laid down for himself the action demanded by his strong sense of duty. He wrote on August 23 the following memorandum: "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be reëlected. Then it will be my duty to so coöperate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterward."

He folded and pasted the sheet of paper in such a way that its contents could not be seen, and as the cabinet came together handed it to each member successively, asking him to write his name across the back of it. In this peculiar fashion he pledged himself and his administration to accept loyally the verdict of the people if it should be against them, and to do their utmost to save the Union in the brief remainder of his term of office. He gave no hint to any member of his cabinet of the nature of the paper they had signed until after his reelection.

The Democratic convention finally came together in Chicago on August 29. It declared the war a failure, and that efforts ought to be made at once to bring it to a close, and nominated General McClellan for President. McClellan's only chance of success lay in his war record. His position as a candidate on a platform of dishonorable peace would have been no less desperate than ridiculous. In his letter accepting the nomination, therefore, he calmly ignored the platform, and renewed his assurances of devotion to the Union, the Constitution, and the flag of his country. But the stars in their courses fought against him. Even before the Democratic convention met, the tide of battle had turned. The darkest hour of the war had passed, and dawn was at hand, and amid the thanksgivings of a grateful people, and the joyful salute of great guns, the real presidential campaign began. The country awoke to the true meaning of the Democratic platform; General Sherman's successes in the South excited the enthusiasm of the people; and when at last the Unionists, rousing from their mid-summer languor, began to show their faith in the Republican candidate, the hopelessness of all efforts to undermine him became evident.

(To be continued.)

WINNIE'S NINTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

By Lura M. Cole.

She had never had a birthday celebration before, without Mamma to kiss her in the morning, and wish her many happy returns, and to make the day bright and pleasant for her; and she did not know how she could have a happy day without her. So when her cousin Edith peeked in her door on that bright August morning of her ninth birthday, and shouted "Happy Birthday," Winnie Burton suddenly awoke feeling very sober.

A telegram had come the day before, and Mamma had gone away in great haste to see her father, who was Winnie's Grandpa Lee, who was very ill; and had taken baby sister Ruth, with her. Papa and Winnie and brother Ted had come to Grandma Burton's house to stay while Mamma was away.

Tears were very near her eyes, when her Aunt May leaned over her, and gave her nine kisses and one to grow on, and put something in her hand, all so quickly, that the tears did not have time to fall. She sat up in bed to see what she had given her, and found it was a pretty little leather purse, with a bright shining dime in it.



"Cousin Edith left it in her room."

As soon as Aunt May had left the room, she began to dress, and in each shoe found another dime, which she put in her new purse, too. When she poured water into the washbowl she found another silver dime in the bowl, and when she brushed her teeth, there was another in the mug, and the soap dish held another, and one dropped out of the hair brush as she raised it to brush out the tangles in her hair.

Downstairs, she found Grandma and Grandpa Burton, Aunt May, and Papa to greet her with smiling faces and good wishes, and Papa squeezed her hand tight as he sat down by her, and she began to feel comforted somehow.

Another silver dime dropped out of her napkin, and one was in the spoon, when she began to eat her oatmeal, and when she counted them all, she found she had nine silver dimes.

When Papa kissed her "Goodbye," and told her to be a good girl, he handed Winnie a box of candy.

Aunt May was a very pretty young lady, and Winnie was very fond of her, so she ran to find her, to show her her box of candy, and share it with her.

When they opened the box together, Winnie was greatly surprised to find on top of the candy, a little note which said:

"At nine o'clock, if you are wise,
You will look where the parlor
hearth-rug lies."

Winnie patiently watched the big clock on the stairs and when it chimed nine, she ran quickly into the parlor, and lifted up the rug. There was a long pasteboard box under it, which held a set of tiny embroidered handkerchiefs, each bearing her initial in the corner, and a little note which read thus:

"At ten o'clock you may see
A gift near the cherry tree."

Winnie was so delighted with this dainty present, that she only remembered the note when the clock began to strike. She ran out to the big cherry tree in the front yard, and under it on the green grass lay a fine doll, dressed completely from head to foot. Tied to the waist of the doll was another little note, which said:



"WINNIE PATIENTLY WATCHED THE BIG CLOCK ON THE STAIRS."

"When eleven strokes you hear,
Go on the back porch, Winnie dear."

Although Winnie enjoyed examining her doll, she had not time just then to really play with it. She was prompt at obeying the command, and ready to start for the back porch at the first stroke of the clock. A blue doll carriage, for all the world like a real one, only smaller, met her eye. She wheeled it over to the back porch where she had laid the doll. Tied to the wheel she saw a slip of paper. This one said:

"At twelve o'clock you may be able
To find me at the dining-room table."

When Papa and Grandpa came home to lunch, they were told the story of the morning, and saw all the gifts and little notes. On Winnie's plate lay a small package which held a pretty tie, and this note besides:

"At one be at the kitchen door,
If of fun you want some more."

This time she was ahead of the clock and she saw Aunt May put a bowl of soap suds and two new bubble pipes on the steps at the kitchen door, and she ran up to her, and they began to blow bubbles as the big clock struck.

Grandma and Kate, the cook, came out to watch them, and all enjoyed looking at the pretty bubbles floating so gracefully in the air, with bright colors playing on their shining sides.

Presently Winnie saw that a little note lay by the side of the bowl which said:

"At the top of the stairs I 'll wait for you,
When the big clock strikes the hour of two."

She was having such a good time blowing bubbles that the clock struck before she thought again of the note. When she ran up the stairs she saw on the step a shining top and string. It spun so easily, and hummed so prettily that at first Winnie did not see that a note also lay on the top step, which said:



"SHE RAN UP TO HER AUNT AND THEY BOTH BEGAN TO BLOW BUBBLES."

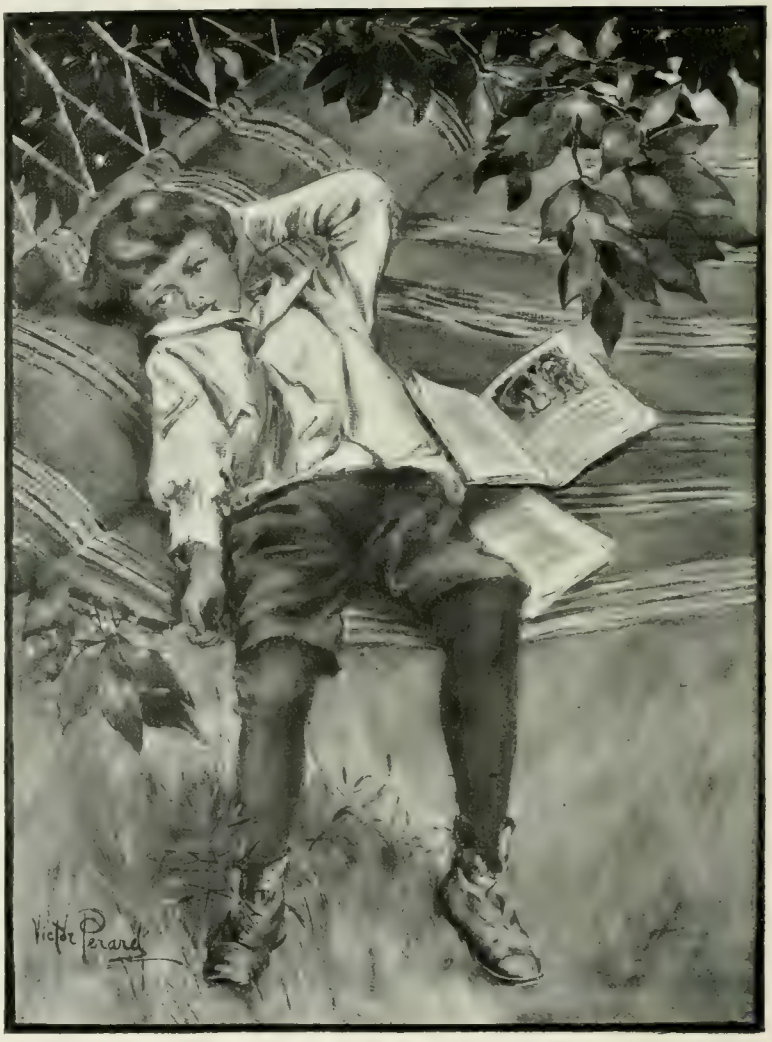
"On the kitchen table you will see
Something nice as the clock strikes three."

Aunt May came to see the new top spin, and went with her to the kitchen at three o'clock, where she found a plate of fine cookies. They were just in time to keep her from getting hungry, and she, brother Ted, Ruth and Aunt May ate every one. Under the last one she found a note, which said:

"At four straight to the
hammock go,—
You 'll miss it if you are
too slow."

The moment the clock struck, off ran Winnie to the garden. In the hammock lay her brother Ted who looked up as she approached, pretending he had just wakened up and knew nothing about the present. She found it, however, in a moment, carefully hidden under a magazine which Ted had been reading.

It was a lovely picture book, so tumbling her brother out she climbed up into the hammock, and looked through the book with the greatest delight. Between the pages, she came across another littlerhyme which said:



"IN THE HAMMOCK LAY HER BROTHER TED"

"Be neat and clean at the hour of five,
For the last treat is to be a drive."

So after a while, Aunt May came out to her and they took all the gifts and notes and laid them on the table in the hall, to show to Papa, and to be ready also for Mamma when she should come home. Then Aunt May and she drove to the office for Grandpa and Papa.

As soon as Papa saw Winnie, he said: "Mamma telegraphed me that Grandpa Lee is better, and she will be home to-morrow."

After supper Winnie told Papa and Grandpa all about the surprises and the good times of the day, and she longed for the next day to come, so that she might see Mamma and show her treasures, and tell her how she had spent the day; and as she went off to bed she said to Aunt May, "This was a glorious birthday after all. I had nine surprises and nine silver dimes, and I think I had next to as good a birthday as if Mamma had been home."

THE GREAT "Y" AND THE CROCKERY "O."

By Charles D. Stewart,
Author of "The Engineer Boys ..."

Part I. The Great "Y."

Right in the middle of a city in Ohio one river empties into another, and so the city is divided into three parts. It is really three towns sitting "catacornered" to each other, with the waters between them. One river is the murmuring Muskingum hurrying along between its big echoing hills, and the other is the lazy Licking flowing quietly between green garden banks and osier-fields and overhanging trees. Both of them have mills to turn. The blue Muskingum spreads out in the sun and shines like a mirror above its mill-dam, and then it tumbles down with a roar as it turns the mill and hurries away over the rocks as if it were angry at being caught and put at such a task. But the Licking spills itself smoothly into the Muskingum, and sings happily at its work. So you see even the lazy Licking does not get past here without doing some work, for the inhabitants are very industrious. Then the rivers unite their waters and make a stream deep enough to float barges full of crockery, and steamboats laden with all the things they make here, down to the Ohio and thence to the Mississippi and away to the Gulf of Mexico.

Now when it came to building a bridge to join that city together the wise men of the place saw that it would have to be a bridge with three ends. A queer bridge that would be, indeed; for who ever heard of a bridge with more than two ends to it? There was not such a thing in the United States. But they had to have it, and so they made it. And it was the only bridge of the kind in the world, except one in Switzerland that is somewhat like it. To look at it, one would think that each town had started to build a bridge out to the others, and all three bridges had met in the middle of the river. Each part of the bridge had four hallways, two big ones for horses and two little ones for people walking. It had a shingled roof over all the length of it, and windows in the sides, so that it was a sort of house-bridge. When it rained you could go out on the river and be out of the wet. Where the bridges came together there was a big room out in the middle of the river, with the twelve hallways opening into it. Can you imagine what a roomful of horses and wagons and people that was, with the people of three towns all crossing from hall to hall as they came and went in different directions? Everybody in the three parts of the city had to come out here whenever they went to any of the others. And so they all met in the room out in the middle of the river, no matter where they were coming from or where they were going to.

But I had started to tell about a boy who lived in this queer city. Polite folks called him Dugald and his mother called him "Duggy"; but the men and boys just called him "Dug," and so that came to be his name.

Dug was a little boy who had just learned Y and a part of O. He was studying O. Once, when he was studying it, he said to one of his grandfathers: "Take me out and show me where O *is*. Then I will know it like Y. If you don't show me where it is I won't ever, ever know it."

"Oh," said his grandfather, "there is no O. You could not cross an O; it would be impossible. You can only cross a Y."

Of course no one would know what was meant by such talk except the people who live in that city called Zanesville; for there they never speak of a bridge at all, but call it "the Y." Every day you can hear them talk of crossing the Y. And if you want to know

what else the little boy meant, I will have to tell you how he learned Y.

One day, when he was playing in the garden, he thought he would go out of the gate and see the world all by himself. So he went out of the garden and ran away to see everybody and everything. For a while he went along black cinder-paths that looked as if they were set with precious stones, sparkling green and yellow in the sunlight.

"Oh," said the boy, "some day, when I am not in a hurry, I am going to gather up all the fine stones and be rich." But it was only pieces of glass, for the cinders had been used to melt glass in the place where they made all the bottles.

Then he went along brick sidewalks for a while and passed a big osier-field. That is what a basket-maker calls his field of willow. There was a man cutting down the willow and weaving it into baskets.

"Oh," said Dug, when he saw that, "some day, when I am big, I am going to be a basket-maker and have a big field of pussy-willows."

When he had walked a while longer he crossed a little stone bridge over a stream that is called a "run." Here he saw a yard all full of big frames with panes of glue in them, like the glass in a picture. There were wires stretched across to hold the glue while it dried in the sun and got ready to stick things together.

"Oh," said Dug, "when I am big I am going to learn to make glue. Then I can look through it, and everything will be yellow."



Photograph by Lauck Bros., Copyright, 1900.

THE OLD "Y" BRIDGE AT ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

Next he came to a pottery, and he stopped to look in the door. The potter had a little round table, and the top of it spun round and round like a wheel. He would put a piece of gray clay in the middle of it, and as it whirled he would hold the ends of his fingers against the clay so that it grew right up into a two-gallon jar. While the clay whirled he would hold one hand inside and the other outside to guide it, and before you would have time to think about it the clay would be a jar. Dug was very much interested in that, so he stood and watched the potter. The potter put an-

other piece of clay in the middle of his whirling table, and this time it started to rise up like a jar again; but before it was all the way up it began to bend in at the top, and it got smaller and smaller until there was only a little hole at the top. The potter rolled a little piece of clay and stuck it on for a handle. And that was a jug. The potter had been holding one hand inside and the other hand outside, the same as when he made a jar. And now Dug was greatly puzzled. He could not see how the potter ever got his hand out of such a little hole. But he did not ask how it was; he just stood and wondered. And yet it was very simple, and the potter would have told him if he had asked. You see, he took his hand out before the hole was so small, and after that he kept only his finger inside until the jug was done. While Dug stood wondering with his mouth open, he leaned his hand on a jug that had just been made. He had pushed the jug down itside of itself and bent it all up; for it was soft clay that had not been baked in the fire. Dug jerked his hand away just as the potter saw him. The potter only smiled. He rolled the jug up in a ball and put it on his table again and spun it. This time it did not grow up into a jug at all; it was a crock. Now Dug was pleased more than ever to see a jug made into a crock. And so when the potter was making another, Dug pushed three jugs down inside of themselves and bent two crocks all out of shape. Then he told the potter to do it again. But now the potter did not smile.

"Get out of here, you young rascal!" he shouted; and he raised his hand and looked so angry that Dug ran. Dug was sorry to go, for he wanted to watch the men making vases for the mantel and painting flowers on them. He stopped a moment, though, to look at the brick oven where the crockery was baked. It was a big oven like a haystack, with flames coming out of the top. But while he was looking at it the potter came to the door and threw a piece of clay at him, so Dug ran again.

"Oh," said Dug, when he had got a safe distance away, "when I am big I guess I will be a potter and spin mud like a top."

When Dug had gone a short distance up another street he sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and started to take off his shoes. But a strange man stopped and said, "Hey, you! Put those shoes on again."

"W'y?" asked Dug; for, you see, he could not say some words plainly.

"You keep them on, or you 'll find out why," said the man; and he went away. So Dug did not dare to take them off.

He kept on till he came to an old dark building, and here he saw a man, with a long iron pipe in his mouth, blowing bubbles of melted glass. While he blew he would swing the long iron pipe back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. And the iron pipe was so long, and the red-hot bubble hung down so far, that the man had to swing it in a hole dug in the ground. There were a great many men, all doing it the same. And once in a while one of them would swing his bubble clear up over his head like a red balloon, and when it came round in a circle he would swing it back and forth in the hole again.

Dug went in and watched how one of the men did it. The glass-blower put the end of his iron pipe into a blazing furnace and got some melted glass on it, like taffy on a stick. Then he swung it in the pit and circled it over his head; and all the time he kept his mouth at the other end of the pipe and blew and blew until it was such a big bubble you would think it would burst. This man was blowing a bubble bigger than Dug himself. When it was big enough he laid it on a table, where he let it flatten out and cool off. And then it was a big pane of window-glass ready to be put into a house. Dug stood a long time with his eyes wide open, and watched the men blowing and swinging and swaying with their bubbles. And some were making window-panes, and some fish-globes, and some bottles big and little.

"When I am a man I am going to be a glass-blower," said Dug, as he walked along. "Then I won't do anything but blow red-hot bubbles."

At the corner of the building was a man cutting the window-glass square; and he worked in a great hurry, scratching it across

and breaking off the pieces so fast that they kept jingling into a box on the sidewalk. When Dug saw all the broken glass around he was glad he kept on his shoes. He hurried away, for fear he might cut his feet, anyhow.

He followed a crooked road that ran up-hill to where a little railroad ran into the earth



"HE WAS VERY MUCH INTERESTED, SO HE STOOD AND WATCHED THE POTTER."

through a black hole. While Dug was looking at it and wondering whether he had better go in, a big yellow dog came up out of the hole, pulling a little car full of coal, with a harness on him like a horse. And then a man came out, pushing the car to help the dog along; and the man stooped over as he pushed, for the hole was not big enough for him to stand up in. The dog stopped to rest as he came out into the daylight, and hung his tongue out of his mouth and panted for breath. When the dog saw Dug he wagged his tail and shook himself, rattling his harness and showing in every way that he wanted to make friends with a boy.

"Will the dog bite?" said Dug to the coal-miner. The miner's face was all black with the coal that he had been digging, but in spite of that he looked pleased when he smiled. His hat had a little tin lamp hung on the front of it, and the lamp burned with a yellow flame in the daylight. The miner took off his hat and fixed the wick so that it burned better, and then he put it on his head again.

"No, the dog won't bite," he answered. "You can pat him on the head."

The miner patted Dug on the head, and Dug patted the dog on the head; and the dog wagged his tail and was very glad to meet Dug. He would have liked to go and play with him.

"Why do you hang your little lamp on your hat?" he asked the miner. And the miner answered, "When I am down in the dark coal-mine I have to crawl along and use both hands to knock off pieces of coal. I hang my lamp over my eyes so that it will shine wherever I am looking."

When the coal was unloaded the miner got into the car and lay down, and then the dog had to take him into the mine again. And as soon as the car went into the mouth of the mine it filled the little hole, and Dug could not see the dog any more.

"Oh," said Dug as he went on, "when I am a man I am going to be a miner and drive a big yellow dog inside of the earth."

And just as he said that whom did he see standing before him but his grandfather!

"Hello, grandpa!" said Dug. "What are *you* doing away out here?"

"I have just run away from home," said his grandfather. "You had better come with me, and we will run away together." So Dug gave his grandfather his hand, and they strolled along and enjoyed the fine weather.

"Are we going to see some of my uncles and aunts?" asked Dug.

"No," said his grandfather. "We are going walking for a while; and then we are going crawling."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Dug. And he let go of his grandfather so that he could clap his hands. "Grandpa," he said, "let 's go crawling now."

"No," said his grandfather; "it is n't time yet. But after a while you will come to a place where you can learn Y. I will show you where Y *is*."

After a time they came to a road that ran

along the side of a hill. It was a very steep road, but a horse could take a wagon up if he pulled hard. And it was called the Dug Road because it had been dug out of the hillside. Dug thought it was named after him, and his grandfather did not tell him any different. When they had gone quite a distance up the road they turned off and went up the grassy hillside where it was very steep. And after a while it was so straight up that they had to crawl. Dug crawled ahead between his grandfather's arms.

"Oh, I would like to roll down this hill," said Dug.

"Don't you try it," said his grandfather. "If you did you would strike the road so hard that you would go clear into the river."

The hill kept getting smaller toward the top, and it ended in a round grassy place where they could sit and see the whole country below. It was the first time Dug had seen the city he lived in. Before that he had seen only a part at a time. But there it was, all three of it, and the two rivers going ever so far away. There was the blue Muskingum hurrying between its green hills, and the lazy Licking shining in the sun, and all the hills showing in the distance at once.

His grandfather called Dug to his side and pointed below. "Now you can see Y," he said. "There it is—down there."

Dug looked below and saw a big Y as long as a river is wide and almost as black as if it had been printed on the world. The Y had dark shingles on top, and there were windows all along the sides of it. It was the big Y bridge.

Dug's grandfather took a paper out of his pocket and pointed to a printed Y, saying, "What letter is this, now?"



DUGALD WATCHING THE GLASS LETTERS

"It is a bridge," said Dug.

"No," said his grandfather; "it is a Y." But Dug thought it was more like a bridge, and so he kept saying it. At that his grandfather stood up and took a deep, long breath, and called out, "Y," in a loud voice. He was calling to a high hill far away across the Muskingum.

And the next moment the hill called back, "Y," short and quick. It was the echo. "You see," said his grandfather, "the hill has learned Y already." Then Dug stood up and called out, "Y"; and each time he called the hill answered back as quick as cracking a whip. "How does the hill do it?" Dug asked.

"It is your own voice coming back," said his grandfather. "It goes away over the river and bounces back from the side of the hill like a rubber ball."

"Oh," exclaimed Dug, "I wish I had a



"HIS GRANDFATHER CALLED HIM TO HIS SIDE AND POINTED BELOW."

rubber ball. It would be nicer than bouncing my voice."

But he kept calling and looking. And so, with the bridge showing it to him, and the high hill telling it to him it was not long till he had learned Y. And when he had learned it so that he could call it by the right name when he saw it on paper, they sat down again. For a while they watched the river flowing along below, and the white clouds above flowing in the other direction. The clouds were taking the water back where it would rain down and go into the river again. And that is the reason a river never runs empty.

When they had sat a while longer the old man began talking to himself, saying, "It was a long, long road. And it was a weary, weary journey. And now the old bridge is seventy years old and they are going to take it down."

Dug did not know what his grandfather was talking about; for sometimes the old man did not seem to care whether the boy understood him or not. He was talking about the wonderful road that runs over the bridge. It is so long that it runs across six States; and the government made it for people to come West on in the days when there were no railroads or locomotives. The government calls it the Cumberland Road, and some folks call it the National Road because it belonged to the nation. But most people just call it the Pike. If you live in Maryland or Pennsylvania or West Virginia or Ohio or Indiana or Illinois, maybe you have seen it and have traveled on it yourself. In those days before there were railroads almost everybody traveled on it, some with oxen and some with horses and some with mules. There were big wagons hauling freight from city to city, and United States mail-coaches dashing along with bags full of letters and passengers with tickets in their pockets. In those days people who traveled came through the Y, and it was a very busy bridge, with the United States mail rumbling through its long halls, and droves of cattle and sheep and pigs bawling and baaing and squealing as they went in a crowd across its big room in the middle. I dare say that they often made more noise than both the mill-dams together. In those days the animals did not ride on cattle-cars, but had to walk. And whenever you came to a toll-gate you had to give the toll-master money before he would lift the gate and let you through. That was to pay for wearing out the road. It cost a different price for everything that went through, according to how much the wheels and hoofs of the different carriages and animals spoiled the road.

Dug's grandfather got to thinking of old times, and so he said to himself, "Three cents for a horse, and three cents for a man, and five cents for twenty sheep or pigs, and ten cents for twenty cows, and four cents for a man on a horse."

"I am talking about the Pike," said his grandfather, in answer to Dug's question.

"Where does it go to?" asked Dug.

"It goes farther away than you can think. But you will know when you are big enough, for then you can think farther. It goes away down East. And then there is another road, and you can go clear to New York on the Pike."

"Some day I will go," said Dug. "I would like to go to New York on the Pike."

But now they had to go home for dinner. Dug crawled down backward for a while, and when he came to a safe place he rolled for a while, and then he ran for a while. And when he was down to the road he walked. As they went along toward home the old man tried to teach Dug all about O. But Dug found it hard to learn that. So when they came to a pottery again they went in. His grandfather took some of the gray clay and rolled it out like a short, fat snake. Then he made a circle of it and fastened the ends together.

"Put that in the oven and bake it with the crockery," he said to the potter. "Some day we will call for it. I want to give it to Dug, so that he will know it." Then they hurried away home, without stopping to look at anything else.

And this is only a little of what I could tell you about this place. The queerest thing about it is that the people are always digging up the ground and sending it away to other towns. They dig up clay to make bricks; and a different kind to make crocks and jars and vases for the mantel; and sand to make glass and to mold iron; and limestone to make plaster and whitewash; and sandstone for buildings. And so most of the tile floors you see, and many of the vases on the mantels, are just pieces of Zanesville; and there are whole buildings in other cities that have come over the Y bridge—in loads of brick, of course. Dug's uncle was taking down a hill. He had shoveled away a vineyard and sent about half the hill away on the cars to places where they needed the stone. I do not know what will become of that town if they keep on doing it. Maybe they will dig the town from under themselves; and then there will be nothing but the Y bridge, and no people to go across it.

As they finally went into the garden gate Dug said, "Grandfather, take me out after dinner and show me an O bridge."

"That would be impossible," said his grandfather. "Nobody could cross an O. You could only go round and round on it."

"Oh," said Dug,—for he was always saying, "Oh,"—"I would like to go round and round on an O bridge." I will tell you next month how little Dug learned O.

PLEASE.

By Stella George Stern.

If a baker baked a bun,
And put a big plum in it,
Who, do you think, would get it with ease,—
The child that whined and pouted,
The child that grabbed and shouted?
Oh, no, not one of these,
Not these it can't be doubted.
If a baker baked a bun,
And put a big plum in it,
It seems to me that the child that said, "Please,"
Would get it in a minute.

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY PURCHASED JUSTICE FOR THE SCHOOL.

The bell on the old schoolhouse was sending forth its final summons for the morning session, warning the more deliberate ones that within two minutes more they must all be in their seats or a much dreaded "tardy mark" would be charged against the conduct account of each, and as usual "Pinkey" Perkins and "Bunny" Morris were among the last of those who had gathered up their marbles and started for the schoolhouse.

As they, with a few other stragglers, passed around the corner of the schoolhouse and started up the stone steps which led to the hall door, something caught Pinkey's eye and he stopped short.

"Gee, fellers," he exclaimed, pointing toward the road which ran past the schoolhouse yard, "lookee comin' down the street."

Bunny and the others looked in the direction Pinkey had pointed and what they saw surprised them as much as it had Pinkey. There in the middle of the road, slowly plodding along in the dust, was a tired-looking man, evidently a foreigner, bending under the weight of a large hand-organ and leading an equally tired and very inoffensive-looking bear. Perched upon bruin's shaggy, docile back, and looking jauntily about him, was a gaudily dressed monkey.

"Wish 't we had time to hear 'im play," said Bunny regretfully; "has n't been one o' those shows around here for more 'n a year now."

"I know what I 'm goin' to do," observed Pinkey as a bright idea struck him, "I 'm going to motion to him to come over into the yard and play, and 'f he does, then maybe we can see 'em out of the window."

Those about seemed to think that this would be a good move, and Pinkey at once placed his two forefingers in his mouth, and uttered a shrill whistle to attract the man's attention. When he saw that his effort had been successful, Pinkey beckoned to the musician to come over into the yard, and then made motions as though he were turning a crank.

While this performance had been going on, the other boys had all entered the schoolhouse, fearing they would be late, and without being able to tell whether or not his invitation had been accepted, Pinkey had barely time enough to rush madly into the hall, hang his cap on its hook and reach his seat in the schoolroom before "Red Feather," the teacher, tinkled her little desk bell to announce that school had "taken up." Several of the pupils had seen the wandering trio from the windows and had barely torn themselves away in time to reach their seats as Pinkey did.

"Children," announced Red Feather, severely, "all those who did not go promptly to their seats when the bell started to ring will have five taken from their conduct mark on this month's report card."

When the opening exercises began, all those who knew of Pinkey's attempt to entice the man into the schoolhouse yard were on the alert for any indications that his efforts had been successful. They listened in vain for several minutes, and then, just as the singing was about over, their keen ears caught the sound of a few stray notes from the hand-organ, which told them that the invitation had been accepted.

Suddenly, the music broke forth and the pupils without exception craned their necks in vain endeavor to get a glimpse of the serenaders, but the height of the windows above the ground and the distance of the desks from the windows, made it impossible to see anything.

Red Feather was on her feet in an instant,

and lost no time in reaching the nearest window to see what was the meaning of such a commotion.

Pinkey and Bunny and two or three others were so overcome by their desire to see the antics of monkey and bear that they could not keep their seats, and before they realized what they were doing, they had risen to their feet and were trying to see into the yard.



"THEY HAD RISEN TO THEIR FEET AND WERE TRYING TO SEE INTO THE YARD."

"Pinkerton," shouted Red Feather, as she turned from the window, "*sit down.*"

Pinkey dropped into his seat as though he had been shot, and the others did likewise before Red Feather could speak to them by name.

After a brief, stern survey of her flock, Red Feather continued: "Any pupil in this room whom I see trying to look out of the windows will be punished and punished severely. You may proceed with your lessons." Then raising the window, and leaning as far out as she safely could, she commanded in her sternest tones: "Go away from here! Begone, I say! Leave this yard at once; you disturb my school. If you do not leave at once, I shall have you *taken* away." She did not say upon whom would fall the burden of effecting the forcible removal.

There is not much doubt that the musician would have obeyed Red Feather's commands, and withdrawn at once, had he not noticed indications in the windows of the other rooms on that side of the building that his presence was looked upon with more or less favor. The other teachers, realizing how interesting such exhibitions are to children when they occur so infrequently, and that it would be useless to expect them to apply themselves to their studies at such a time, granted their pupils permission to go to the windows and watch the performance. Also, they were not so far out of touch with the delights of childhood but that they would get some enjoyment out of watching it themselves.

When Red Feather saw what was being done in the other rooms, she brought down the window with a bang and walked savagely back to her desk. She could not understand how some teachers could conduct school successfully and at the same time be so lax in their discipline.

From the shouts of delight which came faintly through the windows to the ears of Red Feather's pupils, it was evident to them that they were being robbed by pure selfishness of a pleasure to which they were entitled and which the other children were enjoying.

Once, during a particularly loud burst of applause, a few of the unfortunates so far forgot

Red Feather's severe injunction as to allow their curiosity to get the better of them, and unconsciously to turn their heads toward the windows, hoping possibly to catch a glimpse of what was causing so much mirth in the other rooms.

A harsh rapping by Red Feather on her desk with her hardwood ruler brought them to their senses again, and they were forced to turn their eyes to books and slates, though any endeavor to keep their minds there was useless.

Presently the noise subsided and the customary quiet prevailed throughout the building, but the disappointment caused by Red Feather's act kept her pupils from serious study.

When recess time came, Red Feather read the names of those she had seen violate her instructions, and these, in addition to the ones who had stood up when the music began, were condemned to forfeit their playtime and to remain in their seats and copy a page of Thanatopsis from their McGuffey's Reader.

Three of the unlucky ones were girls, and of these three, one was Hattie Warren, Pinkey's Affinity, the girl who had held his affection longer and more constantly than all other girls put together. Being kept in was nothing new to Pinkey, and he did not mind it much, for he considered that such things merely contributed their part to make up the drudgery of school life as a whole. But when he saw the tears spring to his Affinity's eyes, it made him boil to think that she should be made to suffer a penalty which seemed to her so severe, for such a little thing. It also hurt him not a little to think that it was he who had unconsciously brought to her the disgrace she felt.

As school was dismissed at noon, Pinkey improved the opportunity to whisper a few words of apology into his Affinity's ear as the pupils were getting their hats.

"It was my fault you got kept in at recess," he said, a little confused, "and I wish now I had let the man and his old bear go on down town. Red Feather had no business keeping you in even if you did look out o' the window —or the other girls, either." This last phrase was evidently an afterthought, and only served to emphasize his real regrets in the matter.

"I don't blame you for it, Pinkey," murmured his Affinity with a look square in the eye which told him he had been pardoned before being accused. "Red Feather was just afraid we 'd see something we would like. I never did see a bear and a monkey perform and I wanted to awful bad."

The pupils of the other rooms were not in the least backward about telling those in Red Feather's room what they had seen, nor in using their fertile imaginations to make their accounts of the performance all the more entertaining to the envious ones.

"And would you believe it," boasted one little girl who had seen the whole performance, "the monkey actually climbed up to the window where I was, and held out a little tin cup to me, and when I put a penny in it he took off his little hat and made me the prettiest bow you ever saw."

"Yes, an' you just ought to ha' seen the bear dance and march to the music," bragged one of the boys in an aggravating tone. "I tell you that bear 's got sense, if any bear ever had."

The more Pinkey heard of what the others had seen, the more furious he became when he thought that he and those whom he had especially desired should see the show were the only ones who had been deprived of it.

As the noisy crowd of boys and girls left the schoolhouse and separated into groups, each bound for a different part of town, and as these groups grew smaller as the different individuals reached their homes, or nearby corners, all kept a vigilant watch for some sign of the man with the trained animals and the hand-organ, but not a glimpse did they catch of them anywhere along the way.

At dinner, Pinkey told his father and mother about seeing the man and his animals, and about their coming into the schoolhouse yard to play and perform for the pupils, and of how the pupils in the other rooms of the lower grades had been permitted to witness the show and how Red Feather had forbidden any of her pupils even to look out of the windows. He also told how he and several others had been kept in all during recess for trying to look before they thought of Red Feather's warning.

"That must be the chap I saw going down the alley by the livery stable as I came home,"

said Mr. Perkins, endeavoring to divert his son's thoughts from the subject of his teacher, "he was leading a bear that had on a big leather muzzle, and the monkey was riding on the bear's back."

"That's the feller," exclaimed Pinkey eagerly.

look up the interesting trio as soon as possible.

As he was leaving the house, a new idea came to him which it seemed queer he had not thought of before. When he stopped to consider its full meaning, it seemed to solve com-



"Gee, I wish 't I 'd had a chance to see 'em close."

"None of the three seemed to be much for looks," commented Mr. Perkins, "and I was pretty close to them."

Pinkey's point of view and that of his father were entirely different ones, however, and Pinkey, realizing this, did not argue the question. He just calmly made up his mind to finish his dinner as soon as he could and to

pletely the entire problem which had been bothering him since recess time. Rushing back into the house and going upstairs to his own room, he procured two bright silver quarters which he had hoarded there, the proceeds from the sale of some of his scroll-saw productions, and with these in his pocket he set off at a pace decidedly unhealthy so soon after dinner, with the avowed intention of finding his foreign party without a minute's loss of time.

The way by the sidewalk was too roundabout for him and he headed for his destination cross-lots. After having safely crossed two back yards and three vegetable gardens, all of which were off limits for boys of his age, he climbed the high board fence which bordered the alley on one side, and as he vaulted over the top and landed in the grass beside the fence, he found that he had interrupted those he was seeking while at their dinner, and that he had barely missed landing in a bucketful of bran



"'GO AWAY, YOU HORRID LITTLE BEAST,' SHE CRIED."

and water which the bear was devouring to the best of his ability, considering his muzzle.

Pinkey was surprised and just a trifle unnerved at his sudden discovery and instinctively moved away from the group. But the Italian, for such he was, assured him, between huge mouthfuls of bread and cheese, which both he and the monkey were devouring ravenously, that there was no danger.

Pinkey came up, a little timidly at first, and to his delight the monkey signified a desire to make friends by climbing up on his shoulder and sitting there, all the while munching the bread with which the pouches under his cheeks were bulging. After actually touching the big, sleepy looking bear and viewing him from all sides, Pinkey decided that his curiosity had been sufficiently gratified, and he proceeded with the plan he had formulated since leaving the house after dinner.

The Italian seemed to be an amiable individual, and one who would obviously be agreeable to anything which would better his own financial status. Thus assured by appearances, Pinkey unfolded to the man his scheme, whereby he hoped to purchase justice for the school and at the same time administer to Red Feather an effective rebuke for her highhanded actions that morning.

After much explaining on Pinkey's part and many expressive gestures on the part of both a bargain was finally made which, if its terms were carried out, promised a satisfactory ending for both parties.

As Pinkey entered the schoolhouse that afternoon, he felt his heart beating harder with suppressed excitement than it had for a long time. Not since the affair of the mice had he been so anxious as to the outcome of any of his plans.

While the recitation of the "B" class in grammar was in progress, Pinkey wrote and managed to pass to his Affinity a note. It was very short and its meaning was a mystery to her, containing as it did only these words: "Don't get scared. They won't hurt you." She looked at Pinkey in a wondering sort of way and vaguely shook her head to indicate her perplexity. But the main object of the note had been accomplished, for now Pinkey knew that whatever did happen, she would know that the responsibility for it lay with him.

Shortly after the note had reached his Affinity, Pinkey's heart was set all a-flutter again, as sounds reached his ears which told him events were about to begin. Heavy footsteps in the hall, and the rattling of a chain drew everyone's attention to the partially open door, and before anyone could account for the strange sounds, the door was flung wide open and a gaily dressed monkey scampered across the floor, climbed up one of the legs of Red Feather's desk and sat grinning and blinking at the row of pupils in front of him.

Red Feather's chair went over backwards, and she almost went with it. With a high-keyed shriek of fear, she retreated in undignified

haste to the far end of the platform, where in open-eyed surprise she gazed dumbly at the scene before her.

There in the doorway, holding to the bear's chain with one hand and supporting the hand-organ with the other, stood the swarthy Italian, grinning from one ringed ear to the other at the consternation his visit had caused. Those pupils seated near the door and those who were standing at recitation left their places in a panic and retired to the opposite side of the room. Shouts of laughter went up on all sides as the monkey turned to Red Feather and doffed his little feather-ornamented cap to her.

Before Red Feather had sufficiently recovered herself to assume command of the situation, the Italian spoke up and endeavored to quiet the fears of those in his audience who seemed to be of uncertain courage.

"Ze monk, he ver' tame," he assured them. "Ze bear, he got no teet'. He like ze boy an' ze girl, you joost wait a minute an' I make him danz while I play ze tune."

"Begone," shrieked Red Feather, starting toward the door. "I 'll have you arrested." But she fled to her corner again in hot haste as the monkey left the desk and scampered toward her, with a look of roguish delight on his wrinkled face.

"Go away, you horrid little beast," she cried, backing into her corner again and defending herself with a pointer against the agile advances of the grotesque, impishly dressed animal.

Meanwhile, the school-room had lost all semblance of order, and the boys and girls were shrieking with laughter in spite of what they knew the consequences must be.

Apparently ignoring Red Feather and her futile efforts to gain a hearing, the Italian swung his hand-organ into position and began grinding out the familiar strains of "White Wings," while the bear sat up on his haunches, and, at a signal from his master, began slowly turning his huge, shaggy bulk round and round in a supposed imitation of waltzing.

This performance delighted the pupils, who quieted down and really became interested in the bear's antics, which now claimed their whole attention.

Red Feather had apparently abandoned her resolution immediately to eject the unwelcome visitors, and with rage and dismay written on her face, she stood trembling in her corner, compelled to witness the whole exhibition.

With another shrill squeal at Red Feather, for whom even he seemed to have formed a sudden dislike, the monkey ran to his master, took from one of his coat pockets a small tin cup and began a canvass of the pupils, evidently begging for money. Red Feather, thinking to seize this opportunity to call for assistance, started on tiptoe for a window, the Italian and his bear barring the way to the door. But the monkey had apparently taken it upon himself to confine Red Feather to the corner whither she had at first retreated. By leaps and bounds, he went from desk to desk, heading her off near the end of the long aisle, and by pursuing his former aggressive tactics, he soon had her turned about and in full flight for her platform corner.

"Leave this room at once," shouted Red Feather frantically, shaking her pointer at the figure in the doorway. "I 'll have you in jail if you don't."

"You gi' me twent' fi' cents, I go 'way quick," was the complacent reply. The mention of the word "jail" seemed to have had a telling effect.

Red Feather saw no easier way out of her predicament than to accede to the demand made upon her, so she began fumbling nervously in her skirt pocket, anxious to be rid of the intruders. Finally she drew forth a well-worn pocketbook, from which with trembling fingers she extracted the necessary amount and started for the door to pay the price of her deliverance.

But the monkey was on hand again and refused to allow her to stir from the spot. At a word from his master the little beast extended his tin cup toward Red Feather and in the most impudent way imaginable he removed his little skull cap and made a most elaborate bow as she dropped into it the coins. Then proudly bearing the cup in one of his hands, he turned and joined his master in the doorway.

When the money had been taken from the cup and duly counted, the Italian bowed his thanks to Red Feather, said a few unintelligible words of command to the monkey and the

bear, and started for the hall door. As the bear turned clumsily about and began his shuffling exit, the monkey sprang lightly upon his back, and with another sweeping bow to the children, he rode into the hall with an air of mock dignity and disappeared from view.

When the closing of the outside door announced the departure of the unexpected visitors, Red Feather commanded her pupils to return to their seats and resume their work. She recalled the class which had been reciting and endeavored to take up the tangled thread of the afternoon's work.

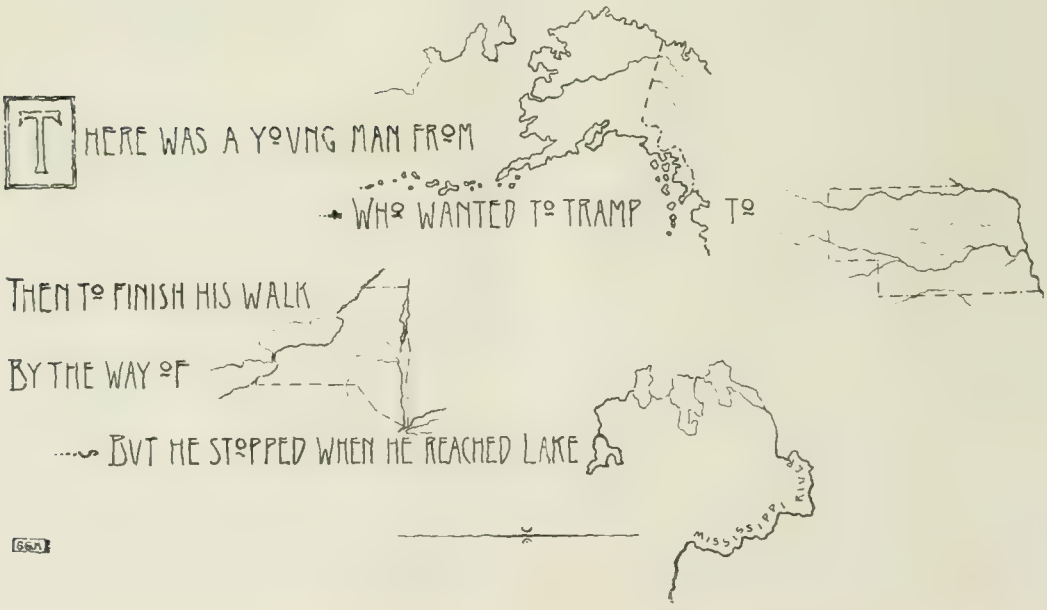
Under cover of his geography, Pinkey watched Red Feather's every move and expression. He prided himself that from long experience with her varying moods he would soon be able to tell whether she intended to accept the situation as gracefully as possible and to ignore the interruption, or whether she intended as soon as possible to investigate matters.

When at last it appeared certain that she intended to pursue the former course, a great weight seemed lifted from Pinkey's mind. Red Feather had evidently decided to assume that the visit had been made voluntarily, and therefore to consider the incident closed.

Presently Pinkey gave one triumphant sidewise glance at Bunny and received in return an appreciative wink which told him that again his generalship had won his chum's unqualified approval.

But his reward was not yet complete. After another survey of Red Feather's stern features, to make sure she was not looking, Pinkey slowly turned his eyes toward his Affinity. As he did so, she dropped her eyes quickly to her book and blushed, but from the contented smile which lurked about her mouth, Pinkey knew that she felt Red Feather's injustice had been thoroughly avenged, so with a sigh of complete satisfaction he turned to his neglected lesson.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JINGLE.

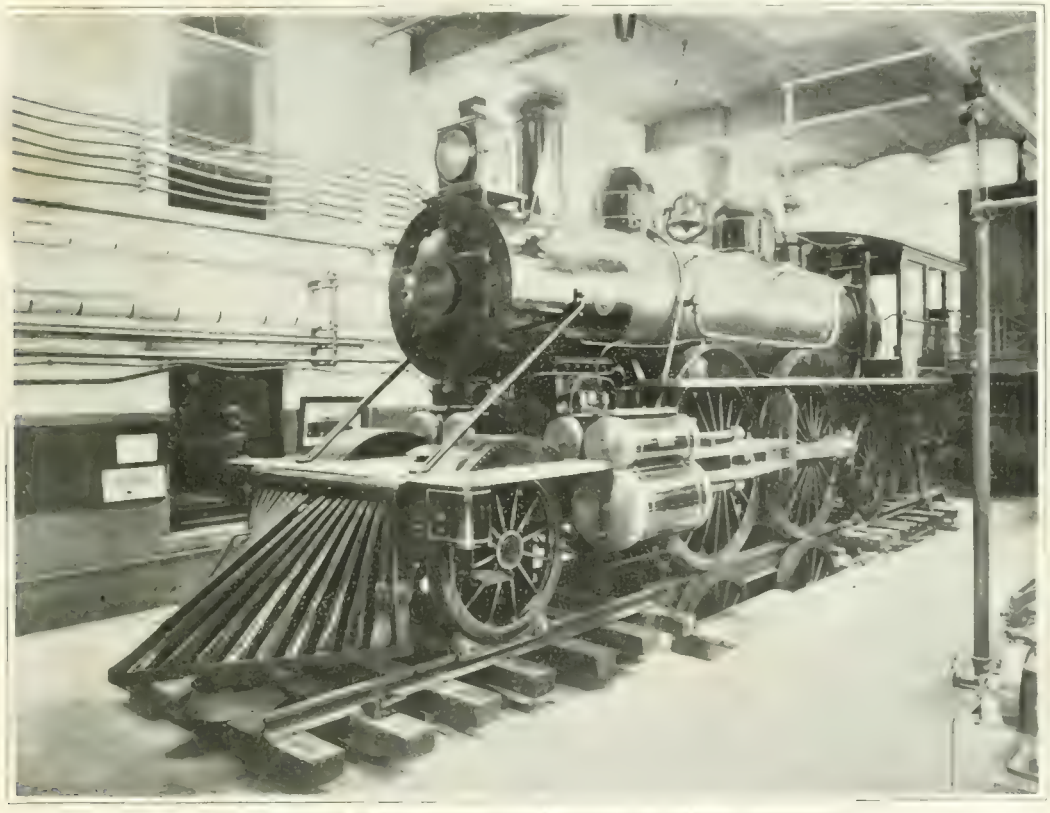


A LOCOMOTIVE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

By Clara Barnes

From the foot of the grand stairs leading up to the library of Columbia University we pass round to the left of the great library and come to the entrance of the School of Engineering. We find here lecture-rooms, laboratories, drawing-rooms, and museums: and in connection with these school departments is a pattern-shop, a forge and machine-shop—in fact, everything a young man needs in learning to be a first-class engineer. We go downstairs and enter a fine, large shop, and there, on its track, stands a passenger locomotive, the *Columbia*—just such a grand fellow as Kipling's engine-hero in his story entitled "*0,007*."

Here is a locomotive turned schoolmaster. When locomotives were first used men had to learn how to run them by trying to do it. These first men taught others, and this has been the plan up to to-day. Even now the common way is for a boy to work up from train-boy and brakeman to fireman and engineer. Here is an engine that will "run" and yet stand still—and be a schoolmaster at the same time.



We walk round the grand old fellow and

stand before the great driving-wheels. Here we are at the edge of a deep pit in the floor. In it we see a pair of massive wheels supported on great timbers. Each wheel is exactly under and rests against one of the great "drivers," and, when the drivers move, the wheels in the pit move, too, and in this way the engine can move its wheels and yet stand perfectly still. To give perfect security the front wheels of the engine are blocked up, as can be seen in the picture.

By this device it is possible to have an engine "run" at full speed while we sit beside the track and see just how it works. On the road the engine flies along so quickly that it is impossible to see anything, still less learn anything. Think what an immense advantage we have in this school of the locomotive! Here in this quiet, comfortable room we can walk all about the great machine, learn the name and use of every part, and actually see how it works. We can even see how it works when going up a steep grade or when dragging a light load or a heavy load, running empty or with a long train. By putting a brake on the wheels in the pit they will resist the big driving-wheels and make the whole engine work harder, precisely as if going up a grade. By the use of another appliance, called a dynamometer, we can also ascertain just how much power the machine is putting out under different steam-pressures and different loads. All this would be very difficult on the road, and the passengers might object to any experiments that would prevent the train from running on time.

The assistant teacher in this school of the locomotive climbs into the cab with several students while a part of the class are studying the action of the pistons in the steam-cylinders. Others can study steam-making, the work of the running-gear, or the wheels. One boy can study oiling, while another is studying the use of the air-brake. Again a boy may flag the train to see if the boy at the lever knows the rules of the road. A dozen boys can thus study an engine turning its wheels at forty miles an hour in perfect ease and safety, while fifty more can learn much of the lesson by looking on and listening to the explanations of the teacher.

A locomotive is a grand, scientific tool used in a certain way for a certain end. An engineer uses this splendid tool in a scientific way, and he must be himself a man of science. It is not enough to know how to "stop her," or "start her," or run "on time," according to the rules of the road. He must know his engine; know every part; how it is made and used. He should be able to make complete working-drawings of the whole machine, from the head-light to the draw-bar. He must know how the steam behaves inside that cylinder and must be able to take the cylinder apart and put it together again. He must know how every part is made and be able instantly to decide when the engine works badly and why, and be able, as far as possible, to cure its little ills and disorders. He must know it all: must be fireman, machinist, railroad-man, engineer, and man of science. He must have strong, calm nerves, and must never get confused, or "lose his head," or make mistakes. A hundred lives may depend on his knowledge and skill.

The men who build locomotives in the great shops at Philadelphia see that this is the way to teach. So they made this splendid engine a gift to the university, that in its cab young men and boys can have a better chance to learn to be engineers than did their fathers, who picked up their education on the road.

No more will the *Columbia* make her sixty-miles an hour. Never again will her head-light gleam on the polished rails. Her whistle will never startle the echoes in the mountains or wake the sleepy towns along the river. She is here at rest, and will never go out again along the line. She is here to teach—and to teach is the greatest thing any man or machine can do. Perhaps the captive engine misses the road, and dreams of the lights and signals beside the way, and longs to fly along the track. Or perhaps *Columbia* knows she is at school, and is really and truly a teacher on the staff of a great university.



SO VERY EASY!

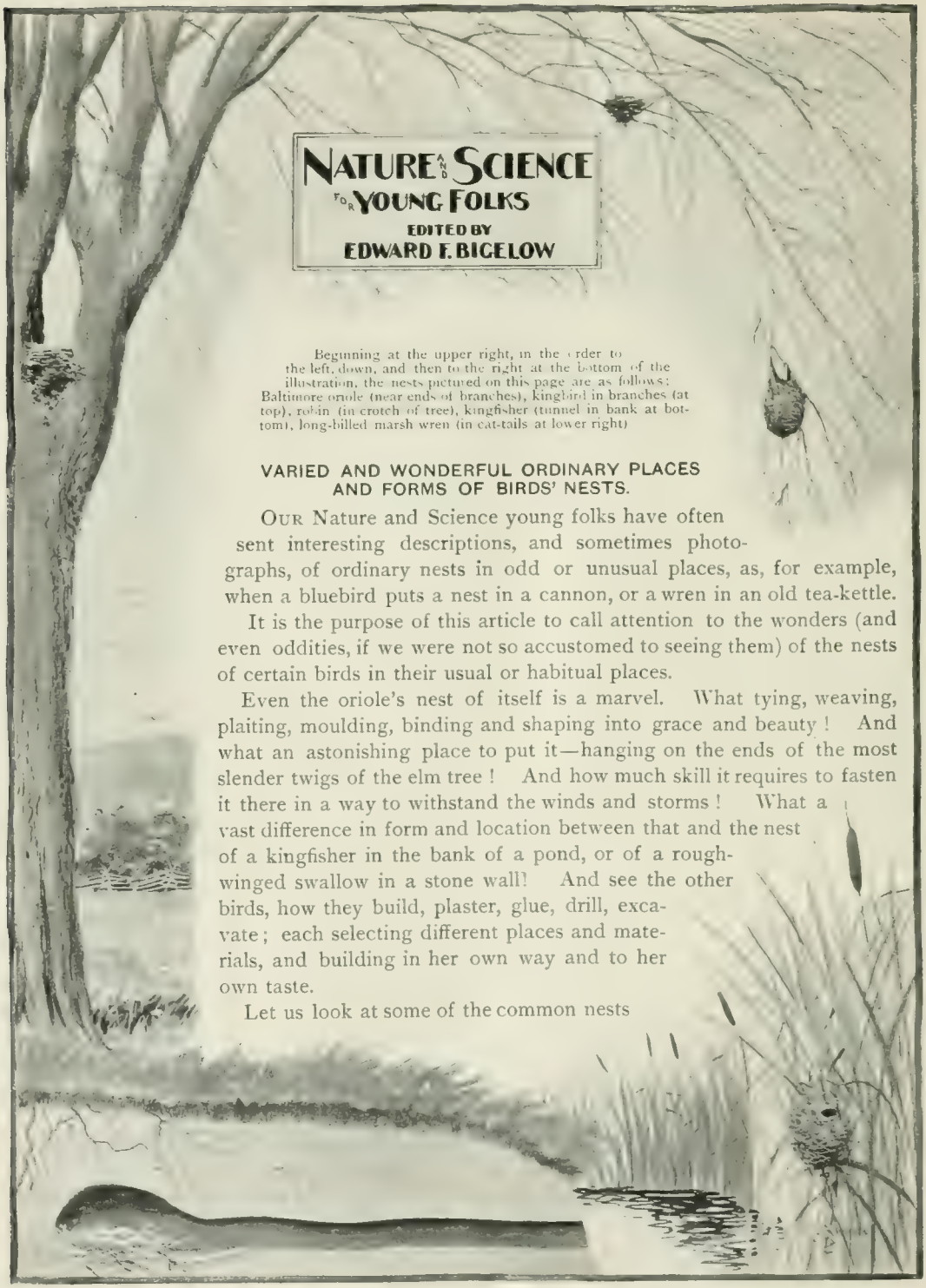
THE DUCKLING [illegible] AS A RULE, ARE [illegible] AND SWIM [illegible] BUT FOOLISH [illegible] THE EAR [illegible] LONG IN THE WATER."



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW



Beginning at the upper right, in the order to the left, down, and then to the right at the bottom of the illustration, the nests pictured on this page are as follows: Baltimore oriole (near ends of branches), kingbird in branches (at top), robin (in crotch of tree), kingfisher (tunnel in bank at bottom), long-billed marsh wren (in cat-tails at lower right)

VARIED AND WONDERFUL ORDINARY PLACES AND FORMS OF BIRDS' NESTS.

Our Nature and Science young folks have often sent interesting descriptions, and sometimes photographs, of ordinary nests in odd or unusual places, as, for example, when a bluebird puts a nest in a cannon, or a wren in an old tea-kettle.

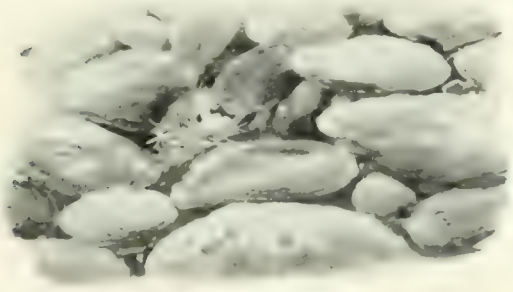
It is the purpose of this article to call attention to the wonders (and even oddities, if we were not so accustomed to seeing them) of the nests of certain birds in their usual or habitual places.

Even the oriole's nest of itself is a marvel. What tying, weaving, plaiting, moulding, binding and shaping into grace and beauty! And what an astonishing place to put it—hanging on the ends of the most slender twigs of the elm tree! And how much skill it requires to fasten it there in a way to withstand the winds and storms! What a vast difference in form and location between that and the nest of a kingfisher in the bank of a pond, or of a rough-winged swallow in a stone wall! And see the other birds, how they build, plaster, glue, drill, excavate; each selecting different places and materials, and building in her own way and to her own taste.

Let us look at some of the common nests

in their usual but unique places, and we shall find that the ordinary work of some of the builders and their locations are no less wonderful than the "curiosities" which we sometimes come across.

What a variety of ways and means there is! Let us again look at the fairy-like cradle which the Baltimore oriole or hang-nest has woven with cord and horse hair, and tied at the end of a drooping bough—a cradle in which the baby orioles were rocked to sleep by gentle summer breezes. Placed beside this, the rude platform of coarse twigs and stems which the cuckoo throws together for her eggs and young seems hardly a bird's nest at all. The kingfisher's nest is a bed of fish bones at the end of a burrow in a sand bank. Think of the toil of this bird in digging a tunnel six or eight feet long. If we did all that digging and then hollowed out, as the kingfisher does, a good-sized room at the end of it, I think we



should want it furnished with something more comfortable than a bed of sharp fish bones!

The killdeer plover gives herself much less trouble by simply scooping out a handful of sand for her eggs, while the night hawk makes no nest but lays her two eggs on a flat rock.

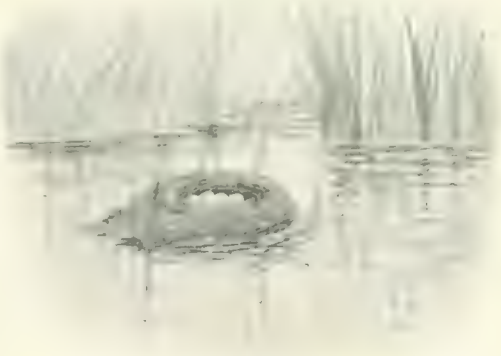
The osprey's nest is a cart-load of driftwood and all sorts of articles like bones and ropes; the humming bird's is a tiny, dainty bit of soft felt covered with lichens. Between these there are nests of all sizes, some made of basket work, others in masonry, carpentry and felting. The nests of chimney swifts are shelves glued to walls and chimneys; the bank swallow burrows in the sand; the rough-winged swallow often builds in a stone wall; the cliff swallow, on the face of a cliff or under the eaves of a barn, the nest being curiously shaped of mud



Made of mud, in the shape of a chemist's retort.

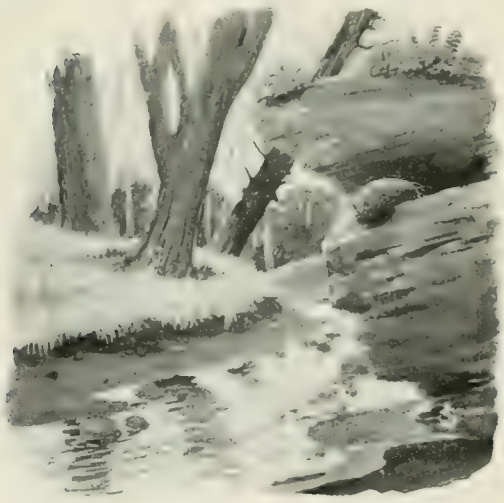
like a chemist's retort; cuckoos' and mourning doves' nests are platforms of sticks in trees or bushes. Orioles' nests are pockets; woodpeckers' are dugouts; the marsh wren's nest is a hollow ball fastened to the reeds; the ovenbird's is in the form of a tiny Eskimo hut or an old-fashioned oven.

It is almost unthinkable that a bird should build a nest on the water. Yet that is exactly what the grebes always do. With reeds, grass and plant stems the grebe makes a regular floating island, somewhat hollowed out on top, usually near the open water of a marshy or reedy lake. We have several kinds of



grebes, but their nests are much alike, sometimes moored to the reeds but usually floating freely on the water.

One of the prettiest of all birds' nests is our common phœbe's. We can find one under nearly every bridge that spans a creek in the country. For Phœbe loves a merry brook with its rustic old bridge, or its rocky sides where she also finds a sheltered ledge for her mossy nest. And such a nest! We have a little plant called bird's nest, but it seems hardly more of a plant than does the phœbe's nest seem a kind of moss-plant growing on the side of its mossy rock just above the laughing brook. I have known birds to leave their nests when I had simply come close enough to peep into them. Upon coming again, eagerly expecting to find



THE NEST OF A PHŒBE.
About half-way up on the under side of a big rock by the brook.

a happy pair and four or five pretty eggs, it was pitiful to see only a solitary cold egg. Then to look at the beautiful and wonderful little house and think that all that patient work had been done in vain!

But after the young birds have left the nests we need have no fear of annoying the birds even by taking one. Very few birds will use the same nest twice; and of those who would, many must be compelled to build a new one each spring or summer, as the winds of autumn and the snows of winter destroy a large proportion of them. We are not likely to harm the birds by collecting all the nests which we can reach even by climbing trees for them.

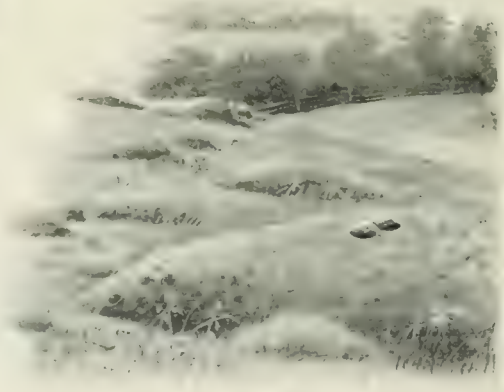


THE NEST OF AN OVEN-BIRD ON THE GROUND.

Next to the Baltimore orioles', vireos' nests best withstand the storms, and these are often built in low saplings, within easy reach of a person standing on the ground.

There are many other well preserved nests, such as the robin's, thrush's, waxwing's, shrike's, goldfinch's, song sparrow's (in bushes) and of course all nests in the shelter of buildings or ledges, like the phœbe's, barn swallow's and bank swallow's.

It is not so easy to name nests deserted as when they are in use, when we can depend on the owners and the eggs. We shall find some



THE "NEST" OF A NIGHTHAWK.
You cannot "collect" this nest. The two granite-colored eggs are on top of a ledge of rocks.

nests which it will be impossible to name; but close observation will greatly reduce the num-

ber of doubtful ones. Egg shells are often to be found in or under a nest, and the merest bit of an egg shell is usually enough for identification. Even whole eggs are sometimes to be found in winter nests, since it is not uncommon for one or two eggs of a set to be addled — eggs which do not hatch.

Now we may search for cowbirds' eggs under the lining of yellow warblers' nests, for we know how the cunning warbler covers the unwelcome eggs with a new lining to her nest.

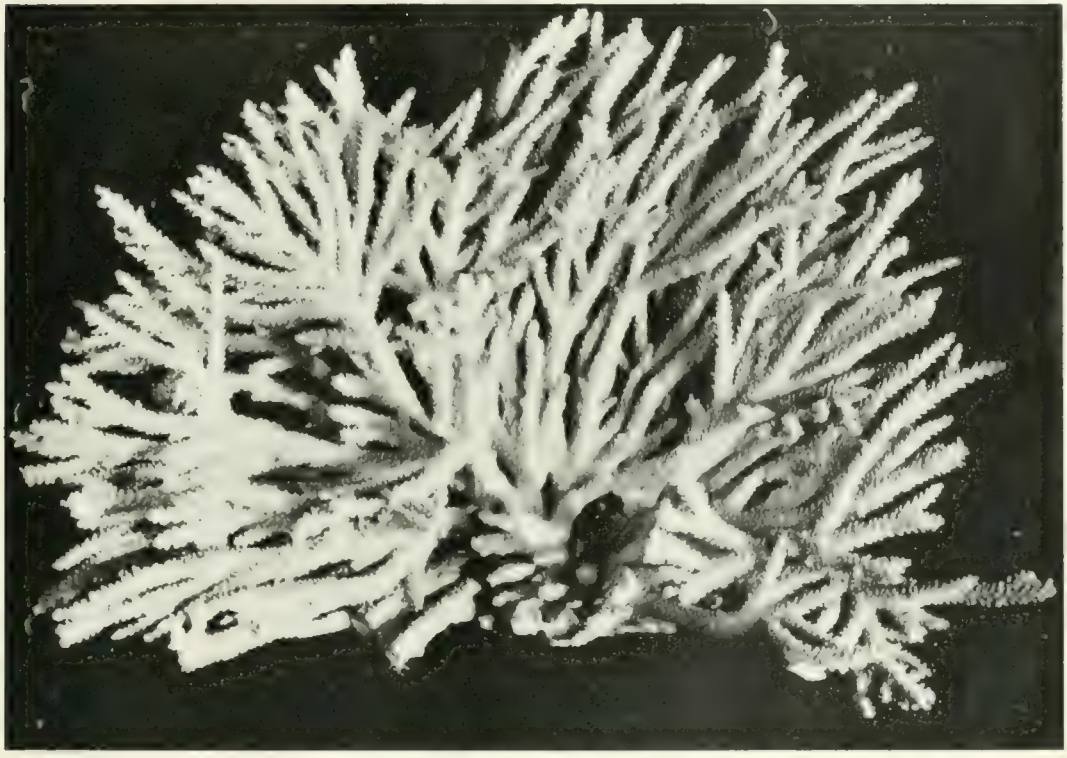
It is interesting and instructive to observe how curiously and skilfully they are made. Nests may be carried and even collected after the young birds have left the nests. What a variety of substances are used! Yet each little scrap is in its place—a daub of mud where mud was needed, a wisp of straw where nothing else would do so well; hair, or dry grass, or feathers, pine leaves, or the soft down of a thistle for a lining.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

ANOTHER PLANT-LIKE SEA ANIMAL.

ON page 63 of NATURE AND SCIENCE for May was shown the expanded, flower-like tentacles of a sea anemone.

Here is a photograph of a profusely branching body resembling a cluster of thorny twigs or a mass of shrubbery, but it is really the external skeleton and home of coral animals that secrete it. Naturalists, many years ago, supposed that coral was a plant, and they were so impressed by its plant-like appearance that they called the formations "blossoms of the gardens of the sea." For a long time they argued about the question, and even the famous botanist Linnaeus would not admit that they were wholly of an animal nature, so he called them (and some other similar forms of life) Zoöphytes, which word means plant-like animals, or animal-like plants. The specimen that I have photographed is a remarkably good one. You will notice that there are no broken "branches," and that the detail is good even out to the extreme tips of the twigs.



THE CORAL KNOWN TO SCIENTISTS AS MADREPORA CLAVICORNIS.

A GIGANTIC JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEREWITH is an illustration of the largest Aroid, both in leaf and flower, of which we have any knowledge. An Aroid is a plant that is a member of the Arum family. Our familiar "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," ("Indian turnip"), is a member of this Arum family. The arrow arum and skunk cabbage are also in this Arum (*Araceae*) family.



OUR COMMON AROID OR "INDIAN TURNIP."

(*Arisæma triphyllum*)

a, flower with spathe turned back; *b*, *c*, two forms of spadix

This gigantic Aroid (*Godwinia gigas*) was described many years ago by Dr. Berthold Seeman in the Journal of Botany. I quote some of his statements regarding this plant:

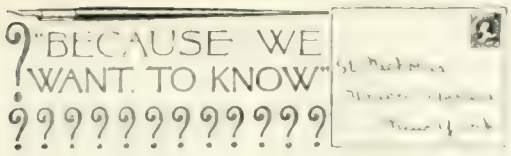
"This is the largest Aroid, both in leaf and flower, of which we have any knowledge. It was discovered in January, 1869, near to Javali Mine in the Chontales Mountains of Nicaragua, where it grows in broken ground near rivulets (*quebradas*) amongst brushwood. I have never seen it in any other part of tropical America, but from information lately received I am led to believe that this, or a plant very much like it, is found in the mountains of neighboring Central American Republics.

"The root stock, with its whorl of roots, turned topsy-turvy, much resembles an old man's head, bald at the top; in the two specimens dug up it was 2 ft., 2 in. in circumference and weighed from 90 to 92 ounces. There are no roots whatever in the lower part of the corm, which is perfectly smooth and white; all are placed in a whorl around the top, and between them many young corms are nestling. The plant has only one leaf at a time, and after that has died off the flower spathe makes its appearance, both being of gigantic dimensions. The petiole (of the largest specimens measured in Nicaragua) is 10 ft. long and 10 lines in circumference, covered with minute spiny projections, and with a metallic beautifully mottled surface, (brimstone yellow, barred and striped with purple), giving it the appearance of a snake standing erect. The blade of the leaf (which is green on both sides) is 3 ft. 8 in. long, so that the whole leaf is 13 ft. 8 in. long (Engl. measurement). The blade is divided into three primary sections, which are again repeatedly subdivided, the extreme divisions being ovate-acuminate. The peduncle (stem) is 3 ft. long, and 4 in. in circumference, mottled, and with minute spiny projections as the petiole, and furnished towards the base with several large bracts. The flower-spathe is the greatest curiosity, measuring as it does 1 ft. 11 in. in length, and 1 ft. 8 in. in width. It is of a thick, leathery texture; outside of a dark bluish-brown, and inside of a dark brownish-red, with the exception of the base and those parts surrounding the spadix, which are whitish-yellow. The spadix is only 9 in. long, and nine lines across."

When this account of the huge "Jack-in-the Pulpit" was first published in England, it was believed that the statements were untrue or greatly exaggerated. It furnished a subject for articles in humorous papers ridiculing the "so-called discovery." Later, seeds were sent, the plants raised, and the accuracy of the statements proved.



THE GIANT "JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT."



ENTHUSIASTIC STUDENT OF FROGS, TOADS, AND TURTLES.

[illegible], N. J.

[illegible] always go there and start collecting turtles and toads. [illegible] and earth with clods of high grass and plants that were small enough to go in the box. The box had the top and part of the sides off and we put mosquito netting around the sides and fishnet over the top. We put a pan in the box and sunk it in the dirt till it was on a level with the dirt. Then we filled it with water so that the turtles would swim. There was some sand in the pan and the turtles would go and hide in the sand. Then we made a hill at one end of the box so the turtles could climb up and take a peek at their native land. We also made caves in the sand for them. We kept toads too and handled them. Now you may think it is awful to handle toads for you think they will give one warts but they do not. I have handled toads for three years and I have never gotten a wart from a toad or a frog so I ought to know. The toads took possession of the caves or tried to get out. One old toad took to a cave and kept on shoving sand to the entrance of his cave and making a wall of sand as if he was afraid something would come and chase him out. This toad we named the Miser because he wouldn't let any toad come in his house. I will be glad if you can tell me what made him do that.

Tom or Oak as we named him was the first turtle we found that year. When we found him he gave vent to a hiss which he evidently thought would scare us and then shut up. He was the tamest and oldest turtle we ever had for he had a large crack and two holes in his shell and some letters on his under side which we could not make out.

We caught twenty turtles in those two months. This is a true story.

ERIC VALENTINE DISBROW (age 10).

Mealworms (obtained at any bird store) are a favorite food with toads and frogs. The turtles will eat them, too, if they are thrown in the water.

In keeping a collection like this it is much better to use coarse (well-washed) gravel, instead of earth. Then everything in the vivarium is clean — not muddy.

R. L. DITMARS.

FOOD OF JELLYFISHES.

ARNPRIOR, ONTARIO.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Jellyfishes eat small fishes and other smaller



A JELLYFISH

forms of animal life in the ocean. Sometimes they eat one another. They capture their prey by aid of the tentacles and stinging cells.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRUIT AND VEGETABLE.

[illegible]

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want very much to know what is the difference between a fruit and a vegetable. I do not see any at all. Your interested reader,

ANITA ALLEN (age 9).

It is very difficult to define the word fruit as was explained in the illustrated article "October Fruits," page 1128, "Nature and Science," October, 1903. Please read that article carefully.

In brief and as a partial definition it may be stated that scientifically the term fruit means the seed and associated parts. The botanist regards wheat, beanpods, burdock, maple "keys," as much fruits as he does apples and oranges. In popular use, the term fruit is ap-

plied only to juicy, edible parts closely associated with the seeds, or the parts where the seeds would be located if there were any, as in seedless fruits like the banana.

The term vegetable has reference to the whole or any part of a plant cultivated especially with reference to use at the table. But the use of the word vegetable does n't always depend upon cooking, for celery is a vegetable and apples are fruit whether eaten raw or cooked.

One would suppose the tomato to be entitled to the term fruit, for the method of its raising resembles that of fruit. But it is usually called vegetable whether eaten raw or cooked, in spite of its appearance. The quince is so fruit-like in appearance—so resembling apples, pears, etc.—that it persists in being called fruit though eaten only when cooked.

Sometimes the vegetable is a bud as with cabbages and brussels sprouts, leaves as spinach, stems above ground as asparagus, stems enlarged (tubers) underground as common potatoes, or roots as sweet potatoes, turnips, beets and carrots.

GALLS ON THE ENDS OF BRANCHES OF THE WILD ROSE.

South Blue Hill, Maine.

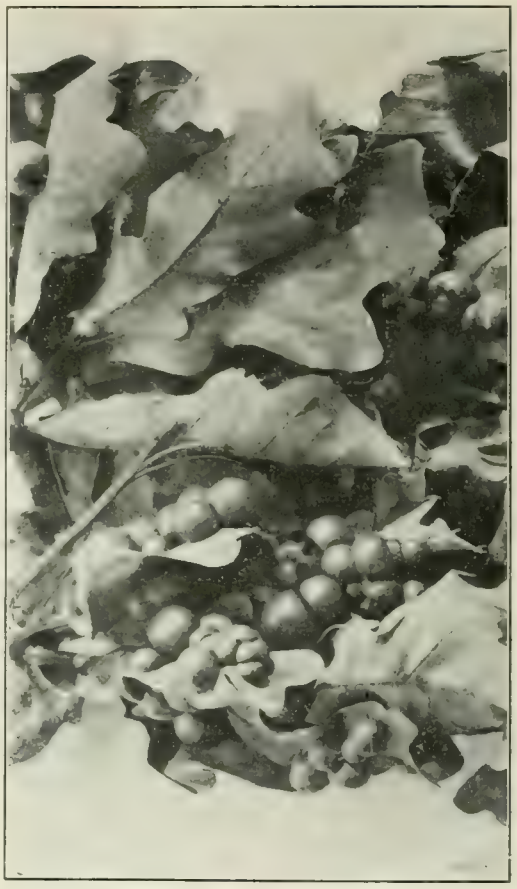
Dear St. Nicholas: I am sending you by this mail a curious growth which I found.

Your young friend,

Dorothy Baldwin.



GALLS ON THE ENDS OF BRANCHES OF A WILD ROSE



"CHERRY" GALLS ON OAK LEAVES

This is the beautiful rose gall known as *Rhodites bicolor*. It seems that the rose bush is bound to be beautiful even in the growth from the "sting" of an insect.

MOSSY GALL ON THE STEM OF A WILD ROSE.

Bound Brook, N. J.

Dear St. Nicholas: On a walk the other day I found on a wild rose bush a red and yellow hairy growth. I also noticed that the leaves of one small tree all looked as if they had warts on them. I will send you one of these leaves and also the stem of the rose. Will you please tell me whether these are fungus growths, and if not what they are? I am very much interested in this department and have a collection both of butterflies and flowers.

Yours truly,

Gretchen Franke.

This is the mossy rose-gall (*Rhodites rosæ*). The accompanying photograph that I took of

your specimen I know you will say does not do justice, for it cannot show the dainty coloring in beautiful tints.

CHERRY SHAPED AND COLORED GALLS ON OAK LEAVES.

[illegible], ALABAMA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found these beautiful little oak leaves up in the mountains, the other day, and we are anxious to know what these curious, pretty little balls are. The ground was quite covered with little young oak sprouts, and all the leaves had these little balls on them. At a distance they looked like flowers, and nearer like grapes. I send the leaves in a little wooden box by mail, and hope they will reach you safely. Please tell me what they are.

Your loving friend,

KATHLEEN WARD.

These are an interesting *cherry* form of oak leaf galls, quite unlike the *mossy* galls on oak leaves—but in a distinctly different type, none the less beautiful.

To these interesting contributions, I add a specimen of *Psyllid* galls on hackberry. Almost every leaf on the small tree was covered with these beautifully tinted galls, giving the appearance of some new kind of fruit. All



[illegible]

these queer growths are caused by the "sting" of an insect placing its egg in the plant tissue.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE WITH MOTHER PARTRIDGE AND BROOD.

[illegible], NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write you about some partridges which I saw at Bar Harbor, Maine, on



[illegible]

one of my various mountain trips. I and my party were resting after an especially hard climb, when suddenly almost under our feet rose a large partridge. Immediately our two dogs dashed off in close pursuit. I followed quickly, as I had once read that a partridge will pretend to be lame to distract the attention of dogs and people from her nest. She did as I thought she would, and pretended her wing was hurt, so cleverly that I was deceived myself, and was starting to call the dogs off, when suddenly, right at my feet, I saw scurrying along through the underbrush and dry leaves about ten little partridges, which looked more like little brown balls of cotton or wool on toothpicks than anything else. I held my skirt open and two of them ran right in, when all of a sudden their mother gave a sort of a warning chirp as she fluttered past, which must have meant "Keep still and shut up" or something of the like. At once the little birds plumped down where they were, the two in my lap jumping away under a dry leaf, and before I knew it they had all disappeared. I was very afraid that I would step on them, but I made a large jump away from the place, caught the dogs, and left the mother to take her children to some safe place within the woods.

Yours respectfully,

[illegible]

Our young folks will recall that similar feigning lameness by the night-hawk was pictured on page 744 of "Nature and Science" for June last year.

On page 751 of same number was a letter regarding the China pheasant that "ran off limping down the slope as though she were hurt."



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY STANISLAUS F. MCNEILL, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN'S CREST.

BY PHYLLIS SARGENT (AGE 12).

(*Cash Prize.*)

Oh, let us climb the mountain's crest,
And wander far and far away,
Along the path towards the west,
All golden at the close of day.
Oh, let us seek for fairyland;
It must be somewhere near at hand.

"I cannot; 't is too hard to climb
That rugged mountain dark and drear;
Oh, let us wait, there still is time,
And surely we are safer here.
How should we know the pathway there,
While there is darkness everywhere?"

Oh, we should hear the cuckoo's call,
And follow it through day and night.
'T would lead us safely on o'er all,
Until again we saw the light.
Oh, come with me, I cannot stay,
I must not waste another day.

You will not come? then I must go,
For time is ever flying on;
But you will follow me I know
To fairyland, when I am gone.
You too will cross the mountain's crest,
Along the path towards the west.



"STELLA OF ARCHES." BY ELEANOR SMITH, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

THIS month we have some letters from our "earthquake" members, and very interesting ones they are. Probably most members of the League are only too glad not to have experienced that famous "shaking up" and the terrible fire which followed, yet many of us, no doubt, envy those who passed through the ordeal safely, for it was an experience worth having. Such an event is apt to occur but once in a thousand years or so, and it is unlikely that any one now living will live until the next one arrives, either in San Francisco or elsewhere.

Perhaps it was the earthquake that has shaken us back to our correct place in the calendar. We had our July League in August, but we are righted, at last, and the September competition is where it belongs. It is true that part of it was carried over from last December when our whole schedule suddenly became so upset, but as the September subjects were the same, the piecing together will be hardly noticeable. October, and we hope all the rest of the months, will find the League and the season going hand in hand in the pleasant way they have followed for more than six years.

A few new readers may not know just what the League is. Well, the St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers for the purpose of cultivating talent and higher ideals. Prizes are awarded each month with this end in view, though the prizes are by no means the best reward of League effort, as any League member, successful or otherwise, will testify. The League motto is "Live to learn and learn to live," and that fully comprehends every League aim. League advancement is made through persevering effort and the comparative study of the published work. The membership is free, and badges and instruction leaflets are sent on application. The prize offers and rules will be found on the last League page.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 80.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Phyllis Sargent** (age 12), [illegible]. Gold badges, **Ruth H. Keigwin** (age 16), 35 W. Sidney Ave. Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and **Clara Shanafelt** (age 14), 320 N. Market St., Canton, Ohio.

Silver badges, **Frances Lubbe Ross** (age 15), Conshohocken, Pa.; **Elizabeth P. James** (age 11), Lawrenceburg, Ind., and **Bernard F. Trotter** (age 15), Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

Prose. Gold badges, **Ruth A. Spalding** (age 15), 11 York Ave., Towanda, Pa., and **Ellen E. Williams** (age 13), 241 Broadway, Norwich, Conn.

Silver badges, **Grace H. Wolf** (age 14), Milford, Pa., and **Lelia Tupper** (age 13), Bruce, Ky.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Alice Dodge Smith** (age 16), 170 Warren Ave., Detroit, Mich.; **Raymond Rohn** (age 17), Box 226, P. L. Co., Lima, Ohio, and **Conrad Bock** (age 12), 845 Bennett St., Wilmington, Del.

Silver Badges, **Katherine E. Butler** (age 15), Hathorne, Mass.; **Mary P. Damon** (age 14), 98 Washington St., Newton, Mass., and **Muriel Dorothy Barrell** (age 7), Summer St., Bristol, Conn.

Photography. Gold badges, **Charles F. Billings** (age 14), Box 110, Thomaston, Conn., and **Helen L. K. Porter** (age 12), 165 Gates Ave., Montclair, N. J.

Silver Badges, **Piero Collonna** (age 14), Villa Massino, Via S. Basilio, Rome, Italy, and **Christina Nielson** (age 13), 1832 Myrtle St., Oakland, Cal.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Flying Squirrel," by **Dwight B. Pangburn** (age 16), 731 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. Second prize, "Male Bluebird inspecting nest," **Clifford H. Pangburn** (age 17), 731 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. Third Prize, "Seals," **Elizabeth King** (age 16), 28 Jefferson Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Grace Lowenhaupt** (age 10), 151 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Halesia D. Hoffmeister** (age 14), 685 East 51st St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Silver badges, **Mary D. Bailey** (age 14), Mechanicsville, N. Y., and **Caroline C. Johnson** (age 12), 87 High St., Yonkers, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **James A. Lynd** (age 14), 6362 Overbrook Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Helen Sherman Harlow** (age 14), 21 Middle St., Plymouth, Mass.

Silver badges, **Lalite Willcox** (age 17), 341 S. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; **Nellie Zarifi** (age 14), 27 Cours Pierre Puget, Marseilles, France, and **Kathryn Ivel Wellman** (age 12), Friendship, N. Y.

Subjects for Competition. Silver badge, **Mary Pemberton Nourse** (age 14), Casanova, Va.

THE LESSER MOUNTAINS OF NEW ENGLAND.

[illegible]

You ask that I should sing of foreign mountains
The crystal sheen of crashing waterfall,
The flashing snow, the opalescent shadows,
The rose of glorious sunset covering all.



[illegible]

Ah, lovelier far the dear New England foothills,
The warmth of growing green, the gentle breeze
Which curves in rolling waves the bending grasses
And brings the woody fragrance of the trees.

The juniper creeps low in sunny stretches,
The mountain laurel scents the air around,
And far above the pine trees lift their branches
Shedding their fragrant needles on the ground.

The underbrush bends o'er the stony pathway
And rudely catches at the passer-by
Who turning gazes on the view around him
Touched by the simple beauty 'neath his eye.

Simplicity's own charms can ne'er be equaled;
With cheerful growing life, with gentle rest,
With happy coloring, she touched the hillsides
Of dear New England—touched, and left them blest.

WILD ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY RUTH A. SPALDING (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MANY words in the English language have experienced a complete change, either in form or in meaning, since their origination. To the latter class our English word "etiquette" belongs.

"Etiquette" is from the French word meaning ticket or label, which meaning our word retained until after the reign of Louis XIV. At that time an old Scotch gardener, who was laying out the grounds at Versailles for the king was much annoyed by the courtiers walking over the newly made grounds. Finding that it did no good to expostulate with these men, he had tickets placed indicating exactly where they might walk. Little or no heed was paid to these signs for a long time. Finally it was brought before the king's notice and he immediately sent out word that the courtiers must keep within the "etiquettes." After this the gardener was no longer troubled by the courtiers as it soon became the correct thing to keep within the "etiquette."

This phrase has gradually broadened until it no longer means simply to keep within certain signs, but to keep within established forms of ceremony or decorum.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY CONRAD BOCK, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)



"FLYING SQUIRREL." BY DWIGHT B. PANGBURN, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY CLARA SHANAFELT (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE blithesome start, the light unwearied steps,
The laughing face, bright in the rosy light
Of dawn; the whisp'ring breeze, the nodding flow'rs,
The singing birds, and all the way-side joys—
This is the merry morning of the climb.
Then comes the golden noon, the quiv'ring light,
The firm sure tread, the noble sweet content,
The rest upon the shaded moss-grown seat,
Then on. Upward and upward still
Through the long shadows of the afternoon,
Stumbling and falling but still up and on
Till falls the night, with but a star to guide
Over the rough sharp stones and through the dark.
Then, slowly wonderful, the breaking day,
The golden sunlight, through the thick night-mists.
At last, the summit reached, the wondrous view;
Thus we ascend the mountain men call Life.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORD "HELLO."

BY ELLEN E. WILLIAMS (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE word "hello" is one of the shortest and commonest in our language. We hear it used every day as a familiar word of greeting, and it has a long and interesting history, dating as far back as the Norman conquests.

When William the Conqueror was crowned King of England, he introduced the French language for court use; Latin was for scientific writings, and English the speech of the common people. At that time, the British Isles were infested with wolves, and the law compelled every nobleman to kill a certain number each year. So hunting parties were the fashion, and the words "au loup, au loup" (to the wolf, to the wolf) became a sort of password. From a distance this sounds like "alloo, alloo."

It is well known that certain of the English have the knack of dropping and prefixing the letter "h," so when that language came again into favor in the time of King Edward Third, "alloo" became "halloo," and has been gradually shortened into our modern word "hello."



"MALE BLUEBIRD PROTECTING NEST." BY THEODORE H. VAN BURN, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

SEEN FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP.

BY FRANCES LEBEE KOSS (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I STOOD upon the mountain top,
Far, far above the little town,
Upon whose homes and churches neat
I looked with loving memory down.
The twilight made all harmonize,
And hid the crudeness from my eyes.

And then the evening star appeared,
And, as in answer to its glow,
The lamps in many homes were lit,
There in the little town below;
Until a brilliant chain of light
Was hung about the town that night.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY GRACE H. WOLFE (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OF all the words in our language, I think that *canteen* is one of the most interesting.

Originally it consisted of the two words *tin can*. Later the French took them into their language, adding *e* to the adjective and placing it after the noun, thus making the word cantine.

The French meaning for it is a bottle case.

Soon afterwards cantine was taken into the English language and was spelled *canteen*, although it is sometimes spelled as the French spell it.

In English this word means a vessel used by soldiers, in which they carry water, liquor, and other kinds of drink.

These vessels are made of wood in the English service, but in the United States they are usually made of tin.

Each vessel holds about three pints.

Another meaning of this word is a shop where refreshments and liquors are kept, and sold to soldiers.

In late years there has been great agitation in the United States about whether alchoholic drinks should be sold in canteens or not. Finally Congress passed a law prohibiting this traffic.

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY BERNARD L. [illegible] (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

DARKNESS, and smoke, and a distant rumble,
A sulphurous smell, and a grinding grumble,
And the earth began to heave and tumble.

It heaved and tumbled, till, at the close,
When after the tumult came repose,
A mighty pile majestic rose.

Then through the ages nature wrought
With cunning skill, and ever sought
To shape the mountain to her thought.

The rain and frost both lent their aid.
A dress of pine and fir she made,
With grassy slopes and rocks inlaid.

The mountain stands, its lofty head
Snow-clad, when the old year is dead,
All gorgeous with the sunset's red.

In summer, mists about it play,
A little breeze blows them away;
But stands the mountain still, for aye.



"SEALS." BY ELIZABETH KING, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAINS.

BY ELIZABETH F. JAMES (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

THE afternoon is waning;
And on the mountains there
The bright red sun is staining
The snow with colors rare

The afternoon is closing;
The mountains are at rest;
The village lieth dozing;
The birds are in the nest.

The sun has sunk completely
Behind the mountains high;
A nightingale sings sweetly
A good-night lullaby.



"THE HILLS." BY HELEN L. K. PORTER, AGED 12. (GOLD BADGE.)



"THE HILLS." BY CHRISTINA NIELSON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY LILLA TUPPER (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE there lived in Dublin, Ireland, a man named Daly. Mr. Daly was a manager of a large play-house in that city.

One day, while talking with some friends, he laid a wager that in twenty-four hours he would have a new word in everybody's mouth, but no one would know its meaning. His friends took the wager, thinking that surely it could not be done.

Soon, on all the fences, blank walls, and sign-boards, appeared the letters Q-u-i-z.

When two men met, one would inquire of the other if he knew the meaning of these letters. But the answer was always, "No."

Learned men went home and examined their dictionaries of the ancient languages, hoping to find the word.

Members of secret societies probably thought it to be the name of some new club; while perhaps some small boys wondered if the mysterious letters formed the name of something good to eat.

At any rate Daly won his wager.

Quiz has now come to mean to puzzle, a riddle or obscure question, or, one who quizzes others.

A MOUNTAIN OF ANCIENT JAPAN.

BY ELIZABETH GARDINER (AGE 12).

THERE once was a mountain all covered with snow,
A mountain of ancient Japan.
And it may have been there for all that we know,
Been there since the old world began.

It towered on high, over garden and vine,
This mountain of ancient Japan.
It was said, when this mountain was angry a sign
Would be sent to the children of man.

Now, down in the village which stood at the base
Of this mountain of ancient Japan,
Lived a dear little girl, with a dear little face,
And her name it was Mimosa San.



"THE HILLS." BY ALICE NIELSON, AGE 14.



"[illegible]"
BY [illegible], AGE [illegible]

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

BY [illegible] (AGE 12).

(*Honor Member.*)

[illegible] I, standing in the valley,
"Now, [illegible]"
And my name I saw one day in
"Roll of Honor No. 2."

Still a little farther upward;
Just a little more is done,
And oh, joy! my name appears in
"Roll of Honor No. 1."

Now this serves to spur me onward,
[illegible]
And I climb a little higher
And the silver badge is mine.

And I climb a good deal farther,
And a year away has rolled,
When I 've gone near all the distance,
And I 've won a badge of gold.

But I have not reached the summit,
And, of course, I will not stop,
For the cash prize lies there waiting;
Shall I reach the mountain-top?

One morning that dawned o'er this mountain of snow,
This mountain of ancient Japan,
People all pointed upward, and she looked, when lo!
She saw smoke in the shape of a fan.

She ran like the wind to the emperor's palace,
The palace of ancient Japan.
She held for an offering an ancient gold chalice
In one hand, and my how she ran!

But the mountain was quiet and rumbled no more,
This mountain of ancient Japan,
Not even a sound of a riot or roar,
For this story was all on a fan.

A STORIED WORD.

BY BLANCHE FLEMING (AGE 15).

(*Honor Member.*)

In the early pioneer days, when the crude homes were many days' journey apart and news of the outside world was brought only by the chance traveler, these wanderers were welcomed as old friends and given a place in the family circle.

At this time Indiana was but a part of the boundless western region, its people subject to the fierce attacks of the Indians and far from any aid, so that as night came on they bolted their doors and shuttered the windows. If by chance a traveler sought admittance after dark he was first greeted by the words, "Who's here?"

In the rough language of that time these words became shortened to "Who's yere?" and it was not long until, to Eastern folk, this section of the country became known as the "Who's yere?" region, thus giving to Indiana the name of the Hoosier State.

MOUNTAINS.

BY FRANCES HYLAND (AGE 7).

I love the mountains fresh and green
With finest berries ever seen.
They seem to change to different hue
Sometimes purple and sometimes blue.



"[illegible]" BY [illegible], AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MADELAINE F. H. MERTINE (AGE 15).

At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, there lived at Lynchburg, Virginia, a gentleman named Charles Lynch. He was a staunch old Whig, but during his early life he had been a Quaker, and his actions were still so governed by that doctrine that he did not take an active service in arms. Nevertheless he did a great deal for the American cause.

At that time, the whole mountainous region of Virginia was infested by Tories and desperadoes of all kinds who plundered and burned the homes of the Continentals without mercy. There was a great deal of horse-stealing too, because horses were scarce in both armies and they brought a good price. As the

war went on the robbers grew very bold because they knew they were secure from punishment in the unsettled condition of the time. To make matters worse Mr. Lynch learned that a conspiracy against the Continental government was hatching in his own community. This was too much for the sturdy old patriot. The trial court sat about two hundred miles from Campbell county, and as the war made it impossible to send prisoners so far, Mr. Lynch decided to take matters in his own hands. He, with three neighbors, Captain William Preston, Captain Robert Adams, Jr., and Colonel James Calloway, determined to punish all lawlessness themselves. Under Mr. Lynch's direction, suspected persons were arrested and brought to his house. Here they were tried by Mr. Lynch and the other three gentlemen, the latter sitting as associate justices. The accused and his accusers were brought face to face and when the offender heard the testimony against him he was allowed to call witnesses in his behalf and to plead his case. If acquitted he was allowed to depart, if convicted he was sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back. Then if he did not cry "Liberty forever," he was hanged up by the thumbs until he did say it. The whipping post was a large walnut tree which is still standing on the lawn of the Lynch house.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY KATHERINE E. BUTLER, AGED 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

This circumstance which afterward gained Mr. Lynch the title of "judge," was the origin of the terms "lynch-law" and "lynching," now used to designate any punishment inflicted by persons who have not the authority to do so.

THE MOUNTAINS.

BY JEAN GRAY ALLEN (AGE 13).

They stretch, those lordly mountains,
Afar from shore to shore,
And outlined 'gainst the deep blue sky
As stately as of yore.

And through the tangled branches,
A little brooklet lies.
Above, the bird's sweet music soars,
And rises to the skies.

While hidden by the mosses,
With perfume pure and sweet,
The violets, fresh and dewy,
Our peeping faces greet.

As they have stood for ages,
The mountains stand to-day.
And they will stand for years to come
When we have passed away.

NOTICE.—The St. Nicholas League always welcomes suggestions concerning subjects and competitions.
Address, THE EDITOR.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY LUCILE DELIGHT WOODLING (AGE 13).

(*Honor Member.*)

It is a word that all of us know, and one that will never leave the language of any nation. Mother says it is the dearest little word in all the world to her. There has never been a warrior or statesman who has not said it, or a scholar or prince whose lips have failed to form it.

It is "agoo." There is no great mystery or meaning back of it, save the beautiful mystery of babyhood, and the meaning of innocent joy.

Sacred in the record of every mother's heart, and therefore, in the history of the world, is this tiny word. No dictionary explains it, for it can be interpreted only by loving hearts.

Every language has "agoo." Thousands, millions of sweet babies form it every day with their rosy mouths. In crowded tenement districts, babies, Swedish, Italian, English, can say "agoo," and laugh, and understand each other. But their parents jabber in vain; they have forgotten the language of innocence.

How much better this old world would be, could we all say one simple language, and laugh, and understand! What are all these side issues of learning, anyway, in comparison to the pure thought of a little child?

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY FRANCES SLADEN BRADLEY (AGE 11).

A long time ago the Anglo-Saxons had a God that they called Wodin. The Norsemen, however, called him Odin. He and his brothers were supposed to have created the earth. The heavens were his kingdoms.

The Scandinavians also worshiped him, but the place in which he was considered greater was Denmark. There, he was the wild huntsman that rode in the sky, over seas and land.

The people had an especial day in which they devoted themselves to Wodin or Odin.

He drank from Mimir's fountain and thus became the wisest of gods and men. Drinking from the fountain he lost an eye.

Many, many years after, the people changed the name of the day in which they worshiped Wodin to Wednesday, which means Wodin's day.

Ever since that time the fourth day of the week has been called Wednesday.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY MURIEL DOROTHY BARRELL, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MOUNTAIN HOSPICE.

BY [illegible] (Age 7.)

(*Honor Member.*)

Where the everlasting mountains
Lift their snowy peaks on high;
While below, the rippling fountains
Seem to murmur to the sky;

Where the hunter swiftly climbing
Seeks the chamois with his bow,
Hears in thought the church bells chiming
Of the chapel down below;

There, upon the mountain lonely
Live the monks we know so well,
Whose [illegible]
To make refuge where they dwell.

And their dogs, so brave and daring,
Going out into the storm;
Tho' dumb creatures, wisely caring—
Rescuing each prostrate form.

No lost travelers' calls unheeded,
Not unanswered, is their prayer;
Quick to guide to shelter needed,
Lo, a dog's voice leads them there.

Tho' we hear full many stories
Of the mountains, east and west,
Covered each with countless glories,
Still I love this one the best.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MARJORIE R. BECK (Age 15).

(*Honor Member.*)

This is the story of the word [illegible], common enough in most countries. The old Normans brought this word with them when they came to England; and it originated in the Latin adverb *foras*, which means out of doors. This word forest in those days did not mean the same as it does now, for it meant merely a tract of land, not necessarily wooded, which was not governed by the common law.

In about the year 1070, William the Conqueror, after conquering England and making himself king, laid waste a great piece of land from Winchester to the seashore. This land was not to be governed by the common law, but belonged to the king alone, and he called it the New Forest. It stretched away for miles, rough, rocky, and wild. In this forest there were many wild animals, and William allowed no one to kill them but himself and those whom he invited to hunt with him. Hunting was one of his favorite amusements and he spent a great deal of time in his new forest. It must have been a gay sight, the king, his friends and hunters in hunting dress, riding swift steeds and urging on their packs of fierce, baying hounds through that wild waste.

Later on he had trees planted in some parts of this so-called forest, sometimes to protect the game, and sometimes to make use of land which was not fertile enough to grow anything else, by growing timber. Of course, after some time, nearly all the place was wooded, and as it was called "the forest," people gradually came to call all land that was thickly covered with trees by this name, and they do so to this day.

"BALL."

BY [illegible] (Age 13.)

(*Honor Member.*)

Hundreds of years ago there was in vogue in Europe a three-fold game in which the young men and women took part. In this game the people danced to the sound of their own voices and as they danced they tossed a ball—so called by general consent—back and forth to one another. It is said that this game originated from the Neapolitan custom of "Ball Playing in Church" during Saturnalia or "Feast of Fools" which corresponded to our Easter time. The ceremony began



"STUDY" BY RAYMOND L. BIN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

by the Dean taking the ball in the left hand. Then commencing an antiphon, in which all the choir boys joined as they danced around him, singing at the same time, he threw the ball to first one and then another. There is still in existence a statute which regulates the size and character of the ball used on these occasions.

Thus when the three-fold game, mentioned above, separated and the three sets of dances became independent of each other, the dance itself took the name of the article used in this dancing game, therefore it was called a "Ball," and the song sung as they danced was styled the Ballata or according to the present time Ballad—indicative of a dancing song. While Ballare brought into existence the French Ballet applied to a dancing tune.

This is the origin of the word "Ball" in its relation to a dance.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers. Its membership is free. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY BUFORD BRICE (AGE 11).

(*Honor Member.*)

THE full dress of our army and navy officers is topped off with the chapeau, yet few know the origin of this peculiarly named hat, and I am going to tell you what I have learned about it. It sounds Frenchy, and indeed it is of French origin, although it is now used every day by the English. Many, many years ago when the Crusaders marched to the Holy Land to take the birth and death place of our Saviour from the Saracens they all wore queer caps made of catskin. These caps were worn mostly by the French, and the French name for cat being chat, and the French name for skin peau, they combined the two and called the caps chapeau. After that, the word was applied to all hats by the French, and to the full dress hats of the officers in the army and navy of this country.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY REBECCA EDITH HILLES (AGE 13).

(*Honor Member.*)

IN the days of long ago the old alchemists were very superstitious, and believed that if they put the sign of the cross in the bottom of their melting pots, it would bring them better luck. Thus when the clay was soft, and the pot was being formed, they imprinted the figure of the cross in it, and would not use one without, for luck's sake.

Little by little, as the years went on, the custom formed so long ago disappeared, but the word *crucible* was given to all chemists' melting pots. If you look it up in the dictionary, you will find it only says, "A chemist's melting pot," but originally it got its name from the old alchemists and their superstitions.



"STUDY OF A CHILD." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A SUMMER SAIL.

BY MARGUERITE RADLEY (AGE 10).

THE summer sea is a quiet pool,
Where the minnows play;
And the bullfrogs chant their croaking notes,
After the close of day.

The summer boat is a pea-pod green,
And the sailor brave and true
Guides the sail, a rose-leaf sail,
Made by a lass like you.

The summer crew are sailors bold,
All wearing yellow coats;
And they are very, very small,
For they are only oats.

The summer boat sails round about,
Landing at islands gay;
Unloading ribbons very fine
(Some worsteds thrown away).

At last the pretty summer boat,
Lands once more at home;
The sailors are planted in one small heap,
Never again to roam.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET E. BULL (AGE 11).

HAD it not been for the fearlessness of my ancestor, Captain Thomas Bull, Connecticut might have been our smallest state. It happened in this way.

In 1664 the Duke of York desired land in America, so the King gave him New Netherlands. Its eastern boundary was to be the west side of the Connecticut river. This land was claimed by Connecticut and when the people heard of this they were naturally extremely angry. When Col. Nichols came to America, he at the King's command decided this troublesome question. He made the disputed boundary what it is at present.

This did not suit the Duke, so in 1674 he secured a new patent containing the same territory as in the first one. When Major Andrass (the new governor) arrived in America he was so pleased with the country that he determined (by the right of the new patent) to rule the land west of the Connecticut, and as the war with King Philip was at hand he offered the aid of his troops to the people of Connecticut. But word was brought to Hartford, telling of other reasons for Andrass' generosity. It seemed that he was about to take Saybrooke by force, and then take other parts of the colony to establish his rule. Upon the receipt of this message a company of militia was despatched to Saybrooke under Captain Bull with instructions to "inform Major Andrass that Connecticut had no need to trouble him because of this uprising of the Indians," and "to avoid striking the first blow."

The militia arrived, none too soon, for already Andrass' ships had appeared in the harbor. Bull immediately ran up English colors and Andrass did not dare to fire on his own flag, so he waited and three days later on the 12th of July, asked if he might land and have an interview with the principal men of the town. This request was granted, and the same day he landed. He was met by the men, headed by Bull who quietly told Andrass Connecticut needed no aid. Andrass paid no attention, and haughtily commanded the clerk to read the papers which gave him his pre-

[illegible] authority. But Bull determined [illegible] be read, and commanded him, in tones that even [illegible]

The Major with all his faults had some fine traits of [illegible] asked his name.

"My [illegible], Bull, sir," was the reply.

"Bull!" responded Andrass, "'tis a pity your horns are not tipped with silver."

[illegible] overawe the people or take the town by force, so he soon sailed for Long Island to annoy Connecticut no more.

CHAPTERS.

[illegible] how much they are benefited by their meeting, every member [illegible] Others meet at members' houses in rotation, and enjoy themselves in any way that pleases them for the time. [illegible] have their badges, etc., come in one large envelop, postage free.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 904. Merrill Goodhue, President; Roger Dix, Secretary; [illegible] Cedar Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

[illegible] Margaret McNeill, President; Jessie Tait, Secretary; two members. Address, 228 Adams St., Memphis, Tenn.

[illegible] Jessie Hall, President; [illegible] Secretary; three members. Address, 3863 Reading Road, Avondale, Cinn., Ohio.

No. 907. "The Greenleaf Club." Helen E. Seckerson, President; Helen F. Sargent, Secretary; five members. Address, 95 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 908. Fred Wish, President; Harold Colby, Secretary; seven members. Address, 395 Cumberland Ave., Portland, Me.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO'S DESTRUCTION: BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

[illegible], CAL.

[illegible] on account of the fire, this month, so I was not able to find out what the subjects for the League were, but I am going to write a description of the great earthquake and fire of San Francisco, as I may never again have the chance to write on such an interesting subject. It is much longer than the League allows, but I could not make it interesting if I cut it short. [illegible] Length and please look over it. [illegible]

[illegible]



"[illegible]" BY ELEANOR PRESTON, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



"[illegible]" BY [illegible], AGE [illegible]
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE [illegible]

[illegible]

Wednesday morning, at twenty minutes after five, I was awakened by the crashing of broken ornaments and falling furniture. The house was rocking to and fro in a terrific way, that I say from my bed, and my only thought was that the end of the world was coming. The shaking kept up for a long while and [illegible] full of books, fell on my bed with a crash. After a few minutes I was able to stand up, and every member of the family rushed downstairs in their nightgowns, while a few had grabbed a blanket or a wrapper.

Now the streets seemed to be alive with people, some dressed, but others huddled together with only nightgowns on and bare feet.

After we had dressed and were a little more calm, we walked around the streets, with a few of our friends, to see the damage done around us. The greatest ruin near us was St. Luke's Church, for there all the walls of that beautiful, new, stone building were down.

The earthquake was so terrible that it had caused the earth to open in several places, and down near the water front they were so bad that we saw one crack where a truck had been half buried in it. One crack I heard of opened so wide that a cow sunk down in it, and when the ground closed again, she was buried in the hole, and left only her tail sticking out. In other places the earth sunk two or three feet.

[illegible] nine fires, that had started down town from the broken electric wires. The flames were very high, and they could not be subdued, because the earthquake had broken the pipes and no water could be gotten. Very soon all the troops were called out to fight the flames.

From our hill we could see a few of the ruins. The City Hall had nothing, hardly, left to it but the steel frame, and that was all that was left of nearly all the other brick or stone buildings. Later it was found that two hundred and ninety-seven people were killed by the falling bricks and by having the buildings collapse on top of them, and they expect to find more in the ruins.

Every one sat on their steps that day waiting for another shock, but only a few small ones came. In the afternoon there was a pitiful sight of all the poor, homeless people trudging up the hill to Lafayette, and other parks, with what little they could save slung over their backs. Some people got so rattled, that they picked up the most unnecessary things, such as large glass vases and their best hats, with hardly any clothes or blankets. One man was seen rushing from his house with very few clothes on him, with a bicycle pump and an empty bird-cage in his arms.

That night every one who owned a home slept on mattresses in



"MY FAVORITE STUDY" BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 15. (HON. HONOR.)

their drawing-rooms or halls, while the parks were crowded with shivering men, women and children, and even poor little babies, some of them not even a year old. But all the people bore it wonderfully well. Every one, even those in the parks, were cheerful, and laughing at all the jokes, for funny things happened even in these hard times. In fact, people could not and did not wish to realize the terrible state of things. People who were naturally weak became strong, stronger than any one else, and some crazy people became sane. One thing that showed how kind people were, was that citizens carried their pet animals and birds with them wherever they went. They even left their clothes behind, so as to be able to carry their pets.

The next morning the fire was worse, and what excited me more than anything was that every one was leaving the city and going to the Presidio. Even some rich people, who were not able to get a carriage, hired scavenger wagons to convey their families and baggage away from the city.

Later, in the afternoon, some of our friends wished to leave the city and go to the country. They all felt the same way, but we had to stay by our home, or else it might be looted. They hunted everywhere for a carriage or wagon that would convey them to the ferry, but nothing could be found. At last, as the fire crept nearer and nearer, and the flames rose higher and higher and threatened to burn the whole city, they became so desperate that they would take anything for any price. After searching for a long while, they found an expressman, who agreed to take them down in his cart for twenty-five dollars. They accepted it, and as I watched them rattle off I wished, with all my heart, that I were in their place.

That evening a soldier came to our corner with a horn and called out for the people around there to leave their houses and go away, for they were going to dynamite the house opposite us, to prevent the fire, that was now only four blocks away, from spreading and burning the rest of the city. But we did not want to leave the house until the last minute, when the fire was only a block away, so we were told to open our windows from the bottom and go to the back of the house. We did what we were told, and waited, but as nothing happened, we came back again and found they were not going to dynamite the house after all. By this time, large red hot cinders were falling thick around us and the fire was a block nearer now, on Van Ness avenue

Van Ness is a very broad street, broader than any other but Market, and it really was the only thing that saved our house, for the fire took a very long time to cross the street, which it did in two places, and by the time it did cross they had gotten enough water to control it. When it was finally stopped two blocks from us, more than half of the city was gone, but the saddest part of all was to look on the ashes of houses once the homes of our friends.

Thanks to all the kind people in the United States, there was no one starving that night, for other cities sent money, food and tents for the poor people, and now most of them are living as happily as is possible under the circumstances. There is a regular tent city in the park in front of us, and they all seem well provided for.

CORONA WILLIAMS, (age 12).

ANOTHER STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just a day or two before the earthquake in San Francisco, I received a League Badge and leaflet from you.

That terrible morning of the earthquake, after we got into the street, I was too afraid to go back into the house, and the fire came and burned up our home and everything in it.

We lost everything. I had nearly a hundred books of my very own; my parents had selected them for me to start a library with. I also had a nice collection of postal cards, two large albums full, and a collection of stamps.

I lost my Columbia chainless bicycle, and my steel ball-bearing skates.

I had my League Badge pinned onto my dress, but my leaflet was in my desk drawer, and of course that was burned up.

None of us have anything left but the clothes we wore that awful day, but we all feel thankful that we got away alive; no one who did not go through it could realize how terrible it was.

We are now in Sacramento for a time

I lost all my numbers of ST. NICHOLAS for three years back, and I miss those as much as anything.

Your loving reader,
JUSTINA RENNIE, (age 14).

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Through you I wish to thank the members of the League, especially those belonging to the postal-card exchange department, for the kindness which they have shown to one who has experienced the earthquake and fire of San Francisco. One of the League members wrote me a nice note and enclosed a five dollar bill, saying that, as the banks were closed, I might be in need of money, and that this would be useful. Fortunately my home was not burned, although the fire came within four blocks, and the money so generously sent was not needed. The girl who sent it had never corresponded with me in any way but by the postals, and we were strangers to each other. Several other League members wrote me kind and sympathetic letters, offering help. This shows that, although the postal-card department has been withdrawn from the League, it has done much good and made strangers friends. Thanking the League members again for their kind and thoughtful notes, I will add that San Francisco has suffered a great disaster, but she is still on the map and is rapidly being restored. The San Franciscans will rival the Athenians in the rebuilding of their city.

Sincerely yours, as a League Member,
HELEN RUNYON.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing now to tell you of a delightful picnic that the members of Chapter 754 held on May 5th, 1906.

We started at ten o'clock, five of us, with our chaperon, Miss Forster.

We reached Rosmary, where we got out and climbed a steep hill, at the summit of which we stopped.

Then we all went into the wood, leaving Miss Forster to take care of our wraps.

When we wanted to find another member we called our club song and they answered.

We went in search of May flowers and we had a good many when we all returned to dinner.

After lunch, as our club has a baseball team, we all played baseball, and we then went home, merry but dirty children, after a delightful day.

Your very loving reader,
FLORENCE M. WARD.

Other welcome letters have been received from F. Aldridge, Eleanor Copenhaver, Frances Dameron, Elizabeth Eunice Wheaton, Arthur Jenning White, Jeannette Covert, Charles D. Holt, Elizabeth Wotkyns, Miriam C. Alexander, B. F. Simonds, Carolyn Hulbert, Aileen Hyland, Elizabeth Page, Emily W. Browne, Joseph T. Boudwin, Geneva Anderson, George D. Robinson, Dorothy Marcus, Leonard Ochtman, Jr. Mary G. Bonner, Janet McLeod Golden, Grace E. Moore, Madelaine Airetiene.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work deserves encouragement

VERSE 1.

Mary Yeula Westcott
M. D. Woodward
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Warren Kamer
Eleanor McGrath
Camilla Ringhouse
Margaret Abbott
Emmeline Bradshaw
Arthur Albert Myers
Louisa F. Spear
Frances Moyer Rose
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Mary Taft Atwater
Vincent Millay
Doris F. Halman
Margery Eldredge
Aileen Hyland
Kathryn Sprague DeWolf

[illegible]

VERSE 1.

[illegible]

PROSE 1.

[illegible]
Carolyn Hutton
[illegible]
[illegible] Lovejoy

PROSE 2.

Eleanor Hathorne
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Isabel Mallen
[illegible]
[illegible]
Helen E. Scott
[illegible]
[illegible]
Madeline Smith
[illegible]
Arthur Gude, Jr.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Jerome Brockman
[illegible]

DRAWING 1.

[illegible]
Edna Cotter
[illegible]
Richard A. Reddy
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Marion Whittemore
[illegible]
[illegible]
Emily W. Browne
[illegible]
[illegible]
Emmerson
[illegible]
Dorothy Ochtman

[illegible]
Mildred Andrus
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Elizabeth G. Freed-
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

DRAWING 2.

[illegible]
Elizabeth Scott Mac-
Dougall
Mary Aurilla Jones
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Helen H. de Haven
Katherine Mary
Keeler
Florence Sherk
Mildred Whitney
Margaret Dobson
[illegible]
Milton See, Jr.
[illegible]
Helen Worstell
[illegible]
[illegible]
Margaret Reed
Margaret Gale
Elizabeth Cockle
Edwin B. Goodell, Jr.
Evelyn Buchanan
Elizabeth Train
[illegible]
Katherine Walsh
Elizabeth Eckel
Florence Foristall
[illegible]
Alice Mackey
[illegible]
[illegible]
Helen May Baker
Paul Klingenstein
[illegible]
Margaret Reeve
Marian Chace

[illegible]
Margueríte McCor-
[illegible]
[illegible]
verse
[illegible]
[illegible]
Leonard Ochtman,
Jr.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Mary L. Powell
Harold H. Wish
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Margery Bradshaw
Gertrude Emerson
[illegible]
[illegible]
Dorothy Dunn
[illegible]
[illegible]
George M. Wright.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Ignacio Bauer
H. R. Carey
[illegible]
T. H. Mckittrick, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

[illegible]
Harriet Bergman
Florence S. Herrick
Rebecca Salsbury
Elmer Beller
Carroll S. Bayne
Alice L. Cousens
G. C. Squires
Dorothea Havens
[illegible]
Anne Rogers
[illegible]
Lazare H. Mark
Theo. F. Kalbfleisch,
Jr.
[illegible]
Chauncey Brewster
[illegible]
Richard Elterich
[illegible]
Katharine F. Pratt
[illegible]
[illegible]
house.



[illegible] KATHARINE [illegible]

PUZZLE 1.

Carl Philippi
Beatrice Hemenmann
Alice R. Bragg
[illegible]
Robert L. Moore
Arthur B. Warren
[illegible]
[illegible]

Julia D. Musser
Stella E. Jacobs
Wilhelmena Van
[illegible] Winkle
[illegible]
Louise McAllister
Elizabeth Palmer
[illegible]
[illegible]

PUZZLE 2.

José Machado
W. Leslie Todd
Marguerite Magruder
Bancroft Brown
Elsie Verity
Lois L. Holway
Josephine Freund
[illegible]

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 83.

[illegible]

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 83 will close **September 20** (for foreign members **September 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **January**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "In Days of Old."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Knight." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Clouds."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "A Cosy Corner" and a Heading or Tailpiece for the League, Books and Reading, or any ST. NICHOLAS department.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

SPELLING REFORM. Boys and girls who have read enough of English literature to be able to compare the language in its beginnings, in the poems of "Beowulf" and "Piers Plowman," with its present form in the books of to-day, will not be found among those who comment upon the idea of changing English spelling only by gibes and jokes. They know that spelling is being reformed all the time. We do not spell at all as our forefathers did, and their spelling differed from that of their grandfathers. No one doubts, unless he has not studied the matter, that there are many absurdities in modern English spelling. No one familiar with the changes of the last few years can doubt that such changes will continue to be made. The same cause that led us to drop the final *k* in "musick" and "physick," will in time lead us to get rid of other letters found useless.

Some people rejoice in all changes; some cling to old things as if age alone made all things sacred. In this matter, as in all others of the sort, the best course for young people is the golden mean—be ready to make changes you find reasonable; be slow to change merely for the sake of change.

A number of learned men have been invited by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, one of the richest men in the world, to help on the reform of English spelling, and they have suggested certain changes in our usual forms of spelling. It might be well for you all to think over the changes they recommend, with a view to adopting such as are thoroughly approved.

"BEWARE OF UGLINESS!" Among celebrated Pompeiian relics is a well-known flooring of mosaic forming the picture of a fierce dog chained, beneath which is the advice, "*Cave canem!*" Even one who does not know Latin might guess that this was the Latin way of saying, "Beware of the dog!"

It is a pity that warning signs cannot be attached to other things than to dog-houses, weak spots in the ice, and dangerous roadways; for more harm may come from corrupting people's ideas, their tastes, their ideals, than from many a more evident peril.

A writer in the journal called "The Printing Art," speaks of the atrocities of many color supplements, and condemns the ugly, distorted vulgar pictures that have become so common by the cheapening of print. He says: "It is the children who suffer . . . When this country is seriously trying to implant a knowledge of, and stimulate a taste for, better things . . . through exhibitions, museums, libraries, and schools, it is not a little disheartening to realize that every step in this direction gets a weekly setback through these color atrocities." We hope that all ST. NICHOLAS readers, who know the meaning of good art and literature, will not allow their taste for better things to be influenced by such inferior productions.

A COLLECTION OF POETRY. There are objections to all collections. It is better to see relics in their natural places rather than in the museum where they are huddled together with others from afar. It is better to see plants in their own living-places than under glass in botanical houses. But the collections have their advantages for students.

In literature, it is better to read poems as you come upon them and when you can believe in them most. But if you wish to find a poem of a particular kind, it is of the utmost importance to have a collection wherein they are classified like with like. Such a treasury of poetry has been recently prepared for Doubleday, Page & Co. by Dr. Henry van Dyke. It is called "Masterpieces of Poetry," fills six handy pocket-volumes, and besides being a storehouse of beautiful poems, forms with its introductions and explanations a most helpful means of studying English poetry as literature.

LEAVE THEM ALONE. They tell an interesting story of a lawyer who was too conscientious to give one of his clients advice on Sunday. The client in great distress, insisted that he would get into serious trouble without the advice, as it was necessary for him to take action immediately, and he could not

wait until Monday to see the lawyer. But the lawyer still refused, and would say only this: "You go ahead, and act as an honest man should, and on Monday I will find the law to support you."

We were reminded of this story by a young girl's letter asking whether the writings of a certain novelist were good reading for a girl of sixteen. We have no wish to name or condemn the works of this novelist, especially since some people admire them sincerely; but it seems to us that a young girl would never have thought to ask the question unless she had seriously doubted whether the books were good for her to read. Therefore, in all such cases we recommend young readers to read, first, all the books that they are sure of; when they have finished those they can begin on the doubtful ones. If they insist upon more particular directions, let them apply to the grown person nearest them whose judgment they most value.

THREE NEW BOOKS. A FRIEND who loves animals recommends to the notice of children with the same tastes a recent book called "Chatwit, the Man-talk Bird," saying that it will be enjoyed by those who love to read "The Jungle Books," and the writings of Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles G. D. Roberts, and others who have written fancifully of animal life. In "Chatwit," the author, Philip Mighels, pretends that a magpie has learned to speak and thereby has become of great importance among his fellow creatures. We shall be glad to hear from any of the boys and girls who have read it.

Published by the same firm, the Harpers, are two books of fact, the life of Columbus and that of Cortes, both by Frederick A. Ober. Mr. Ober is very familiar with the regions of which he writes, and is particularly well acquainted with all that relates to Columbus and his voyages. He has contributed to ST. NICHOLAS articles upon the subject.

WHO HAS READ IT? WE have often asked in this department that young readers will let us know what books have pleased them, in order that we may recommend the same to others. From Toledo we received an enthusiastic letter in regard to a story called "Rebecca Mary," by Annie Hamilton Donnell. The letter is so enthusiastic that it makes us doubt whether the young writer has not been carried off her feet by admiration of the young heroine. Therefore we should like much to hear from other readers of the same story, and particularly from any young critics who may not find it so entirely pleasing.

In regard to this subject of recommending books, we believe that there must be many of you who would be very glad to write us about books you have read, except that you think it necessary to compose quite an essay on the subject. That is not at all what we desire. It would be quite enough, if you care to do no more, to write us a brief note saying that you find such-and-such a book interesting and that other boys and girls would like it. Then we can send for the book, examine it, and say what seems best.

CON AMORE. IT very often happens that we cannot exactly translate a foreign phrase, although almost always we can substitute for it a phrase of our own, expressing the same idea. To say that the Italian words, *con amore*, mean "with love," does not permit us to say that a piece of work done *con amore* is done "with love." A better translation would be to say it is "a labor of love" — almost, but not quite, the same words.

Now and then an artist, either by his own notion or invited by a publisher, is able at the same time to illustrate a book and to do exactly the sort of drawing that he prefers, because he does it best. Two books that are published by Charles Scribner's Sons illustrate how perfectly artist and writer can work together when the artist finds his work truly a "labor of love." Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood" could hardly be better interpreted than is done by the poetic work of Maxfield Parrish. He draws what the poet tells about, but, more than that, he adds imaginings of his own that go to the same tune the poet has sung. And to keep this beautiful book from being lonely, it finds in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," with the pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith, a twin playmate as pretty as itself. Such books help young readers to see what beautiful thoughts are told in the poet's simple words. These books will always have the permanent charm that belongs to genuine merit, literary and artistic.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you two pictures, one of the "Suspended Settle" described in the "Practical Boy," and the other of the "Tree-house" in the "Practical Boy." I made the Settle exactly after the plan,



THE CROW'S NEST.



THE SUSPENDED SETTLE.

but in the Tree-house suited it to the tree. It has five (5) sides. My sister is writing at the same time and will describe some of the fun we have in it. Please send a league membership and a league badge and leaflet.

Yours Resp'y,
MAYNARD FICKETT.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother is very much interested in the "Practical Boy," and last year he made a swinging settle like the one described. Later on the tree-house was given in the pages of the "Practical Boy" and Maynard wanted to try that. He, and some other boys in the neighborhood, hoisted the heavy planks for supports but he did most of the other part.

We had a good deal of fun in it, especially at night when it was unbearably hot in our own rooms in house proper. We would take our bed-clothing out and strap it into a rope which hung from the tree, and pull them up in that way. We nailed steps to the tree, though we had a ladder which reached to the tree-house. Usually five slept in our "Crow's Nest," as we call it.

The kodaks, that accompany this letter, are of the swinging settle and the "Crow's Nest." I hope you will print this to show what a little boy of nine years can do.

He has made several other things, too. For Christmas he made my grandmother one of these "American Lady" sewing cabinets, a Morris chair footstool for my aunt, and a music cabinet for me.

I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I must close now.

Your devoted reader,
ELIZABETH FICKETT.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I am a boy 11 years old, I have taken you for three years. I thought I would write you this letter to tell you that I print a paper. It is a weekly paper printed on a press sometimes twelve pages and sometimes eight pages. I am the editor. It is chiefly devoted to "news," and stories. We also have advertisements. It is called "The Dorchester Enterprise." We do not issue it in the summer. This is not the only amateur paper in Dorchester. There are fully ten other amateur papers in Dorchester, mine being the only one done by a printing press. The others are done by hektograph. The circulation is not very large consisting of about fifty weekly.

Yours truly, ROBERT KELLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—Your circular came to-day and I am glad to tell you that my address is not changed. Our house was not badly damaged by the earthquake and the fire stopped eight blocks away at the corner of Franklin and California Sts. We live on the corner of Pierce and California Sts.

The second night after the earthquake we slept at the Presidio the great military reservation. It was a fine night, although we had to hold up umbrellas to keep off the falling ashes. It was almost as light as day on account of the glow from the fire. Friday the wind changed and blew the fire back, so we came home.

The next day I was nine years old. I don't think I shall ever forget my ninth birthday.

The fire burned for three days and nights and lots of the city is left, not touched by the fire or much hurt by the earthquake.

I am very glad I am not going to lose my May St. NICHOLAS. I have no brothers or sisters, so I have lots of time for reading. My favorite story is "The Crimson Sweater."

Your constant reader,
ANDREW BURTON TALBOT.

TABRIZ, PERSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I like to read your magazine very much. Ever since I can remember I have read it. We have an old volume, dated 1886, of the ST. NICHOLAS. I enjoy the continued stories very much and can hardly wait till the magazine comes.

The magazine is sent to us and we lend it to all our little friends who also take great interest in it. It is great fun to read the things other children write, and I have wished to do so too and become a member of the ST. NICHOLAS League, although I am very much afraid I could not do much. One does not have to write every month, does he? Please send me a leaflet for I would like to be a member.

Your affectionate reader,
MARY AGNES WILSON (age 13).

Other interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Elsie Taylor, Grant T. Wickwire, Margaret Reed, Winifred Pigott, Herbert Eugene Hill, Evelyn Dinsmore, Alice Rickey, Nellie Hawkins, Frances Michael, Valérie C. Green, Betty Throckmorton, Carita Beryl Hunter, Helene Waterbury, Wray E. Sexton, Margaret Miller, Marguerite Tilton, Charles Graham Gardner, Lloyd W. Miller, Dorothy Jewett Vanneman, Rose D. Wilson.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE [illegible]

[illegible]

Grape. 4. Ape. 5. E. II. 1. A. 2. Ale. 3. Alone. 4. End. [illegible] R. 2. Yea. 3. Reaps. 4. Apt. 5. S.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Tan. 3. Turin. 4. Sarigue. 5. Night. 6. Nut. 7. E.

[illegible]

RIDDLE. Eye-sea-e, ice.

3. Norway. 4. Ottawa. 5. Hainan. 6. Mexico. 7. Oregon. 8. [illegible]

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Springtime. Cross-words: 1. Music. 2. Apple. 3. Mirth. 4. Faith. 5. Mango. 6. Sugar. 7. Total. 8. [illegible]

[illegible] 4. Error. 5. Spore. Adjoining square: 1. East. 2. Alto. 3. Star. 4. Torn. II. 1. Scare. 2. Conan. 3. Anent. 4. Range. 5. Enter. Adjoining square: 1. Bade. 2. Abed. 3. Dead. 4. Eddy. III. 1. Snare. 2. Never. 3. Avale. 4. Relic. 5. Erect. Adjoining square: 1. Time. 2. Iced. 3. Mean. 4. Eona. IV. 1. Trait. 2. Rinse. 3. Ankle. 4. Islet. 5. Teeth. Adjoining square: 1. Slot. 2. Lade. 3. Odin. 4. Tent. V. 1. Name. 2. Akin. 3. Mind. 4. Ends.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

[illegible] —Prue K. Jamieson—Marjorie Anderson—Gertrude Brice—Elizabeth R. Roby—Edwin S. Linton—Anita Bradford—Kathryn I. Well- [illegible]

[illegible] 1—A. Mayo, 1—H. E. Rounds, 1—E. M. Wheeler, 1—R. C. Sandford, 1—B. B. McDowell, 1—R. E. Duncan, 1—I. Hill, 1—L. Wells, 1—[illegible] 1—M. Magruder, 1—R. Tinker, 1—G. B. Witter, 1—[illegible]

OMITTED LETTERS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

[illegible] letter must be retained throughout one sentence. The eight omitted letters will, when rearranged, spell a delightful season.

1. [illegible]
2. xan xarrie xarry xoal?
3. xellie, xed's xearly xine.
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. "xnly xur xlives," xrdered xscar.
7. xnn xnd xgnes xre xlice's xunts.
8. [illegible]

CLARINA HANKS.

CHARADE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Of three syllables am I.
My *first* a factory might be;
[illegible]
And a large sum you will surely see.

MARY D. PALEY.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. TRIPLY behead smaller, and leave a conjunction. 2. Triply behead to irritate, and leave to cripple. 3. Triply behead niggardly, and leave performed. 4. Triply behead one who cleans, and leave a pronoun. 5. Triply behead to cleave, and leave a pronoun. 6. Triply behead to receive with gladness, and leave to draw near. 7. Triply behead lacking dexterity, and leave slain. 8. Triply behead to germinate, and leave not within. 9. Triply behead closest, and leave repose. 10. Triply behead a piece of colored chalk, and leave at a distance but within view.

The initials of the new words will spell the nickname of a president of the United States.

CHARLES HORR.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials will spell the name of a favorite sport, and another row of letters will spell a holiday season.

1. Dauntless. 2. To marshal. 3. A staff. 4. An attempt. 5. Small, open vessels. 6. To grant entrance. 7. Toil. 8. Being prostrate.

[illegible]

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials and finals will spell the name of a great country, and the central letters will spell the Christian name of its greatest son.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Those who have the use of anything in trust. 2. A short novel. 3. A name given to non-venomous serpents. 4. A rushing stream. 5. An exegetist. 6. Points out the way. C. E. W.



AVIAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters and form a couplet from a poem by a New England writer.

My 14-34-18-27-20 is a long-billed wading bird. My 21-15-31-8-42-18-6 is the stake-driver. My 35-22-37-9 12-41-1-43-18-10-4 is a common, sweet-singing bird. My 7-43-30-22-16-19 builds a hanging nest in the elm tree. My 13-44-32-21-15-18-38 is a bird mimic. My 40-37-40-15-9-27 21-30-43 17 is a deep blue bird. My 6-28-31-24-1-23-13-26 is a white-breasted bird, often seen head downward on the trunks of trees. My 35-13-1-43-33-5-8 25-44-45-36-9-42-18 is a brilliant bird. My 41-36-2-23-18-47-11-9-3 is a common game bird. My 39-3-25-18-5-29 is an ocean bird.

ELSIE LOCKE.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

3 4 18
12 1 15.

USE the letters of the alphabet corresponding to the numbers of the puzzle, and then spell (beginning at the upper left number) first, diagonally, then horizontally, then horizontally back, then vertically, then diagonally, then vertically, and last of all, diagonally. The result will spell the name of a state.

HALESIA D. HOFFMEISTER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the initial letters will spell the name of a poet, while another row of letters will spell the name of a statesman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. What Thomas Otway said was "made to temper man." 2. Hired carriages. 3. The pad or roller which inks the type. 4. Short journeys. 5. Tinges. 6. A narrow bay. 7. To choose by vote. 8. Kingly.

CAROLINE C. JOHNSON.

ANAGRAM.

FILL each blank with the same six letters arranged so as to form five different words.

"Now * * * * * *" said an elf, "I pray."
So * * * * * * then was every fay.
"I 'll throw this . . . . . robe away
And I 'll . . . . . this very day,
For near the * * * * * * there 's a fray."

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. BEHEAD four letters from to retire, and leave to sketch. 2. Behead four letters from an architectural projection, and leave congealed water. 3. Behead four letters from a stone of great hardness, and leave an insect. 4. Behead four letters from a mythical person supposed to put children to sleep, and leave a biped. 5. Behead four letters from a southern product, and leave a preposition. 6. Behead four letters from a small closet in which are kept articles of value, and leave a snare. 7. Behead four letters from the caribou, and leave a ruminant.

When rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a precious stone.

CARROLL BROMLEY CLARK.

DIAMOND.

1. IN Spanish. 2. A beverage. 3. Swarthy inhabitants of Northern Africa. 4. Half of a company of soldiers. 5. A black wood. 6. A sauce for fish, used in China and Japan. 7. In Spanish.

MARIANNA KROEHLE.

AUTHOR'S ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.



FROM 1 to 2, a famous American author who was born on Independence Day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Three beautiful creatures in "The Gorgon's Head." 2. One word from the title of one of his novels published in 1851. 3. His occupation. 4. His wife's Christian name. 5. His son's Christian name. 6. The capitol of the state in which he was born. 7. Three-fifths of a character in one of his "Tales." 8. The last name of the nom-de-plume of one of his friends who, in 1828, started what is now known as one of the author's best works. 9. The name of a character in "Prophetic Pictures." 10. The place where he received his preliminary education. 11. A position given him by a famous historian. 12. The principal word in the name of one of his famous juvenile books. 13. A character in "The Gentle Boy." 14. A character mentioned in the novel named by the second cross-word. 15. The last syllable of the author's surname. 16. The date of his birthday. 17. What he habitually was. 18. The surname of a President who was his friend.

GRACE LOWENHAUPT (age 10).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

"ALICE."

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OIL PAINTING OWNED BY THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII. OCTOBER, 1906. No. 12

THE TROUBLES OF QUEEN SILVER-BELL,

AS TOLD BY QUEEN CROSSPATCH.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," "Editha's Burglar," etc. etc.

I AM a Fairy. Now I won't be contradicted; there are such things as Fairies. I am one myself and have been one ever since the beginning of the world. What is more, I am the Queen of the Fairies. I am the Queen of millions and millions and millions and millions of lovely little people, as beautiful as flowers and butterflies. They can do all the things people want to have done, and find all the things that are lost, and turn pumpkins into golden coachmen, and anything into anything else that is nicer, and *yet* as the years have gone on, until it is n't "Once upon a Time" any more, people have grown so stupid that they don't *believe* in us; and they are so blind they cannot see us even when we are dancing before them, and they cannot hear us, even when we are singing and singing to them songs like this:

Why can't you see? Oh! if you knew
Fairies are real—Fairies are true.
Fairies are here—Fairies are there
Fairies are waiting everywhere,
In the house and in the street.
On your shoulder, at your feet,
By your fire and on your book,
If you only had the sense to look.
Why can't you see? Oh! if you knew
Fairies are real—Fairies are true.

But you cannot make people *believe* it. Even children don't. That is what is the matter with everything. People will believe in nasty things and they won't believe in nice things, and that has been going on so long that my great fear is that the Fairies themselves will forget their accomplishments, and then what will become of Fairyland? Rumors have come to my palace of Fairies who were not even able to change themselves into rabbits when it was *very* important indeed, and I heard of one Fairy who was trying to turn a naughty little boy into a pussy cat because he was pulling a kitten's tail, and she only got as far as the miaw and the claws and she forgot how to do the rest, and he ran away mi-a-owing and scratching his face with his sharp claws when he tried to rub his eyes because he was crying. But he could only cry like a cat—and it served him right. But it upset me very much to hear of it. If that sort of thing goes on, Fairies will be as ignorant as human beings and Fairyland will go to ruin. And I won't have it. I used to be called Queen

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Silver-Bell until lately—until the misfortune happened I am going to tell you about. I was called Queen Silver-Bell because I was always laughing in those good old days when it was "Once upon a Time." And all the Fairies said my laugh sounded just like tiny silver bells, tinkle—tinkle—tinkling. But now I am called Queen Crosspatch because I scold and scold and scold—and it all happened in this way:

You see, the most important thing in the world—whether you are a Fairy, or a little boy or a little girl, is never—never—never—never to lose your Temper. Most people don't know that a Temper is really a Fairy, and as long as you can keep him he is the cleverest and the delightfulest Fairy of all. He is always laughing and doing lovely things. He has little golden and silver shovels to dig dimples in your face and make you so pretty that



"I ALWAYS KEPT HIM IN A TINY SILVER CAGE."

people adore you and want to give you things and take you to the circus and the pantomime and to Christmas parties and sights and treats, and he has a tiny gold and pearl and ruby paint box full of the most heavenly colors, and tiny brushes to paint everything so that it looks beautiful and delightful, and he whispers songs and stories in your ear and makes you enjoy yourself and laugh all the time. *But* the minute he gets away and you lose him, he turns into a tiny black Imp Fairy and pinches and kicks you and tells lies to you and whispers ugly things to you until you are perfectly mizz'able and make everybody else mizz'able too. I had a lovely little Temper. There never was a cleverer one or a prettier one. He was tiny and rosy and his face was pink and full of dimples, and I perfectly loved him. I always kept him in a tiny silver cage, or fastened to my waist by a diamond chain. I had nothing else I was as fond of and I would not have parted with him for anything. I can scarcely bear to think of him now he is gone.

One day I was in a garden where a lady was talking to a little girl. I had been sitting on roses and swinging on lilies and dancing on the very flowers they were gathering and doing everything to attract their attention. But I could not make them look at me and I began to forget I was carrying the tiny silver cage with my darling little Temper in it, and suddenly the lady said to the little girl:

"Do you like stories about Fairies?"

When I heard that, it quite cheered me up, and I jumped on to the edge of a flower and began to sing:

"*Silver-Bell, Queen Silver-Bell!*
What you want to know she can always tell
If you only believe in Silver-Bell."

And what do you suppose that child said? She opened her silly blue eyes and stared like a sheep and answered:

"What is a Fairy?"

I just jumped down and screamed. I stamped my feet and shook my fist, and my golden floss silk hair flew all about, and the silver cage flew out of my hand and the door flew open and my darling little Temper burst out and darted away. And his pink face and his dimples and his silky curls and his dancing blue eyes and his tiny coat all sparkling with jewels were gone and he was changed into a vicious, ugly, black, thin little Imp with squinting steel-colored eyes it made me ill to look at.

I rushed after him as hard as I could. He hid himself in a red nasturtium and the minute I got near him he darted into a rose bush and the thorns tore his horrid little black clothes into rags and tatters but he only grinned and



made faces at me; and then he ran across the lawn and into the park and jumped on to a fawn's back and it was so frightened by the horrid little thing that it galloped and galloped away, and I after it; and then he climbed an oak tree and swung on a big leaf making faces and I kept getting crosser and crosser and hotter and hotter and I began to call out:

" *If you 'll stop I 'll give you a golden carse.*
If you 'll stop I 'll give you a richer wage."

And then because I had lost my Temper, I could n't stop, myself, and I called out:

" *If you stop I 'll give you a crack on the head.*"

And he just turned round and grinned and grinned and put his tiny black thumb at the end of his tiny black nose in the most rude way imaginable and shouted back at me:

" *I don't want your curse; take it instead.*
Crosspatch; Crosspatch; Crosspatch."

And just that second a skylark flew up out of the grass and he swung out on a leaf and sprang on to his back and was carried up and up and up and up—higher and higher and higher and higher into the very sky itself and I knew I had lost him, perhaps forever, and I flopped down on a buttercup and cried and scolded and scolded and cried as hard as ever I could. And the worst of it was that I could n't stop scolding. When you have lost a darling sweet little Temper you can't stop. I was cross every minute and I frowned and scowled so that my face was all over wrinkles.

I scolded the grass and I scolded the flowers,
I scolded the sun and I scolded the showers,
I scolded the castles, I scolded the towers,
And I scolded the Fairies for hours and hours.
When I went to my Palace I scolded the pages,
When I sat on my throne I went into rages.
I scolded the birds as they sang in their cages,
I was afraid I should scold on for ages and ages.
The hens that were Fairies forgot how to hatch,
The Fishermen Fairies forgot how to catch,
And the little Boy Fairies all in a batch
Called after me everywhere, "Queen Crosspatch!"

That was what happened. And I should like to know if you can think of anything worse? I can't. And the very worst of it was that I knew I should never find my sweet, dear little pink Temper again, until I had done something that would make people — particularly children — believe in Fairies as they used to "Once upon a Time," and save my dear Fairyland from going to ruin and melting away. If you don't believe in things they melt away. That 's what happens to them. They just *melt away*. And so many things are like the little Pig who would n't go over the bridge — and I knew that if I could make the children believe, the believing children would make the Fairies begin to practise turning things into something nicer, and if the Fairies began to practise turning things into something nicer, Fairyland would be saved and not go to ruin, and if Fairyland was saved and did not go to ruin, I

should find my dear, sweet, dimpled, pink little Temper again, and if I found my dear, sweet, dimpled, pink little Temper again, I should not be Queen Crosspatch any more but Queen Silver-bell and laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh until the other Fairies would say my laughing sounded like tiny bells of silver,



"SO I SAT DOWN ON A SCARLET TOADSTOOL AND SHOOK OUT MY HAIR"

tinkle—tinkle—tinkling, and everything would be lovely forever more. I wondered and wondered what I should do, and then I wondered and wondered again, and after I had wondered and wondered three times, I made up my mind that I would sit down *under my hair*. Of course I see you don't know what that means. Well, it means something very important. All Fairies have long, long hair—sometimes it is gold color, sometimes it is squirrel color, and sometimes it is as black as black velvet, but it is always as fine as floss silk and can either be tucked up in a knot or hidden under a pearl cap, or allowed to float and dance about—or hide you altogether if you want to be hidden. And if you want to *think*, the best thing in the world is to sit on the floor and shake down your hair so that it falls down to the floor, and makes a little tent all around you. I always do it when anything important is on my mind. So this time I sat down on a scarlet toadstool spotted with black, and put my head on my knees, and shook out my hair into a tent which covered me all over so that nothing but the tips of my golden shoes stuck out.

And then I sat and sat and sat, and I thought and thought and thought. And suddenly I remembered the Dormouse. Of course there was no use *my* thinking, when I could go to the Dormouse.

The Dormouse knows more than the King. Every year, when the weather grows cold, the Dormouse rolls himself into a ball and he takes his hind legs and he tucks them round his ears and he does n't move until the Spring comes. So the people think he is asleep. But he is not asleep. He is *thinking* all the time. He can think better and faster when he is rolled up and his hind legs are tucked over his ears. Perhaps everybody could. But no one ever tries it.

He thinks of beans and he thinks of peas
He thinks of bread and he thinks of cheese
He thinks of raisins and nuts and figs
He thinks of elephants and pigs
He thinks of girls and he thinks of boys
He thinks of things that make a noise
He thinks of mice that run up-stairs
He thinks of rabbits and of hares.
He thinks cats should be taught to dance
And ferrets should be sent to France;
He thinks of cakes and steaks and chops—
He thinks for mouths and never stops.

And of course he is the best person to go to for advice. So I danced over a meadow and flew over a garden and floated over a lake and went to the Lord High Chief Dormouse of all the Dormice, who was rolled up for the winter in a warm nest at the root of a tree at the lakeside.

Then I picked up five round white pebbles and a shell and threw them one after another at his door.

When I threw the first pebble I said:



"SO I THREW A SMALL PEBBLE AT QUEEN SILVER-BELL'S DOOR"

"*This one has shaken you.*"

When I threw the second I said:

"*This is to waken you if you have fallen asleep,*"

When I threw the third I said:

"*This is to call you,*"

And when I threw the fourth I said:

"*This is to maul you till your eyes begin to peep.*"

And then I threw the fifth stone and the shell, and said quite crossly:

"*Dormouse, come out of your house*
Don't be proud and stiff.
Dormouse, come out of your house
Or we shall have a tiff."

And then I heard him begin to grumble and to rumble and to tumble, until he tumbled out of his house and began to unroll himself out of his ball and gradually stood up on his hind legs and laid both his hands at the front of his belt and made a polite and graceful bow.

"Your Royal Highness Queen Silver-patch," he said, "What do you want?"

He was a very polite Dormouse and he was beginning to call me Queen Silver-bell because we had been friends before I lost my darling little pink, dimpled Temper, but suddenly he remembered my new name was Queen Cross-patch so he called me Queen Silver-patch and I really liked it better.

"Can you spare me an hour from your winter thinking?" I said. "I want to ask your advice because you are so clever."

He was quite pleased and he smiled and pulled down his belt and his mouth curled up at the corners.

"Well, of course," he said, "you are very complimentary, but when a person tucks his hind legs over his ears and thinks for six months he must think something."

"Of course," I said, and I looked at him in my sweetest way and smiled. "That is why I have brought my troubles to you."

"Dear! Dear!" he said, "and a Queen too." And he sat down by me and took hold of my hand and patted it. "What a darling teensy, teenty, weenty hand!" he said, and he gave it a squeeze.



"SAID A DARLING TEENSY, TEENTY, WEENTY HAND"

"Oh! if you will help me!" I said, looking at him as if he was the only Dormouse in the world.

"I will, I will," he answered and he began to settle his collar quite as if he was delighted.

And so I told him the whole story from beginning to end: how things had got worse and worse until it seemed as if Fairyland would fall to ruin and melt away, and all my Fairies would melt away because no one believed in them, and I should melt away myself if something could not be done. And I made it as



"'OH, DO ROLL YOURSELF UP IN A BALL, AND TUCK YOUR HIND LEGS OVER YOUR EARS!' I SAID. 'IT MAKES YOU LOOK SO INTELLECTUAL!'"

bad as ever I could because I wanted to make him feel sorry and frightened.

"Well, well, well!" he said, when I had finished, and he held his chin in his hand and smoothed it. "How very profoundly interesting!"

"But you will think of a plan to help me?" I said, and this time I gave *his* hand—or rather his paw—a squeeze. He quite started and he quite blushed. In fact I was quite sure that his paw had never been squeezed even by a common Fairy and I was a Queen, which made it much grander.

"Yes, Queen Silver-bell-patch," he said, "I really must think of a plan," and he looked embarrassed and coughed and hemmed and hawed.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Er—would you—er—mind—er—if I roll myself up in a ball for a few minutes and tuck my hind legs over my ears. I can think so much better that way. It is not—er—becoming—but it is—er—useful."

"Oh, do roll yourself up in a ball and tuck your hind legs over your ears!" I said. "You are mistaken about its not being becoming. It makes you look so intellectual!"

He rolled himself up like lightning—just like lightning. I never could have believed any one could roll themselves up in a ball so quickly! My Goodness Gracious! It was just like lightning—like forked lightning! And I sat on the edge of a fern leaf and waited. I think he wanted me to see how intellectual he looked, until I should be likely to remember it, for he stayed rolled up in a ball for a long time. I did n't think much of his looks myself; I must say that I would not have let him know that for the world.

At last he began to unroll. He untucked his hind legs and he untucked his front legs and he unrolled his back. Then he just gave a jump and stood on his hind legs again and made his bow, blushing and blushing.

"Did I look very intellectual?" he said.

"I shall never forget it—never," I said, "I shall think of it and think of it and think of it." And then I said in a very soft voice, "Did you find a plan?"

"Yes," he said, smiling so that his mouth spread from one ear to the other and his eyes squinched up into nothing. "I thought of a very splendid plan."

"Oh! I knew you would because you are so clever. What is it?"

"It is this," he said. "Can you write a book?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I have never written one, but of course I can if I try."

Then he rubbed his chin and looked at me

out of the corners of his eyes in a very queer way.

"You are not a timid person, are you?" he said.

"No," I replied. "I am not. Besides, if I have not written books myself, I have taught other people to write them. I know a

sorts of flowers. And when she writes I just sit on her shoulder and whisper to her. She is really my A—manu—en—sis. Do you know what that means? It's a long word. If it's too long for you I 'll explain it."

"It's a leetle too long," the Dormouse said, "though not much."



Respectable Person—*quite* a Respectable Person. She sits in a garden full of roses and any number of birds call on her and she writes books for a living, and she learned it all from me. She was apprenticed to me the minute she was born and with my help she has made quite a decent living and earned any number of roses and all

"It means a person who writes what you order him to write."

The Dormouse clapped his paws together.

"Why, that 's the very thing!" he said. "You see, just now I thought in the front of my head and I thought in the back of my head and when I was thinking in the back of my head I

suddenly remembered that when people who are not Fairies want to persuade any one to believe in anything they always write books about it. They write books about Lions, and books about Tigers, they write books about Africa and books about America; and why should you not write books about Fairies and Fairyland and the things the Fairies do? I once lined my nest with a leaf out of a book about Dormice—though I could n't say I slept well that winter." He put out his paw and tapped me on the shoulder several times.

"You go to that Aman-man-sis creature of yours," he said (he could n't pronounce the word), "and make her write thousands of books



HE FLIES FROM ONE TREE TO ANOTHER, AND SINGS AS LOUD AS HE CAN."

about what the Fairies are doing and about how much more sense they have than people who are just People."

"It 's an excellent idea," I said.

Just for a moment he looked anxious.

"Can she spell?" he said. "You see there are quite a lot of people who will have spelling."

"I don't know whether she can spell or not," I answered. "But when I go to see her I will ask her and tell her she must speak the truth about it because I can't have my books spoiled just because of bad spelling. I must have Good Spelling. That is all she has to do with the matter; just to *spell* and I will do the rest."

"How do you know she is respectable?" asked the dormouse.

"Well, I know she is because you see she was apprenticed to me and I brought her up properly. She knows about Fairies quite well and because she knows about Fairies, Animals will associate with her, and flowers. She has a pony called Amoret and some great big horses, and when she goes into the stable in the morning they all turn round and speak to her quite as if she was an equal, besides rubbing their warm velvet noses against her. She lives in a house with a park round it and when she goes and stands on the big stone steps and calls out, 'Thistle, Thistle,' her pet donkey lifts up his head and walks slowly across the grass to her and even walks up a stone step or two just to engage in confidential conversation. No donkey would be as intimate as that with a Disrespectable person. Animals are very aristocratic. Any number of birds know her as if they had played together in their cradles, and she has a robin who follows her about the garden and is perfectly jealous of her. He flies from one tree to another and chirps as loud as he can to try to drown the head gardener's voice when she is talking to him. Oh, yes! she 's Respectable! I wish I was as sure of her spelling as I am of her respectability."

"Well," said the Dormouse, "if, when you ask her about it, you say that you don't want to frighten her, but she *must* speak the *entire* truth about it, everything may be all right."

"There 's one good thing about her," I said. "She is a Person who knows her place and keeps it. She won't be pushing and pretend she wrote the stories herself. I will explain to her that she must let every one know that I am the real author. Of course they *are* my stories and no one else's!" And just at these last words I began to be a little cross and scolding again. I knew it by the hasty way in which the Dormouse began to step backward.

"Of course! Of course! Your Royal Patch-bell-ness!" he said hurriedly. "And if you write them of course every child with any sense will understand it, and if they read story after



"I [illegible] A DEEP CURTSY AND WALKED AWAY BACKWARD"

story written by a real Fairy they will begin to believe, and if they begin to believe, the other Fairies will begin to practise turning themselves into rabbits and guinea pigs and all sorts of nice things, and if the other Fairies begin to practise turning themselves into rabbits and guinea pigs and all sorts of nice things, Fairyland will be saved and will not go to ruin, and if Fairyland is saved and does not go to ruin, you will find your sweet little, pink little, plump little, dimpled little Temper again, and if you find your sweet little, pink little, plump little, dimpled little Temper again, you will not be called Queen Crosspatch but Queen Silver-bell and you will laugh and laugh and laugh until all the other Fairies think they hear tiny bells made of silver, tinkle—tinkle—tinkling, and everything will be lovely forever and evermore."

The thought of that pleased me so much that I forgot I had begun to feel cross and scolding and I jumped up and squeezed the Dormouse's paw until he blushed crimson scarlet. Then I made him a deep curtsey and walked away backward just as courtiers walk backward away from the King when they have been talking to him. And I said in my politest way:

"Oh, I thank you Lord High Dormouse!
I thank you very much—
In Spanish, French and German,
In Danish and in Dutch."

And then I whirled round and flew away as fast as I could to find the Respectable Person and ask her if she could spell, and to explain things to her.

When you see a story by me you will always see a picture of me hidden away somewhere and you had better look for it. One thing is certain, that though you may have heard of Fairies you have never read stories written by a real one. And that is what is going to happen to you.

A Fairy is going to write a story and its name is going to be something like this:

"How Wisnh Hatched the Little Rooks In the Nest on the Big Rooks' Tree."



An Abdication. By Grace Stone Field



"We'll have a coronation," said sister Dorothy.
"We'll have a coronation,,
here in the nursery."

They set King Richard on the throne—
King Richard aged three,
They crowned him with a candle shade
Of silver filigree.

A scepter in his dimpled hand
and royal robes had he,
And all his courtiers drew near,
a goodlie companie.

So for a space he sat in state
And ruled right royallie
Until his queenlie mother came
his kingdom for to see.

Then from his throne descended
King Richard, aged three,
And laid his crown and scepter down
To sit on mother's Knee!

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

By Ralph Henry Barbour.

Chapter XXV.

SID'S "POPULAR PROTEST"—AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

Harry and Jack played one set of tennis, which resulted, owing largely to Harry's evident preoccupation, in an easy win for Jack, 6—3.

"Look here, Harry, you don't really want to play tennis, do you?" asked Jack.

Harry started and flushed guiltily.

"Do you mind?" she asked.

"Not a bit," he answered. "What's bothering you? Methuselah got a headache? Or has Lady Gray eaten one of the white mice?"

Harry shook her head.

"I wish I could tell you, Jack, but it's not my secret," she answered regretfully and a trifle importantly. "Do you—would you mind taking a walk?"

"No; where to?"

"Over to the Mercers'."

Jack thought he could guess then what Harry was troubled about, but he said nothing, and they cut across the orchard, in which a few trees of early apples were already beginning to ripen their fruit, and headed for Farmer Mercer's.

Harry was a great favorite with Mrs. Mercer and was cordially greeted. They had root beer and vanilla cookies on the front porch, and then, leaving Jack and Mrs. Mercer to entertain each other, Harry ran off to the barn to find the farmer. She was back again in a few minutes and she and Jack took their leave.

"Well, did you discover anything?" asked Jack when they were once more on the road hurrying homeward. Harry shot a startled glance at him. Jack was smiling.

"No," she answered disappointedly. "How in the world did you know enough to ask—"

"Oh, I just guessed," was Jack's reply.

"He insists that it was Roy, but he did n't see him near by at all, so I don't see how he can tell."

"Don't you think it was Roy?" asked Jack.

Harry's indignant look was eloquent.

"Of course it was n't! He says so!"

There was a mysterious exodus of Middle and Junior Class boys from the campus to the boat-house that evening after supper. And when, an hour later, they came straggling back, every face bore the impress of a high and noble resolution. It had been unanimously resolved —after a good deal of pow-wow—that they should proceed in a body on the following afternoon to Farmer Mercer's grounds and fish in Wissick Creek.

Behold them, then, at the time appointed, marching across the fields and through the woods for all the world like a band of young crusaders, each armed with a fishing-pole and line! There were not enough "truly" poles to go round, so many of the party were forced to cut branches from the willows. Out on prohibited territory they marched, eighteen strong, Sidney Welch, having sought and received permission to absent himself from practice, in command. In full view of the white farm-house they lined the bank of the stream and threw in their lines. To be sure, many of the lines were guiltless of flies or even worms, but that was a detail. The minutes passed. One boy actually hooked a trout, but was so surprised that the prey escaped before he could land it. And still the minutes passed, and the irate voice of the tyrant sounded not. The sportsmen began to tire and grew bored. Many of them had never fished before and did n't care about it. A few tossed aside their rods and fell to playing stick-knife. And then, just when Sid had decided to give up and lead his defeated hosts back to

school, a figure ambled toward them across the meadow.

"He 's coming!" whispered Sid hoarsely.

Fully half of the group exhibited unmistakable signs of alarm; half a dozen edged toward home and were summoned back by the stauncher members.

"He can't do anything to us," said Sid



"HARRY RAN OFF TO THE BARN TO FIND THE FARMER"

nervously. "We 're too many for him—even if he is big!"

"Well, boys, what you doin' ?" inquired the farmer amiably.

There was a moment of constrained silence. Then,

"Fishing," answered Sid bravely.

"Caught anything?" asked the farmer as he joined the group and looked curiously at the huddled poles.

"Not yet, sir," answered Sid.

"Too sunny, I guess," was the reply.

The trespassers darted bewildered glances along their front. This awful calm was worse than the expected storm.

"Did n't take you long to get here, by gum!" said Farmer Mercer presently. "I did n't just bargain for having the whole school turn out to once, but I don't know as it matters. A bargain 's a bargain. I gave my word, and there it is. 'Let 'em come once a week, then,' says I, 'but no more 'n that.' The way that girl sassed me was a caution!" The farmer's face relaxed into something very like a smile. "'If you gave 'em permission to come,' says she, 'they would n't care about it so much. It 's the temptation that leads 'em,' says she. 'Tell 'em they can come and they won't want to.' Looks like she was mistaken there, though."

"Who—o?" stammered Sid.

"Why, Harry Emery. That 's the way she talked, like a regular book. Said it was all my fault you boys got in trouble!" He chuckled hoarsely. "What do you think of that, eh? My fault, by gum! Called me a 'perverter of youth,' or somethin' like that, too! Could n't do nothin' but give in to her after that! 'Let 'em come and fish once a week, then,' says I, 'an' as long as they behaves themselves I won't say anything to 'em.' Well, you ain't had much luck, to be sure, but I guess you 're clustered kind o' close together. Guess what fish you fellers catch won't hurt, much of any!"

And Farmer Mercer turned and ambled off, chuckling to himself.

The trespassers looked from one to another; then, with scarcely a word spoken, they wound up their lines and, with poles trailing, crept crestfallenly home. And in such fashion ended Sid's "popular protest!"

Meanwhile events marched rapidly. School came to an end the following Wednesday. In four days, that is on Saturday, came the boat-race, in the forenoon; and the final baseball game, at three o'clock. Examinations would end the day before. It was a breathless, exciting week. On the river the finishing touches were being put to what the school fondly believed was the finest four-oared crew ever destined to carry the Brown and White to victory. On the diamond Mr. Cobb and Captain Chub Eaton were working like beavers with a nine which, at the best, could be called only fairly

good. Tappen, at first, was doing his level best, but his best was far below the standard set by Roy. The nine, of course discouraged by the loss of Roy, was, however, fast regaining its form, and Chub began to feel again that he had at least a fighting chance.

It was a hard week for Roy, for there was always the hope that Fate would intervene and deliver him from his durance. But Wednesday came and Thursday came, and still the crimson sweater, upon the discovery of which so much hinged, did not turn up. Roy vetoed Chub's plea to be allowed to rip open Horace's trunk, and Harry's assistance, from which, for some reason, Roy had hoped a good deal, had so far worked no relief. There were moments when Roy was strongly tempted to accuse Horace to his face and dare him to display the contents of that battered trunk of his in the Senior Dormitory. But there was always the lack of certainty of the other's guilt to deter him.

Of Harry, Roy caught but fleeting glimpses. But although she had no good news for him, or brilliant plans to suggest, she was by no means idle. She very nearly thought herself into brain fever. So absorbed was she in Roy's dilemma that the permission rung from Farmer Mercer to allow the boys to fish his stream passed entirely out of her mind until after school had closed. None of the members of the poaching expedition cared to talk about it, and so Harry remained in ignorance of it for the time being.

Roy finished the last of his examinations on Thursday afternoon, and, while he would not learn the results until the following week, he was hopeful of having made a better showing than in the winter. Afterwards he went to the limit of his prison on the river side and watched from a distance the placing of the course flags for the race.

Presently from down the river the brown-shirted crews swept into sight, rowing strongly in spite of their weariness. They had finished the last work before the race, although in the morning there would be a half-hour of paddling. Number 2 in the first boat was splashing a good deal as the slim craft headed toward the landing, but it probably came from weariness rather than from poor form. The second crew looked pretty well done up and the coxswain's "Let her run!" floated up to Roy long before the landing was in sight. After that they paddled slowly in and lifted their shell from the darkening water as though it weighed a thousand pounds.

From behind Fox Island, well over toward the farther shore, a row of white shirts caught a shaft of afternoon sunlight and Roy watched the rise and fall of the oars as the Hammond four returned home at a good clip, closely pursued by the second crew. Then, on his own side of the river, a single shell crept into view around the point, and Mr. Buckman, handling the long sweeps with an ease and rhythm that seemed the poetry of motion, his little brown megaphone bobbing from the cord about his neck in time to his movements, shot his craft up to the landing. Then, save for the launch gliding across to the Hammond side, the river was empty and long lanes of sunlight were disappearing, one by one, as the sun sank behind the purple hills.

Roy had not watched baseball practice since that first afternoon. Brother Laurence's advice might be very excellent, but a chap could n't always follow it; there were moments when the grins would n't come. And, somehow, when Chub confided to him that evening that things were looking up, and could n't help showing some of the cheerfulness he felt, Roy was more lonesome and out of it than ever.

The next morning after breakfast Doctor Emery announced that every student must be in the dormitories at ten o'clock and have his trunk and cupboard open for inspection; Mrs. Emery would examine the boys' clothing and take away for repairs such garments as needed them. The announcement was something of a surprise to the older boys, for never before had such an examination been made. It was the custom for the boys to lay aside each week whatever clothing needed mending, cleansing or pressing, but a general inspection was something unprecedented. Many fellows made up their minds to get upstairs as soon as possible and remove certain things from their trunks; firearms and sensational literature, for instance, were prohibited and subject to confiscation if discovered.

Roy's heart leapt when he heard the an-

nouncement and he could n't help glancing at Horace. The latter youth, however, had apparently not heard it, for he was talking away with Whitcomb at a great rate and his countenance showed no sign of dismay or uneasiness.

But Roy made up his mind to be near Horace's trunk when Mrs. Emery looked through it! As he had nothing in his trunk he was unwilling for the authorities to see, he did n't go to the dormitory after breakfast. Instead, he crossed over to the gymnasium in the hope of finding Chub there. But Chub was n't to be discovered, and Roy mooned about the campus for the better part of an hour and then went up to the dormitory. It was pretty well filled and the fellows were getting a good deal of fun out of the occasion. Jack Rogers called across and told him he wanted to see him after inspection. Horace Burlen had his trunk open and was sitting nonchalantly on the side of his cot. Mrs. Emery soon appeared and, with Mr. Cobb in attendance, began her rounds. The whole thing looked rather perfunctory to Roy. Perhaps the fellows' garments were in good condition; at least, few of them were laid aside for mending. And when Mrs. Emery reached Horace's trunk Roy sauntered carelessly over and looked on. He imagined that Horace seemed a bit uneasy when Mrs. Emery began taking his clothing out of the till. But he kept silent.



"THE BOW OF THE FERRY HILL SHELL SLID UP TO THE STERN OF THE RIVAL BOAT."
(SEE PAGE 1078.)

"Your things are in nice condition, Horace," she said. "Now what 's underneath?"

"There 's nothing much there," answered Horace. "Everything 's all right, Mrs. Emery."

"Well, I guess we 'd better look at them and make sure," was the pleasant reply. "Just lift out the till, please."

Horace obeyed with ill-grace and Roy, his heart beating hard, edged nearer. Garment after garment came out to be piled neatly on the floor and finally the last one appeared. The trunk was empty and the crimson sweater was nowhere in sight!

Roy's eyes darted here and there in search of other recesses, but beyond a doubt he had seen everything the trunk contained. Mrs. Emery began to place the things back very carefully, one by one, as though even she were looking for that sweater. Roy wondered. Perhaps—Of course that was it! Harry had taken her mother into her confidence and the unusual proceedings had been instituted on his account! He felt very grateful to Mrs. Emery, but he was terribly disappointed. There was only one thing to suppose now, and that was that Horace had thrown the sweater away instead of bringing it back to school with him. Of course red sweaters were n't scarce, but that particular one had been very precious to Roy and he felt its loss keenly. He went back to his own side of the room and dolefully locked his trunk. One by one the fellows went out. Mrs. Emery, having completed her task, collected a half-dozen garments and, still escorted by Mr. Cobb, took her departure. Horace, too, followed, and only Roy and Jack were left.

"Did you want to see me, Jack?" asked Roy indifferently.

"Er—yes. Just wait a minute."

He went to the door and called:

"O Chub!"

"Coming!" bawled Chub's voice from downstairs, and in a moment he came in. He was beaming like the cat that ate the canary. Roy sighed. It was all well enough for Chub and Jack to stand there and grin at him, he reflected sadly; they had n't lost a priceless crimson sweater and were n't on inner bounds.

"Have you told him?" asked Chub breathlessly.

Jack shook his head.

"Told me what?" asked Roy resentfully.

For answer the two boys bade him rise from his cot. Wondering, Roy obeyed. Then, between them, they lifted bedding and mattress.

"Look underneath," said Chub.

Roy looked.

And the next instant he had his crimson sweater in his hands and was looking bewilderedly from it to Chub and from Chub to Jack and so back again at the sweater. Chub and Jack were grinning like monkeys and enjoying hugely his bewilderment.

"How—how 'd it get there?" whispered Roy finally.

"Put it into your trunk and come on out," said Chub. "We 've got something to tell you."

Roy found his key and unlocked the trunk. But in the act of laying the sweater away he paused and drew back. Under one shoulder was a long rip where the stitches had given way.

"I—I think I 'll take it over to Mrs. Emery," he said, "and get her to mend it. That 's a beast of a hole!"

"All right," said Jack. "Come on."

So they took the precious garment over to the Cottage, and as they went Chub—Jack assisting—explained.

"It was Harry's scheme, Roy. She told her mother and Mrs. Emery got the Doctor to issue that order about having the fellows unlock their trunks. But Harry knew that if Horace had the sweater he 'd try and get rid of it before the examination. So she told Jack and me to come up here right after breakfast and hide where we could see what was doing. Well, we did. We got under Gallup's bed where he could n't see us and waited. We had n't been there five minutes before up comes little Horace. He looked around mighty carefully, you know, and then he unlocked his trunk, dug down to the bottom of it and pulled out the sweater. Jack nearly whooped when he saw it!"

"That 's right," agreed Jack. "I came near spoiling the whole show!"

"So Horace tiptoed over to your bed, lifted up the mattress and stuck the sweater underneath. Then he lit out. And he does n't know yet that we saw the whole thing!"

"I knew he had it!" muttered Roy. "Whew! I 'm awfully much obliged to you, fellows."

"You want to thank Harry, I guess," said Jack. "It was her scheme."

"That 's so," said Roy. "Harry 's a wonder! I suppose she 's at school now. Too bad, for she was dying to know what was going to happen and I promised to come over as soon as I could and tell her."

Mrs. Emery smiled knowingly when she came to the door and Roy handed the sweater to her, but she only said that she 'd be very glad to draw the hole together for him and that Harry would be delighted to hear that it was found.

"I 'll tell her as soon as she gets home from school," she added.

"And—and please thank her for me," said Roy.

"Is the Doctor in?" asked Chub.

"No, he 's gone to town," was the reply. "But he 'll be back very shortly. Will you come in and wait?"

"No 'm, thanks. We 'll come back again at noon," answered Chub. And when they had left the cottage he turned and thumped Roy triumphantly on the back. "Practice at three, old chap!" he cried.

Roy smiled happily. Then,

"I suppose he will let me off?" he asked doubtfully.

"Who? Prexy? Of course he will! What has he got against you now? Both Jack and I saw Horace put the sweater there, and we know that he was away from school Sunday afternoon. What more proof is wanted?"

"We 've got Horace done brown," said Jack. "Prexy won't do a thing to him!"

"Kind of hard luck, too," said Chub, "with the race coming off in the morning; for of course Prexy will yank him out of the boat the first thing."

"Then we 'll lose the race, won't we?" asked Roy.

Chub shrugged his shoulders.

"Surely," he answered. "I 'm rather sorry for Horace, but he deserves every bit of it. It was a mean trick to play on you."

Roy was silent a moment. Finally,

"Well, I don't care so much now that I 've got my sweater back," he said thoughtfully.

"Care about what?" asked Jack.

"Oh, the rest of it; being on bounds and—and not playing to-morrow," answered Roy. "You see, I 'd just about made up my mind that I was n't going to play, anyhow."

"Well, you 're *going* to play," answered Chub cheerfully. "And I 'm pleased purple. A few of those nice long hits of yours to-morrow will do a heap of good, Roy."

But Roy did n't seem to hear.

"No one knows about this but you and Jack and me?" he asked.

"That 's all," replied Chub.

"And if we don't say anything about it, then, no one else will know."

"Don't say anything about it!" cried Chub. "Are you crazy?"

"No, but there 's the boat-race to think of, Chub; we don't want to lose that, I guess. And if they take Horace out—"

"Now don't you be a silly ass!" interrupted Chub in alarm. "Let them lose the old race! I reckon we don't want to lose the ball game either, do we? Now don't get sentimental and sloppy; Horace deserves all that 's coming to him!"

"Maybe," answered Roy, "but I guess we 'll just keep this to ourselves, if you fellows don't mind."

"But you won't be able to play!"

"I know," Roy replied, "but I was n't expecting to, you see. And—and, anyhow, I 've got my sweater back!"

"Sweater be blowed!" exploded Chub. "Don't be a fool, Roy! You 're just fooling, are n't you, eh?"

"No, Chub, I 'm not. I 'm sorry to disappoint you, but—but I don't think it would be fair to the school to tell on Horace and lose the race. I 'd like to play mighty well, but—I guess we 'll just keep this to ourselves, fellows!"

Chapter XXVI.

THE BOAT-RACE.

It was Saturday morning.

Along the Ferry Hill shore, from the landing to a point half a mile further downstream where the finish flags flew, students and villagers, the former in most cases accompanied by friends or relatives, stood, sat or strolled at points of vantage. On the river white-sailed skiffs, chugging

launches, gaudy canoes and more sober row-boats darted and drifted across the sunlit water. It was the hottest sort of a June morning and only the steady little northerly breeze kept the heat from being intolerable to the spectators along shore.

The crews had gone up the river half an hour before, the men making the trip to the starting point in comfortable launches, their shells streaking along in tow. The time for starting the race was already past and every one about the finish was eagerly awaiting the distant boom of the tiny brass cannon aboard the referee's launch which would announce to them that the struggle had begun two miles away.

From where Chub and Roy sat in the midst of a throng of onlookers on a high point of rock near the finish line, the entire course was in sight save for a space where Fox Island hid it. Away up the broad blue ribbon of water tiny specks that danced and glittered in the blaze of sunlight told where the start was to be made, but only Sid, who was the proud possessor of a pair of dilapidated field-glasses, could tell one boat from another. At last there was an excited grunt from that youth.

"They 're off!" he cried. "I saw the smoke from the cannon on the Sylph!"

And in confirmation of his statement a low *boom* came down to them on the breeze. Everyone jumped to his feet and gazed intently upstream. But only such as had glasses were able to throw any light on the situation up there. Sid was popular and voluble.

"We 're ahead, 'way ahead!" he cried excitedly. "About two lengths, I guess."

"*Hooray*!" shrieked Patten.

"No, we 're not, either," said Sid, lamely. "I was looking at a launch. I can't see our boat at all!"

"O—oh!" groaned the others.

"Yes, there it is! I think—it looks as though—"

"Well, out with it!" commanded Chub.

"I guess it 's about a length behind," finished Sid.

But when half the course had been rowed it was possible to identify the two boats without the aid of field glasses. Side by side they were, or very nearly, and coming hard. Some one in the Ferry Hill shell was splashing occasionally; they could see the water dash up into the sunlight. Then, still rowing about evenly, they were lost to sight behind the island and suspense gripped the spectators. The seconds seemed minutes until, at last, the slim sharp bow of a boat shot into sight past the lower end of the island. Followed a breathless moment until the back of the bow oar appeared. Then the group groaned as one man. Bow wore a white shirt; the Hammond shell was in the lead. Clear of the island it came and still the rival boat did n't follow.

"Guess our boat 's sunk," muttered Chub nervously.

Then another brown nose poked its way past the point and Ferry Hill, three lengths behind, but rowing hard, flashed into view. The crowd on the shore vented its relief in a long yell. Maddox, the tiny coxswain, his megaphone strapped to his mouth, was bending forward and urging his crew onward. But three lengths is a good deal to make up in the last quarter-mile of a hard race, especially when one of the crew is plainly ragged.

"Just look at Hadden!" moaned Thurlow. "He is n't pulling a pound!"

"Thinks he 's a blooming geyser, I guess," said Chub disgustedly. "See him splash, will you? He 's just about all in."

But Hammond's stroke was also showing the effects of the work and was rowing woefully short. Inch by inch the brown shirts crept up on the white. At first, so slow was the gain that no one noticed it. Then Chub suddenly let up a whoop of joy.

"We 're after 'em!" he cried. "We 're gaining on 'em!"

"Yes, but we can't cut down that lead," answered Roy, who had been freed from inner bounds for the race. "But we certainly are creeping up!"

"You just bet we are!" shrieked Sid. "Why, we 're only two lengths behind! We—we are n't that much!"

"Length and a half," grunted Thurlow.

The two boats were almost abreast of them now and only a couple of hundred yards remained. In and out dipped the red blades and the brown, forward and back bent the

straining bodies, back and forth like shuttles slid the two red-faced, shouting coxswains. The strident tones of Maddox came up to those on the hillside:

"Hit it up, now! Hit it up, boys! Ten hard ones! One! . . Two! . . Three! . . "

Ten hard ones made a difference. The bow of the Ferry Hill shell slid up to the stern of the rival boat. On the shore pandemonium reigned. Shouts, yells, shrieks, bellows; entreaty, command; a vocal jumble that no one even heard! For below there, on the flashing river the two boats were crossing the finish line, Hammond a half length to the good! Down went the white signal flag.

"Let her run!" cried the Hammond coxswain.

Past the judge's boat floated the shells, victor and vanquished, while on the shore and in the watching craft spectators drew long breaths and turned homeward. In the Ferry Hill boat only Horace Burlen sat erect. Whitcomb was leaning weakly on his oar, Gallup's head was in his hands and Hadden was huddled limply, while Maddox splashed water upon him. Hammond was paddling slowly around in a circle, coming back. Abreast of their defeated rivals they rested on their oars and cheered for Ferry Hill. And Ferry Hill cheered weakly for Hammond. And the boat-race was a thing of the past.

"Another fifty yards and we 'd have had them," said Chub disappointedly.

"Surely," answered Roy. "But we certainly rowed the pluckiest kind of a race. Look at the way we overhauled them there at the last!"

"Fine!" said Thurlow.

"Swell!" said Sid.

And in this way they found surcease for their disappointment; which was as it should have been. A race well rowed and won is something to be proud of; a race well rowed and lost may be quite as creditable. Pluck and sportsmanship is always the criterion, not merely victory. Many a time has a defeated crew or eleven taken off the first honors. Ferry Hill's game finish to a heartbreaking race—rowed, as the timers' watches proved, twelve seconds under record time for the course—more than atoned for her defeat.

"After all," said Thurlow, "it was n't that our crew was poorer than we thought it was, but that Hammond's was a blamed sight better. Why, we must have finished six or seven seconds under the record!"

"Sure," answered Chub more cheerfully. "It was a dandy crew and Horace deserved to win. If the fellows know their business they 'll reelect him for next year. I don't like the chap a bit, but he certainly did row a fine race!"

"That 's right," responded the rest as they climbed the hill back to school. And by the time the campus was reached they were all smiling as though victory instead of defeat had fallen to their lot. All save Chub. Chub was very unhappy, but not over the race.

"Lots of good you did," he said to Roy as they made their way across to the dormitory. "You might as well have squared yourself; we got beat anyhow."

"Maybe, but that does n't change the—the ethics of the thing," replied Roy.

"Ethics!" snorted Chub. "I 'll bet ethics won't help us to win from Hammond this afternoon. Oh, I dare say it 's all mighty fine and heroic, Roy, but it 's blamed hard on me!"

"I 'm sorry."

"Oh, I dare say, but you 're not half as sorry as I am," answered the other ruefully. "Look here, now. The race is all over and done with. Let 's go see Prexy now and tell him what we know. What do you say? Shall we? He can't refuse to let you play."

But Roy shook his head.

"I 'd rather not, Chub. I decided not to tell on Horace and I 'm not going to, ever. That 's settled. Besides, Prexy would n't let me play now; he 'd say I ought to have told him as soon as I found it out."

"Wish to goodness you had!" groaned Chub. "You 're an obstinate beast, Roy. If I did n't like you so well I 'd punch your fool head for you!"

Chub was not the only one disappointed and disgusted by Roy's stand. Harry had almost given way to tears when she had learned of his resolution.

"After all my trouble!" she had wailed. "I don't think it 's very—very appreciative of you, Roy Porter!"

But in the end she, like Chub and Jack, had been bound to secrecy, promising not to tell her father. That she had n't been cautioned against telling anyone else had been merely because Roy had known her ability to keep her own counsel.

"I suppose he will let you come and watch the game, won't he?" asked Chub as they parted on the stairway.

"Yes, he gave me permission to see both the race and the game," answered Roy. "And I 'll be there, never fear. I 'm going to help Hadden and Cole with the cheering."

"Well, so long. I 'll see you at dinner. We 're going out at two-thirty. You 'd better come along."

The breeze died away about noon and when, at half-past two, the nine and substitutes went out to the field and the spectators began to assemble, the heat was almost unbearable. But it was a good baseball day, for after one has once begun to perspire freely he can play ball to the King's taste. Hammond trotted on to the diamond soon after Ferry Hill and went to work practicing, Ferry Hill remaining at the batting net until a quarter to three. Then the two nines changed places and Mr. Cobb began knocking out the ball.

The stands were well filled by three o'clock and fans were waving lustily. Along one edge of the field Hammond Academy's supporters, nearly a hundred strong, squatted on the grass and strove to keep the burning rays of the sun from their faces by using their flags and pennants as screens. Across the diamond Ferry Hill had assembled, fortunate in having the stand behind them to throw some shade where they sat. Roy and Hadden and Cole were to lead the cheering and to this end had armed themselves with brown megaphones; and coats were discarded, while on the seats green and white and brown sunshades made brilliant blots of color. In the center of the main stand sat Doctor Emery, Mrs. Emery and Harry, and with them as guests of honor were Doctor Hammond, Principal of the rival academy, and his wife. It looked at first glance as though Harry had joined the enemy, in spite of the brown banner she carried, for in her lap was something hued much like the Hammond's brilliant color. But it was only Roy's sweater which, having been repaired, Harry had brought along to return to its owner. An enterprising citizen of Silver Cove was doing a rushing business selling "ice-cold drinks! Lemon pop, sarsaparilla *and* root beer! Who 's next?"

At two minutes past the hour, Chub and O'Meara, respectively captains of Ferry Hill and Hammond, met at the plate and watched the umpire spin a coin.

"Heads!" cried O'Meara.

"Tails," said the umpire, stooping to rescue the coin. "What do you want?"

"We 'll take the field," replied Chub.

Then out they trotted, nine sturdy young figures in grey suits and brown and white striped stockings, while Roy, Hadden and Cole shook their megaphones and students and graduates and friends shouted enthusiastically.

"Ferry Hill! Ferry Hill! Ferry Hill!" rang the slogan, "Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Ferry Hill!"

Hammond answered promptly. Then Ferry Hill cheered for Hammond and Hammond returned the compliment. The umpire walked down to his position behind pitcher, tossed a nice, shiny white ball to the redoubtable Post, Ferry Hill's crack pitcher, and casually remarked:

"Play ball!"

(To be concluded.)



The Dot Pictures

BY MARGARET JOHNSON



"Six little dots on the page, my dears,
You may put them wherever you will,
Double or single, or near or far,
Circle or diamond, square or star,
However, wherever, the little dots are,
They shall make you a picture still."

The round-eyed children dotted the dots,
And the artist, smiling, drew;
Dots together and dots apart,
Dots in a line as straight as a dart,
From dot to dot, with its magical art,
The wonderful pencil flew.

The children looked, and the children laughed,
And dotted the dots in glee;
For whether the picture would turn out a bear,
A barn or a barrel, a goose or a hare,
An elf, or an oak, or a damsel fair,
They never could tell, you see.

And six little dots in the very same place
Would show, surprising to say,
A brave little boat with a curtseying sail,
And the same little boat in a terrible gale,
And tell the beginning and end of the tale
In a very remarkable way.

The pictures all finished, the conjuror went
The work and the fun to forget.
But the children ran laughing and shouting away
To draw them dot-pictures the rest of the day;
And off in some corner, I venture to say,
They are merrily making them yet!

Six little dots on the page, my dears,
You may put them wherever you will,
If only your pencil be clever and quick,
O Mabel and Molly and Dolly and Dick,
You may do for yourselves the conjuror's trick,
They shall make you a picture still

The Little Dancer

Two very different [illegible] dots.

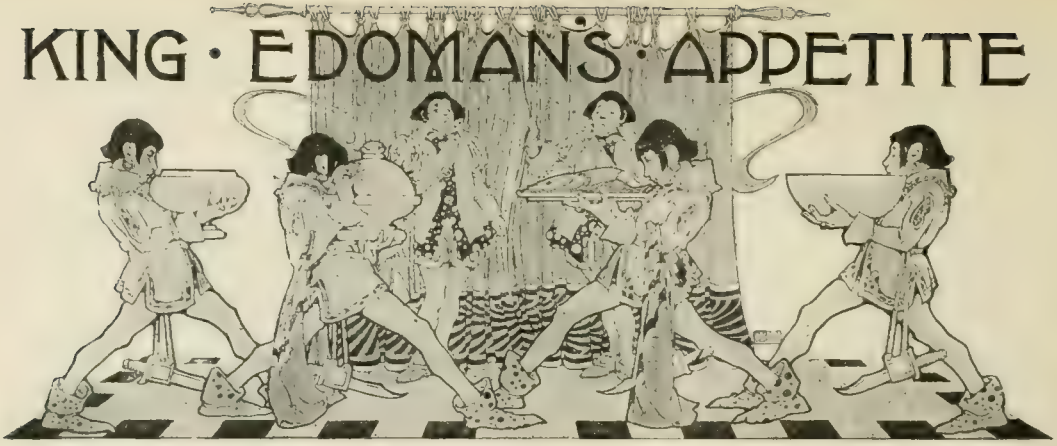


A dot for the top of her head,
And a dot for the tip of her toe,
For her neat little slipper so pointed and
fine,
And her beautiful Alsatian bow;
Two dots for the sweep of her skirt,
A dot for the rose at her feet,
A dot for the [illegible] of her waist,—and I
vow,
We 've a dear little dancing-girl making
her bow,
Now is n't she perfectly sweet!



A dot for his little round cap,
And a dot for his Frenchified shoe;
If I could buy bread by the yard, I believe,
I would [illegible] on the [illegible] too!—
Two dots for that funny long loaf,
Two dots for the dog,—I declare,
That gay little dancer, so light on her
toes,
Is a little French garçon, who eats as he
goes,
And still has a plenty to spare!

KING · EDOMANS · APPETITE



A Fable for children of all ages.

By Gilbert Payson Coleman.

There was once a very good king named Edoman. This king, besides being very good, was also very fat and very lazy, and he was extremely fond of good things to eat. His table was constantly supplied with the very choicest viands that his dominions could produce. Each day, on arising, he ate a breakfast so large that it would have lasted any ordinary king a week. For luncheon he consumed about twice as much as he had eaten at breakfast. But at night, when the dinner table was spread, he indulged himself so plenteously that it was all the Lord Chief Butler and the High Royal Waiter could do to assist him from the room.

At length, however, King Edoman began to find that he was losing his appetite, and this grieved him sorely, for he considered that nothing in life could afford so much real pleasure as eating. At first he thought the fault lay with his cooks, and by the advice of the Royal Privy Council, he ordered the Head Guardian of the Kitchen Stove to be flogged. But even after this wise direction of the council had been rigidly obeyed, it was observed that the king's appetite did not improve. His condition growing from bad to worse, the members of the Privy Council were once more called in, and ordered to advise a remedy. After grave deliberation, the council concluded that the trouble lay with the High Purveyors of Garden Truck to His Royal Majesty, and a select dozen of them were forthwith put in the stocks, though Edoman expressed his extreme regret that such harsh measures should be necessary.

But even after the second remedy suggested by the council had been adopted the king was still unable to derive any satisfaction from the food that was provided for his enjoyment, and at last, deciding to take the matter into his own hands, he caused a proclamation to be published, which read as follows:

"To the Knights and the Yeomen, the High and the Low Born among my subjects: —

"Know that your faithful and loving Sovereign doth make it publicly proclaimed that he is no longer of that good appetite which hath for so many years been a source of comfort to himself and admiration to his zealous subjects; and that he hath concluded the trouble consisteth in the lack of variety in the meat that is offered for the enjoyment of his palate. He therefore maketh the following offer: —

"To such of his subjects as are willing to undertake the task, he conferreth the privilege of hunting and destroying any wild animal that may exist in the royal dominions, and they are exhorted to fit out any expedition they may deem necessary to accomplish their purpose in behalf of their unhappy ruler.

"Upon the one who shall be so fortunate as to provide the choicest morsel shall be conferred the Order of High Steward and he shall be deemed to have obtained the boon of knighthood by special royal warrant.



"A statue of the animal selected, in the act of being slain by the fortunate subject, shall be carved out of gold, and erected on a lofty column directly in front of the palace."

EDOMAN, REX.

It is needless to say that the offer was eagerly accepted by all the ambitious and enthusiastic young men in the realm, and in a short time such a multitude of names were submitted to the king that he must have lived a thousand years in order to consume the various dishes that were sure to be provided. In this dilemma it was decided to cast lots as to who should be chosen, and, in order that the entire period might cover just one year, at the rate of one banquet a week, fifty-two fortunate subjects were selected to perform the agreeable office of satisfying the king's appetite.

The King observed his part of the contract with exactness. At every banquet he ate with the greatest deliberation, tasted carefully each mouthful, and announced solemnly to the royal scribes and secretaries his impression as to the flavor and agreeableness of each dish that had been submitted.

Strange to say, however, his appetite did not improve, and the faithful members of the Royal Privy Council awaited the outcome of the experiment with many misgivings.

There chanced to live in the king's dominions a young man of the name of Sraqestex. This young man had been born to a lowly estate, but with the most inordinate ambition, which he had not yet been able to gratify. Therefore, as soon as he heard of Edoman's offer, he eagerly accepted what seemed to him an opportunity for mending his fortune, for he knew that there was a handsome salary attached to the Order of High Steward. And his heart was gladdened when he heard that his name had been chosen by the lot.

But when Sraqestex began to cast about for some way in which to procure an animal suitable to the king's appetite, he was sorely puzzled, for he was utterly destitute of the means to provide himself with the equipment necessary for such an expedition. Moreover, his name was the very last on the list, and he felt sure that, however far he

might penetrate into the wilds of the dominion, others would have been there before him and secured all the rarest specimens.

There was only one thing in his favor; he had plenty of time for thinking. In fact, he did little else but think from the time when he rose in the morning, until long after he had composed himself for slumber at night.

Matters progressed in this manner until one week before the date when Sraqestex was to report at the Palace, duly provided with a feast, and all his friends began to lament grievously, for they feared he would incur the penalty stipulated in case any of those selected by the lot should fail to keep his engagement,—namely that he should be deprived of his head, which they regarded as one of the most important features of the body.

It was at this critical juncture that a sudden and marked change was observed in Sraqestex's demeanor. His melancholy gave way to cheerfulness, and even to gaiety. In the face of what was deemed the direst calamity he appeared not only hopeful, but confident, and went so far as to assure his neighbors that, after all, they would not soon be obliged to attend his funeral.

At length the day arrived when Sraqestex was to make his report. The banquet, according to the agreement, was to take place in the evening. Early in the morning Sraqestex repaired to the Palace, bearing a mysterious burden wrapped up in a white cloth, which he proceeded to deliver to the Head Guardian of the Kitchen Stove, with minute instructions as to its subsequent disposal. Upon examining the contents of the bundle the royal servant was seen to be extremely surprised and agitated, and a warm argument followed. But the young shepherd remained firm, and finally departed, having effected his purpose.

The good King Edoman, according to his custom, left the palace shortly after lunch for a drive, in order that he might afford his subjects the pleasure of gazing upon the person of their sovereign. On this drive the route lay out of the city, a distance of some ten miles, and then back again as straight as the road lay, for His Majesty was not inclined to take even this mild sort of exertion for a longer period than was absolutely necessary.

All went well until the equipage arrived at a low bridge spanning a slender stream, when, without warning and with a sudden crash, the carriage gave way, and King Edoman was thrown out upon the ground.

There was immediately the greatest consternation, and all hands sprang to the aid of their illustrious monarch, who, it was feared, had suffered some grievous bodily injury. The behavior of the good king Edoman gave some reason for this apprehension, for he lay on the ground, groaning in the most distressing manner; but after a careful examination it was discovered that he was as sound as before, though it was some time before they could persaude him of this circumstance.

The coach, however, was found to be totally unfit for further service, as one of the wheels had been torn from the axle, and the courtiers who accompanied the king were greatly perplexed as to how they should convey His Majesty safely back to the palace. The country in the neighborhood was quite deserted, and there was no hope of obtaining another vehicle to accommodate them on the return journey.

Nothing remained, therefore, but that the entire party should return afoot, which they proceeded to do with as good grace as possible, to the extreme curiosity and admiration of numerous peasants whom they chanced to pass on the road. For it certainly was a strange sight to behold a very stout king, with his raiment torn and his hair dishevelled, tramping along a dusty highway, accompanied by a train of forlorn courtiers; and the oddity of the spectacle was increased by the fact that His Majesty's crown persisted in slipping down over one ear, giving him a decidedly unkingly and even rakish appearance.

At length, bedraggled and utterly worn out, the party arrived at the palace. The Royal Chamberlain and the Keepers of the King's Bed Room, who had worried exceedingly over the unexplained delay, hastened to provide their monarch with fresh raiment. Having carefully dusted off his crown, they burnished it until it shone like new. The king in the meanwhile was conducted to the bath and thoroughly laved by the Gentlemen in Attend-



"THE CARRIAGE GAVE WAY AND KING IDOMAN WAS THROWN OUT UPON THE GROUND"

ance on the Bath Room. The Head Keeper of the Kitchen Stove being instantly informed of Edoman's arrival, set to work to prepare the mysterious offering that had been provided by Sraqestex; and in a short time the king, whose appetite had been enormously increased during the operation of bathing, was ready to partake of the final banquet of this memorable contest.

On entering the dining-room, attended by the scribes and secretaries, the eyes of the king beheld, in addition to the usual array of choice viands, the body of some animal that had been roasted to a delicious brown, and decorated with spices and green herbs. Edoman's eyes sparkled and his mouth watered as he assumed his seat at the head of the table, and it was with difficulty that he restrained his impatience during the task of carving, which was faithfully and skillfully performed by the Lord Guardian of the Carving Knife. At length all was ready, and the king began to eat.

Scarcely had he tasted the first mouthful when he exclaimed in a voice that betokened the utmost rapture,

"'Gad Zooks! By the sacred Scepter of my Ancestors, 'tis the flesh of an animal fit to appease the appetite of the gods!"

This observation was faithfully recorded by the scribes. At the next bite he cried, with even greater conviction:

"How now, my worthy fellows, 'tis the fairest meat that ever soothed the palate of a monarch!"

With such rapidity did he consume the inviting dish that the Lord Guardian of the Carving Knife began to fear that he might not keep up with the pace set for him by his Royal Highness. The attendants rejoiced as they perceived a return of their lord's wonted appetite, and observed with feelings of intense gratification the rapid depletion of the roast, which corresponded with a visible increase in the size of the king's person. Every interval in the meal was punctuated with ejaculations of the most hearty approval from his Majesty, and the quills of the scribes fairly raced over the parchment as they noted down these comments.



"'SPEAK, MY WORTHY FELLOW! WHAT IS THIS THAT I HAVE EATEN?'"

At length, when Edoman had nearly done, he turned to his secretaries and exclaimed, in a voice rendered somewhat husky by the rapacity of his feasting:

"To the winds with the records! 'Tis im-

possible that a beast more savory, more tender, more satisfying, could be provided by mortal agency. Odds Fish! Off at once, and let me gaze upon the person of my benefactor and deliverer, that I may adequately reward him according to the contract!"

Messengers were forthwith despatched and in a short time Sraqestex, fearful and trembling, clad in the accustomed garb of a shepherd, was led before His Majesty.

Edoman eyed him for a moment in curiosity.

"Odds bodikins," he muttered, "hath not one of all my noble knights been able to accomplish what this poor country lad hath done?" Then, addressing Sraqestex, he said in a kindly tone,

"Thy name, good fellow?"

"Sraqestex," replied our hero, endeavoring fruitlessly to overcome a tendency of his knees to knock against each other.

"Sraqestex," mused His Highness, "'Tis a name of pleasing sound, and fit to form the title of a knight." Then aloud,

"And is it thou, my good Sraqestex, who hath been so fortunate as to provide thy sire with this goodly relish?"

Considerably encouraged by the king's kindly disposition, Sraqestex answered in the affirmative.

"'Tis the noblest dish that I have tasted in a twelve-month," continued Edoman; "aye, I doubt not, even in a life-time! Come, speak, my worthy fellow, what is this that I have eaten?"

Sraqestex stood still, fumbling his shepherd's cap, and seeming loath to make reply.

"Be not abashed, good friend," added the King. "Know that thou standest high in the favor of thy monarch. Prithee, speak."

Persuaded by this gentle address, Sraqestex responded.

"A Pig,—may it please thy most Gracious Majesty."

"A Pig!" exclaimed the King, drawing back in amazement,—"sayest thou truly,—a pig?"

"Aye, my lord, it is none other than a pig," and Sraqestex drooped his head as though expecting instant retribution. Edoman glanced with an expression of extreme astonishment toward the scribes and secretaries, whose wonder was no less apparent.

"An it be a pig," said the monarch, "'Tis surely one of no common breed that could so tickle the palate of a king. Come, declare me, sir, the mystery of this strange adventure."

Thus abjured, Sraqestex proceeded to make a clean breast of the whole story.

"'Tis but indeed a pig," he said, "and one of the common breed raised by my parents. But, may it please Your Majesty, 'twas not upon the pig alone that I relied for the success of my undertaking. Long had I observed and bewailed my liege's loss of appetite, and after considering all the causes that might have led to that unhappy end, I was forced to believe, that the reason lay, not in the sort of viands that had been prepared for Your Majesty's delectation, but in the fact that my noble monarch had fallen into such an easy mode of living that he had ceased to enjoy that activity and stimulation so necessary to health, and to the appreciation of good feeding.

"Consequently, I determined to provide some means by which my liege should be assured of a zest for food on the occasion when my humble offering was prepared for his entertainment. It was I, my lord, who stole away the timbers of the bridge, so that it could not bear the weight of the royal equipage. My heart quakes within me as I confess it, but I knew it was a trifling stream thou wouldst cross, and that the danger of bodily hurt would be small indeed. Nor was I in error when I calculated that thou wouldst be obliged to accomplish the journey back on foot. This—I was so presumptuous as to believe—would afford my sovereign a handsome appetite, and I trusted to thy famous clemency in case the device did prove effective."

Here Sraqestex paused and awaited in great anxiety the answer of the king.

For a long time Edoman remained silent, and his brow was clouded, as though wrapped in unpleasant meditation. At length, however, his face cleared, and assumed, by degrees, its accustomed benignant expression; and he said, in a voice that was tremulous with emotion:

"Trickery of any sort I do despise. But when it is perpetrated in such a noble cause

as that of restoring the king's appetite, then I would be an unworthy monarch not to overlook the means in order to perceive the end. And I do further congratulate thee on being the instrument of teaching a valuable lesson to thy erring sovereign, for truly do I perceive that there is no honest enjoyment except that it be honestly earned. If one would maintain contentment of the body, it is meet that he should prepare for it by a proper exercise; and I doubt not the same principle applies to the higher qualities of the soul.

"Know, therefore, my good Sraqestex, that I hereby dub thee Knight, and create thee High Steward of the Realm."

Thus did Sraqestex emerge from what had promised to be a most disastrous adventure. Having received the appointment of High Steward, according to the king's direction, he was enabled to place his parents on a footing of dignity and prosperity, and to marry the maiden of his choice and live in great comfort.

And even to this day in front of the Royal Palace may be seen a column, the summit of which is capped by a statue of Sraqestex, with a knife poised above a Golden Pig.



On the edge of the meadow up popped a gray rabbit.
"O, la, how you scared me!" said Angeline Babbit;
"For you see Mr. Bunny, to tell you just why —
I thought, for a minute, you'd dropped from the sky."

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By Helen Nicolay.

Chapter XII.

The Conqueror of the Confederacy.

The presidential election of 1864 took place on November 8. The diary of one of the President's secretaries contains a curious record of the way the day passed at the Executive Mansion. "The house has been still and almost deserted. Everybody in Washington and not at home voting seems ashamed of it, and stays away from the President. While I was talking with him to-day he said: 'It is a little singular that I, who am not a vindictive man, should always have been before the people for election in canvasses marked for their bitterness. Always but once. When I came to Congress it was a quiet time; but always besides that the contests in which I have been prominent have been marked with great rancor."

Early in the evening the President made his way through rain and darkness to the War Department to receive the returns. The telegrams came, thick and fast, all pointing joyously to his reëlection. He sent the important ones over to Mrs. Lincoln at the White House, remarking, "She is more anxious than I am." The satisfaction of one member of the little group about him was coupled with the wish that the critics of the administration might feel properly rebuked by this strong expression of the popular will. Mr. Lincoln looked at him in kindly surprise. "You have more of that feeling of personal resentment than I," he said. "Perhaps I have too little of it, but I never thought it paid. A man has not time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him."

Lincoln and Johnson received a popular majority of 411,281, and 212 out of 233 electoral votes—only those of New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky, twenty-one in all, being cast for McClellan.

For Mr. Lincoln this was one of the most solemn days of his life. Assured of his personal success, and made devoutly confident by the military victories of the last few weeks that the end of the war was at hand, he felt no sense of triumph over his opponents. The thoughts that filled his mind found expression in the closing sentences of the little speech that he made to some serenaders who greeted him in the early morning hours of November 9, as he left the War Department to return to the White House:

"I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. . . . It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

Mr. Lincoln's inauguration for his second term as President took place at the time appointed, on March 4, 1865. There is little variation in the simple but impressive pageantry with which the ceremony is celebrated. The principal novelty commented on by the newspapers was the share which the people who had up to that time been slaves, had for the first time in this public and political drama. Associations of negro citizens joined in the procession, and a battalion of negro soldiers formed part of the military escort. The central act of the occasion was President Lincoln's second inaugural address, which enriched the political literature of the nation with another masterpiece. He said:

"Fellow-countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occa-

sion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! For it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none; with charity for all;



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ENTRY INTO THE CITY OF RICHMOND. (SEE PAGE 1093.)

with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The address ended, the Chief Justice arose, and the listeners who, for the second time, heard Abraham Lincoln repeat the solemn words of his oath of office, went from the impressive scene to their several homes in thankfulness and confidence that the destiny of the nation was in safe keeping.

Nothing would have amazed Mr. Lincoln more than to hear himself called a man of letters; and yet it would be hard to find in all literature anything to excel the brevity and beauty of his address at Gettysburg or the lofty grandeur of this Second Inaugural. In Europe his style has been called a model for the study and imitation of princes, while in our own country many of his phrases have already passed into the daily speech of mankind.

His gift of putting things simply and clearly was partly the habit of his own clear mind, and partly the result of the training he gave himself in days of boyish poverty, when paper and ink were luxuries almost beyond his reach, and the words he wished to set down must be the best words, and the clearest and shortest, to express the ideas he had in view. This training of thought before expression, of knowing exactly what he wished to say before saying it, stood him in good stead all his life; but only the mind of a great man, with a lofty soul and a poet's vision; one who had suffered deeply and felt keenly; who carried the burden of a nation on his heart, whose sympathies were as broad and whose kindness was as great as his moral purpose was strong and firm, could have written the deep, forceful, convincing words that fell from his pen in the later years of his life. It was the life he lived, the noble aim that upheld him, as well as the genius with which he was born, that made him one of the greatest writers of our time.

At the date of his second inauguration only two members of Mr. Lincoln's original cabinet remained in office; but the changes had all come about gradually and naturally, never as the result of quarrels, and with the single exception of Secretary Chase, not one of them left the cabinet harboring feelings of resentment or bitterness toward his late chief. Even when, in one case, it became necessary, for the good of the service, for Mr. Lincoln to ask a cabinet minister to resign, that gentleman not only unquestioningly obeyed, but entered into the presidential campaign immediately afterward, working most heartily for Mr. Lincoln's reëlection. As for Secretary Chase, the President was so little disturbed by his attitude that, on the death of Roger B. Taney, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, he made Chase his successor, giving him the highest judicial office in the land, and paying him the added compliment of writing out his nomination with his own hand.

The keynote of the President's young life had been persevering industry. That of his mature years was self-control and generous forgiveness. And surely his remark on the night of his second election for President, that he did not think resentment "paid," and that no man had time to spend half his life in quarrels, was well borne out by the fruit of his actions. It was this spirit alone which made possible much that he was able to accomplish. His rule of conduct toward all men is summed up in a letter of reprimand that it became his duty, while he was President, to send to one young officer accused of quarreling with another. It deserves to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every school and college throughout the land:

"The advice of a father to his son, 'beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee,' is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper, and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

It was this willingness of his to give up the "lesser things," and even the things to which he could claim an equal right, which kept peace

in his cabinet, made up of men of strong wills and conflicting natures. Their devotion to the Union, great as it was, would not have sufficed in such a strangely assorted official family; but his unfailing kindness and good sense led him to overlook many things that another man might have regarded as deliberate insults; while his great tact and knowledge of human nature enabled him to bring out the best in people about him, and at times to turn their very weaknesses into sources of strength. It made it possible for him to keep the regard of every one of them. Before he had been in office a month it had transformed Secretary Seward from his rival into his lasting friend. It made a warm friend out of the blunt, positive, hot-tempered Edwin M. Stanton, who became Secretary of War in place of Mr. Cameron. He was a man of strong will and great endurance, and gave his Department a record for hard and effective work that it would be difficult to equal. Many stories are told of the disrespect he showed the President, and the cross-purposes at which they labored. The truth is, that they understood each other perfectly on all important matters, and worked together through three busy trying years with ever-increasing affection and regard. The President's kindly humor forgave his Secretary many blunt speeches. "Stanton says I am a fool?" he is reported to have asked a busybody who came fleet-footed to tell him of the Secretary's hasty comment on an order of little moment. "Stanton says I am a fool? Well"—with a whimsical glance at his informant—"then I suppose I must be. Stanton is nearly always right." Knowing that Stanton was "nearly always right," it made little difference to his chief what he might say in the heat of momentary annoyance.

Yet in spite of his forbearance he never gave up the "larger things" that he felt were of real importance; and when he learned at one time that an effort was being made to force a member of the cabinet to resign, he called them together, and read them the following impressive little lecture:

"I must myself be the judge how long to retain in, and when to remove any of you from, his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and, much worse, a wrong to the country. My wish is that on this subject no remark be made, nor question asked by any of you, here, or elsewhere, now, or hereafter."

This is one of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a President. Washington was never more dignified; Jackson was never more peremptory.

The President's spirit of forgiveness was broad enough to take in the entire South. The cause of the Confederacy had been doomed from the hour of his reëlection. The cheering of the troops which greeted the news had been heard within the lines at Richmond, and the besieged town lost hope, though it continued the struggle bravely if desperately. Although Horace Greeley's peace mission to Canada had come to nothing, and other volunteer efforts in the same direction served only to call forth a declaration from Jefferson Davis that he would fight for the independence of the South to the bitter end, Mr. Lincoln watched longingly for the time when the first move could be made toward peace. Early in January, 1865, as the country was about to enter upon the fifth year of actual war, he learned from Hon. Francis P. Blair, Sr., who had been in Richmond, how strong the feeling of discouragement at the Confederate capital had become. Mr. Blair was the father of Lincoln's first Postmaster-General, a man of large acquaintance in the South, who knew perhaps better than any one in Washington the character and temper of the southern leaders. He had gone to Richmond hoping to do something toward bringing the war to a close, but without explaining his plans to any one, and with no authority from the government, beyond permission to pass through the military lines and return. His scheme was utterly impracticable, and Mr. Lincoln was interested in the report of his visit only because it showed that the rebellion was nearing its end. This was so marked that he sent Mr. Blair back again to Richmond with a note intended for the eye of Jefferson Davis, saying that the government had constantly been, was then, and would continue to be ready to receive any

agent Mr. Davis might send, "with a view of securing peace to the people of our one common country."

Hopeless as their cause had by this time become, the Confederates had no mind to treat for peace on any terms except independence of the southern States; yet, on the other hand, they were in such straits that they could not afford to leave Mr. Lincoln's offer untested. Mr. Davis therefore sent north his Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, with two other high officials of the Confederate government, armed with instructions which aimed to be liberal enough to gain them admittance to the Union lines, and yet distinctly announced that they came "for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries." This difference in the wording of course doomed their mission in advance, for the government at Washington had never admitted that there were "two countries," and to receive the messengers of Jefferson Davis on any such terms would be to concede practically all that the South asked.

When they reached the Union lines the officer who met them informed them that they could go no farther unless they accepted the President's conditions. They finally changed the form of their request, and were taken to Fortress Monroe. Meantime Mr. Lincoln had sent Secretary Seward to Fortress Monroe with instructions to hear all they might have to say, but not to definitely conclude anything. On learning the true nature of their errand he was about to recall him, when he received a telegram from General Grant, regretting that Mr. Lincoln himself could not see the commissioners, because, to Grant's mind, they seemed sincere.

Anxious to do everything he could in the interest of peace, Mr. Lincoln, instead of recalling Secretary Seward, telegraphed that he would himself come to Fortress Monroe, and started that same night. The next morning, February 3, 1865, he and the Secretary of State received the Confederate commissioners on board the President's steamer, the *River Queen*.

This conference between the two highest officials of the United States government, and three messengers from the Confederacy, bound, as the President well knew beforehand, by instructions which made any practical outcome impossible, brings out, in strongest relief, Mr. Lincoln's kindly patience, even toward the rebellion. He was determined to leave no means untried that might, however remotely, lead to peace. For four hours he patiently answered the many questions they asked him, as to what would probably be done on various subjects if the South submitted; pointing out always the difference between the things that he had the power to decide, and those that must be submitted to Congress; and bringing the discussion back, time and again, to the three points absolutely necessary to secure peace—Union, freedom for the slaves, and complete disbandment of the Confederate armies. He had gone to offer them, honestly and frankly, the best terms in his power, but not to give up one atom of official dignity or duty. Their main thought, on the contrary, had been to postpone or to escape the express conditions on which they were admitted to the conference.

They returned to Richmond and reported the failure of their efforts to Jefferson Davis, whose disappointment equalled their own, for all had caught eagerly at the hope that this interview would somehow prove a means of escape from the dangers of their situation. President Lincoln, full of kindly thoughts, on the other hand, went back to Washington, intent on making yet one more generous offer to hasten the day of peace. He had told the commissioners that personally he would be in favor of the government paying a liberal amount for the loss of slave property, on condition that the southern States agree of their own accord to the freedom of the slaves.[1] This was indeed going to the extreme of liberality, but Mr. Lin-

[1] Mr. Lincoln had freed the slaves two years before as a military necessity, and as such it had been accepted by all. Yet a question might arise, when the war ended, as to whether this act of his had been lawful. He was therefore very anxious to have freedom find a place in the Constitution of the United States. This could only be done by an amendment to the Constitution, proposed by Congress, and adopted by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States of the Union. Congress voted in favor of such an amendment on January 31, 1865. Illinois, the President's own State, adopted it on the very next day, and though Mr. Lincoln did not live to see it a part of the Constitution, Secretary Seward, on December 18, 1865, only a few months after Mr. Lincoln's death, was able to make official announcement that twenty-nine States, constituting a majority of three-fourths of the thirty-six States of the Union, had adopted it, and that therefore it was a law of the land.

coln remembered that in spite of their offenses the Confederates were American citizens, members of the same nation and brothers of the same blood. He remembered, too, that the object of the war, equally with peace and freedom, was to preserve friendship and to continue the Union. Filled with such thoughts and purposes, he spent the day after his return in drawing up a new proposal designed as a peace offering to the States in rebellion. On the evening of February 5 he read this to his cabinet. It offered the southern States $400,000,000, or a sum equal to the cost of war for two hundred days, on condition that all fighting cease by the first of April, 1865. He proved more liberal than any of his advisers; and with the words, "You are all against me," sadly uttered, the President folded up the paper, and ended the discussion.

Jefferson Davis had issued a last appeal to "fire the Southern heart," but the situation at Richmond was becoming desperate. Flour cost a thousand dollars a barrel in Confederate money, and neither the flour nor the money was sufficient for urgent needs. Squads of guards were sent into the streets with directions to arrest every able bodied man they met, and force him to work in defense of the town. It is said that the medical boards were ordered to excuse no one from military service who was well enough to bear arms for even ten days. Human nature will not endure a strain like this, and desertion grew too common to punish. Nevertheless the city kept up its defense until April 3. Even then, although hopelessly beaten, the Confederacy was not willing to give in, and much needless and severe fighting took place before the end came. The Confederate government hurried away toward the South, and Lee bent all his energies to saving his army and taking it to join General Johnston, who still held out against Sherman. Grant pursued him with such energy that he did not even allow himself the pleasure of entering the captured capital city. The chase continued six days. On the evening of April 8 the Union army succeeded in planting itself squarely across Lee's line of retreat—and the marching and fighting of his army were over forever. On the next morning, the two generals met in a house on the edge of the village of Appomattox, Virginia.

Each general heartily respected the other, both as a man and a soldier—and each had proven himself a great commander through four long years and many hard-fought battles. Here the surrender took place. Grant, as courteous in victory as he was energetic in war, offered Lee terms that were liberal in the extreme; and on learning that the Confederate soldiers were actually suffering with hunger, ordered that rations be issued to them at once.

Fire and destruction attended the flight of the Confederates from Richmond. Jefferson Davis and his cabinet, carrying with them their more important state papers, left the doomed city on one of the crowded and overloaded railroad trains on the night of April 2, beginning a southward flight that ended only with Mr. Davis's capture about a month later.

The legislature of Virginia and the governor of the State departed hurriedly in the direction of Lynchburg, while every possible carriage or vehicle was pressed into service by the inhabitants, all resolved to get away before their city was occupied by even the advance columns of the Union forces.

By the time the military left, at dawn on the morning of April 3, the town was on fire. The Confederate Congress had ordered all tobacco and other public property to be burned. The Confederate general Ewell, who was in charge of the city, asserts that he took the responsibility of disobeying, and that the fires were not started by his orders. Be that as it may, they broke out in various places, while a mob, crazed with excitement, rushed from store to store, breaking in the doors, and indulging in all the wantonness of pillage and greed.

Public spirit seemed paralyzed; no very great effort was made to put out the flames; and as a final horror, the convicts from the penitentiary, overpowering their guards, appeared upon the streets, a shouting, leaping crowd, mad with liberty.

It is quite possible that the very size and suddenness of the disaster served in a measure to lessen its evil effects; for the burning of seven hundred buildings, the entire business portion of Richmond, all in the brief space of a day,

was a visitation so sudden, so stupefying and unexpected as to overawe and terrorize even evil-doers. Before a new danger could arise help was at hand. General Weitzel, to whom the city surrendered, took up his headquarters in the house lately occupied by Jefferson Davis, and promptly set about the work of relief; fighting the fire, issuing rations to the poor, and restoring order and authority.

Into the Southern capital, so stricken and laid waste, came President Lincoln on the morning of April 4. Never in the history of the world has the head of a mighty nation and the conqueror of a great rebellion entered the captured chief city of the insurgents in such humbleness and simplicity. He had gone two weeks before to City Point for a visit to General Grant, and to his son, Captain Robert Lincoln, who was serving on Grant's staff. Making his home on the steamer that brought him, and enjoying what was probably the most restful and satisfactory holiday in which he had been able to indulge during his whole presidential service, he had visited the various camps of the great army, in company with the General, cheered everywhere by the loving greetings of the soldiers. He had met Sherman when that commander hurried up fresh from his victorious march from Atlanta; and after Grant had started on his final pursuit of Lee the President still lingered. It was at City Point that the news came to him of the fall of Richmond.

Between the receipt of this news and the following forenoon, before any information of the great fire had reached them, a visit to Richmond was hastily arranged for the President and Rear-Admiral Porter. Ample precautions for their safety were taken at the start. The President went in his own steamer, the *River Queen*, with her escort, the *Bat*, and a tug used at City Point in landing from the steamer. Admiral Porter went in his flag-ship; while a transport carried a small cavalry escort, as well as ambulances for the party. Barriers in the river soon made it impossible to proceed in this fashion, and one unforeseen accident after another rendered it necessary to leave behind the larger and even the smaller boats; until finally the party went on in the Admiral's barge rowed by twelve sailors, without escort of any kind. In this manner the President made his entry into Richmond, landing near Libby Prison. As the party stepped ashore they found a guide among the contrabands who quickly crowded the streets, for the possible coming of the President had already been noised through the city. Ten of the sailors armed with carbines were formed as a guard, six in front, and four in rear, and between them the President and Admiral Porter, with the three officers who accompanied them, walked the long distance, perhaps a mile and a half, to the center of the town.

Imagination can easily fill in the picture of a gradually increasing crowd, principally of negroes, following the little group of marines and officers with the tall form of the President in its center; and, when they learned that it was indeed "Massa Lincum," expressing their joy and gratitude in fervent blessings and welcomes in the deep emotional cries of the colored race.

It is easy also to imagine the keen anxiety of those who had the President's safety in their charge during this tiresome and even foolhardy march through a town still in flames, and which, up to a few hours before, had been the military headquarters of the Confederacy. It seemed, indeed, an inexcusable risk for him to take; but no accident befell him. He reached General Weitzel's headquarters in safety, rested in the house Jefferson Davis had occupied while President of the Confederacy; and after a day of sightseeing returned to his steamer and to Washington, there to be stricken down by an assassin's bullet, literally "in the house of his friends."

(To be concluded.)

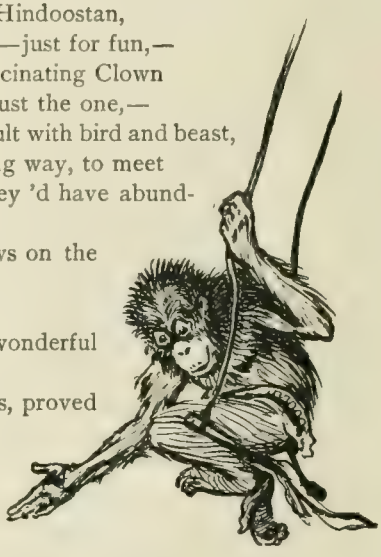


WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH.

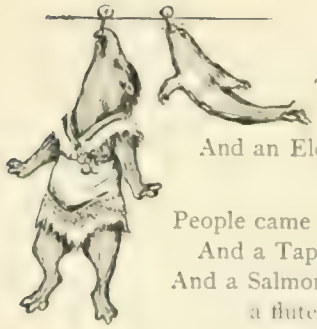
ONCE upon a time, a man—in Calcutta, Hindoostan,
Thought he'd like to own a circus—just for fun,—
So he hired from the town a most fascinating Clown
To assist him; and he found him just the one,—
For he'd travel west and east to consult with bird and beast,
And persuade them, in his charming way, to meet
Near the city of Khartoom, where they 'd have abundant room
For the cages, rings and side-shows on the street.



Now the circus, all confess, was a wonderful success,
And the Ostrich, with her feathers, proved the belle.
The Orang-outang with ease swung upon a high trapeze,
While a kicking Kangaroo performed as well.
Some large Bulls, from far Madrid, made a living pyramid,—



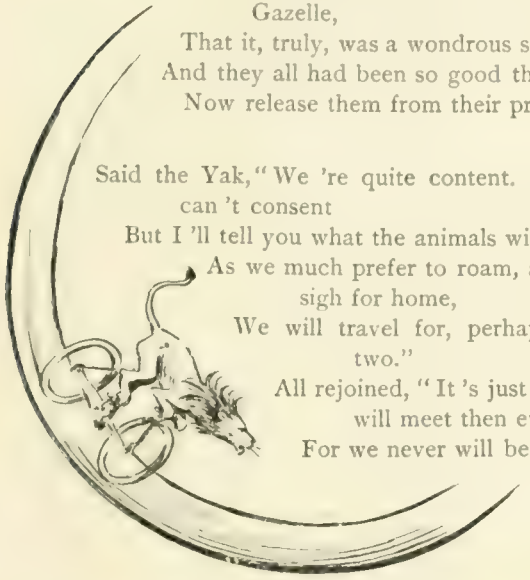




How the leaping Leopard cleared it
with a bound!
Then an agile Ape, of course, jumped
through hoops upon a horse
And an Elephant threw daggers at a Hound.



People came from near and far just to see the Jaguar
And a Tapir trip the trolley, with a Seal,
And a Salmon shoot the chute; while a Falcon played
a flute
When the Lion looped the loop upon a wheel.
On the whole, they did so well—from the Gnu to the
Gazelle,
That it, truly, was a wondrous sight to see!
And they all had been so good that their master said he should
Now release them from their promise; they were free.



Said the Yak, "We 're quite content. No, we really
can 't consent
But I 'll tell you what the animals will do,—
As we much prefer to roam, and we do not
sigh for home,
We will travel for, perhaps, a year or
two."
All rejoined, "It 's just the thing; we
will meet then every spring,
For we never will be parted from the Clown!"



So it 's possible you may see the circus some
fine day,
And the long procession going through
the town.



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY REVIVED AN OLD-TIME FEUD.

Relations between the boys of Enterprise and the town marshal had been strained almost to the breaking point for some months. Ever since the previous Fourth of July when Jeremiah, as he was known officially, had been suddenly and ingloriously deposed from his seat on the self-binder in front of the hardware store, by the sudden appearance in front of his nose of a dummy cannon-firecracker, there had been open war between him and the juvenile population of the town.

Jeremiah, or "Old Tin Star" as the boys called him, had left no room for doubt that he intended to enforce the law "right up to the handle," as he expressed it. The "Curfew Law," which he had allowed to lapse more or less into a state of oblivion, had been revived with all its old-time vigor and Jeremiah was on hand at all times and in unexpected places to enforce it.

While he had no evidence that it was "Pinkey" Perkins who had so abruptly brought to an end his thrilling account of his own remarkable bravery in the battle of Shiloh, he felt reasonably certain that Pinkey was the one responsible for the incident, though of course there might have been others interested in it with him.

As for Pinkey and his companions, upon whom Jeremiah kept an unusually watchful eye, they one and all cherished a most wholesome respect for him, and though they would not admit it openly, none cared to attempt any open defiance of his revived severity.

During the swimming season, all the boys, through fear of encountering Old Tin Star, had reluctantly observed the warnings against trespassing on property they had hitherto visited at their will, for the purpose of going swimming in the ponds, and they had been compelled to go to the creek, two miles from town, whenever the swimming fever took possession of them.

By the time Hallowe'en drew near, however, it seemed to the boys that Jeremiah's wrath must have cooled somewhat and that he had relaxed his vigilance again, to some extent. They, of course, felt a corresponding increase in the freedom of their movements. Pinkey felt certain that there was less to be feared from Old Tin Star than at any time since the Fourth, and decided that it would be safe to plan some sort of a celebration fitting to the time-honored occasion.

Of necessity, there was to be a party on Hallowe'en and everybody who had received an invitation could be counted upon to be there, strictly on time. The party was to be at Joe Cooper's house, for it happened that Joe's birthday was on Hallowe'en and he therefore had a double excuse for having a party on that evening. On such occasions the Curfew Law did not apply, it having been designed only to keep boys off the streets when they had no good reason for being there. In the coming party, therefore, Pinkey saw an excuse for him and his friends to be out later than usual without fear of Old Tin Star, unless he should catch them in some mischief.

One afternoon, Pinkey called together a few of his closest friends to consult them in regard to their views on "having a little fun," as Bunny had expressed it, after the party on Hallowe'en. All were heartily in favor of doing something fitting to the occasion and expressed a willingness to run any ordinary risks to carry out whatever was decided upon.

"What 'll we need to bring?" inquired "Shorty" Piper, a new arrival in Enterprise, who was anxious to get well established in Pinkey's good graces.

"We won't need much," said Pinkey "If

some of you fellows 'll get a ladder, I 'll see to everything else we need."

Shorty volunteered to hide a ladder out by his barn where it could be obtained when desired, without difficulty. There being nothing further to agree upon, the crowd disbanded, all looking forward impatiently to the party and the fun they were to have after it was over.

The party at Joe's house on Hallowe'en was a splendid success in every respect. Joe was the recipient of the usual assortment of birthday gifts, none of which, with the exception of a pocket knife, and a harmonica, could ever be of any possible use to him. They largely consisted of vases, fancy handkerchiefs, perfumery, blue and pink writing paper, and books which no boy would ever care to read.

Every one "bobbed for apples," and got unnecessarily wet in doing so, and when "Putty" Black pinned the tail on the donkey in exactly the spot where it belonged, there were audible whispers that he had slipped the handkerchief which blindfolded him in such a manner that he could "peek" beneath it.

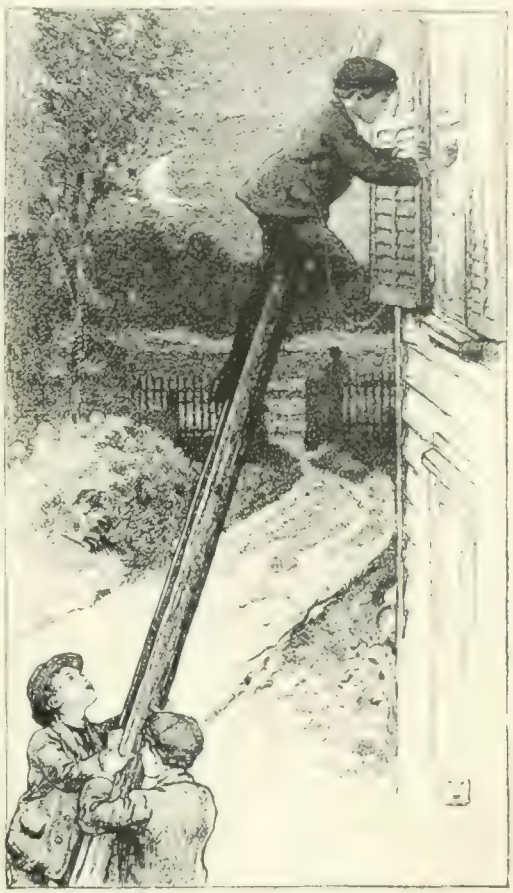
Fortunes were told to the utmost satisfaction of all concerned, Pinkey scarcely being able to conceal his delight when his Affinity, after being blindfolded and whirled round and round until she had completely lost her bearings, walked straight toward him with arms outstretched. That, to him, was conclusive proof that the attraction between them must be mutual.

During the course of the evening, Pinkey passed the word around among those whom he had previously taken into his confidence, that they would all assemble down by the Presbyterian church as soon as they had taken the "girls" home from the party.

On the way home with his Affinity, Pinkey longed to tell her of the fun he and his companions were contemplating after he should join them, but he resisted the temptation manfully, since he could not well divulge the plans himself after warning the other boys not to do so. He said "Good Night" rather unceremoniously, and as the door closed behind his Affinity, he broke into a run and on reaching the sidewalk, bent his steps toward the Presbyterian church by the shortest route.

In the shadows of that edifice he found several of his friends awaiting him, and in a few minutes Bunny and the others appeared.

"Come on now, fellows," said Pinkey, "the first thing we do let 's put up a tick-tack down at Red Feather's house."



AT THE CHIEF'S WINDOW.

This suggestion met with almost hilarious approval from all sides, and the entire party started at once to carry it out.

The crowd moved with great caution, keeping in the shadows of the tall oak trees that lined the streets on either side, and the conversation was in a tone much lower than the spirits of those taking part in it. They secured the ladder, which had been placed just outside the back-yard fence at Shorty's house, and in a

few minutes might have been seen stealthily approaching Red Feather's yard.

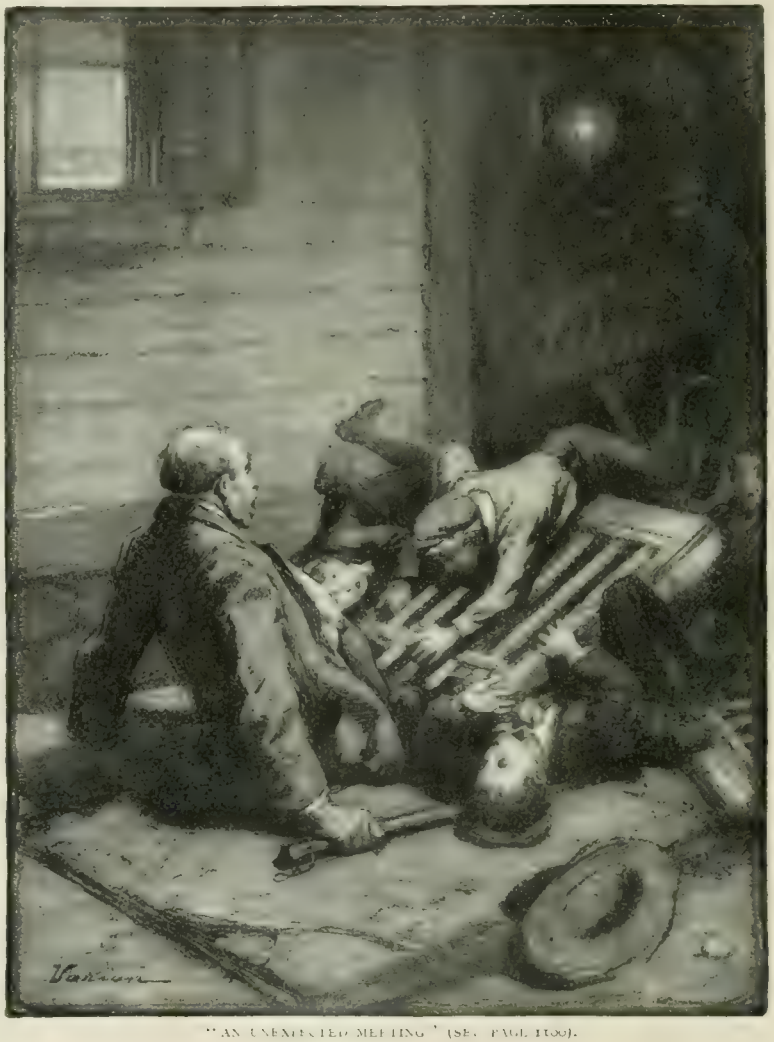
"Go easy now, fellers," cautioned Pinkey, "'cause if Red Feather catches us, *we*'ll catch it, and she will keep the ladder too most likely." This possibility awakened fears of dire results in Shorty's mind, for needless to say, the ladder had been borrowed without parental authority.

"Let me stay close to you, Pinkey," requested Shorty, "'cause I'd risk a lickin' from her any day rather than lose that ladder and get a worse one from pa when he found it out."

Pinkey remarked that after Shorty had had a few of Red Feather's whippings, he might not be so sure that his father's would be worse. However, since it was his ladder, Pinkey named him to act with Bunny in assisting to handle it.

While the remainder of the crowd looked on from behind the shrubbery in the yard, Pinkey, Bunny, and Shorty tiptoed across the lawn with the ladder and set it carefully against the house, and as close as possible to one of the second story windows. Bunny and Shorty steadied the ladder while Pinkey ascended it. When he had gone as high as was necessary, he leaned toward the window and, with one hand, securely fastened a nail in the crack between the upper and lower sashes. To the head of this nail he tied a stout string of indefinite length and from a point on the string about six inches from the nail he attached a shorter piece, at the end of which dangled a small iron nut.

When Pinkey had finished, he descended from the ladder and whispered to his assistants to bring it to the large tree which stood near the window, while he retained hold of the string.



"AN UNEXPECTED MEETING" (SEE PAGE 1100).

"What d' you want it over there for, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny. "You are n't going to pull the string from the tree are you?"

"Of course not. I 'm going to tie the string to the limb o' that tree and with the wind a-blowing as it is, the tick-tack 'll work without anybody

pulling it. D' you s'pose we want to stay around here in the moonlight and get caught? I don't."

This seemed to be an excellent scheme and one that none of the other boys had ever heard of. They enjoyed the prospects all the more when they realized that long after they had gone to bed, that little piece of iron would be swinging back and forth in the wind, to the great disturbance of Red Feather.

Pinkey climbed into the tree from the ladder and after creeping as far out on the limb as he dared, attached the string to a small twig, and even before he had reached the ground again the ears of the anxious listeners were gladdened by the joyful sound of the iron nut tapping against the window pane.

"We 've got to skip in a hurry now," warned Pinkey, and without waiting to see what effect their device had on Red Feather's peace of mind, the whole party laid hold of the ladder and disappeared into the adjoining yard. Had they known that Red Feather had gone to the country that afternoon to spend the night with relatives, their delight would not have been so keen.

"What are we going to do now?" inquired Shorty, a few minutes later, as he heaved a sigh of relief at the thought of the ladder being safely deposited in the woodshed once more, whither he had insisted it be returned before any further fun was indulged in.

"I think 't would be a great scheme to change a few gates," proposed Pinkey; "just pick up a few here and there and carry them to the other end of town and bring others back from there to put in their places."

"Tell you what let 's do," suggested Bunny, eagerly, "let 's go down to Putty Black's house and get his gate and carry it down to Bess Knapp's and then take hers and bring it back down to Putty's. She 'll think he did it, after he took her home, and it will make her mad. Then maybe he won't feel so smart." Bunny and Putty were rivals for the favors of the fair Elizabeth, and Putty had recently boasted that he "could go with Bess Knapp whenever he wanted to," and from the way she had shown undue partiality lately it appeared that Putty's assertion had elements of truth about it which nettled Bunny mightily.

Although carrying out Bunny's suggestion would involve no small amount of labor, besides two trips from one end of Enterprise to the other, no one spoke against it. Putty was generally in disfavor with the other boys of his age, owing to a disinclination to enter into many of their escapades, so all were ready to do anything that might annoy him. Pinkey was especially in sympathy with Bunny's idea, because his Affinity and Bess had recently had a disagreement which had already endured for four days, with neither speaking to the other.

"Let 's change a lot of 'em," said Joe, who had joined the crowd as soon as he could slip away after his party. He had missed taking part in putting up the tick-tack and was eager to have a hand in the remainder of the night's doings.

For the next half hour, Pinkey and his followers indulged in their pastime with great delight. They carried gates for blocks and deposited them in unexpected places, on door steps, on shed roofs, and in the boughs of low-hanging trees.

As they were hurrying confidently along a side street, no longer as careful to keep a lookout for Old Tin Star as they had been, and each pair of boys bearing between them a gate, the front door of the house they were passing was opened suddenly and several young men and girls came out, all chattering and saying "Good Night" to their hostess after a Hallowe'en party which she had given for the young grown-up society folk of Enterprise.

"Run, fellows," said Pinkey in a hoarse undertone, "'t won't do to get caught here. But hang on to your gates." His concern was all the more vital, from the fact that the gate of this particular yard had been carried away and left on the front porch of a house several blocks distant, on their way down to Putty's.

At the word from Pinkey, the whole crowd started up the walk as fast as their legs would carry them, finding their flight rather awkward, however, on account of the unhandy burdens they bore. They turned at the first corner they came to, and headed for a more thinly populated part of town.

Just how it happened, no one ever knew exactly, but as Pinkey and Bunny, who were leading in the race, reached the next corner, they collided with a heavy body coming from the side street. They had been unable to see anyone approaching from that direction, on account of a tall frame house which stood squarely on the corner.

Instantly there was a confusing tangle of arms, legs, hats, and gates on top of which came those who were too close on Pinkey's and Bunny's heels to change their course, or to slow up. From this mix-up came the sounds of a voice which struck terror to the hearts of all who heard it, commanding that no one attempt to escape, except at the risk of his life. Before Pinkey could realize what had happened, he and Bunny found themselves, limp and helpless, being raised to their feet by the firm grasp of Jeremiah, the town marshal, whom they had unluckily encountered on his way home.

Jeremiah's warning not to try to escape was uttered too late to stop the flight of a few of those far in the rear, but, when he at last regained his feet, there stood before him seven of the worst frightened boys it had ever been his fortune to meet. They edged toward each other and stood trembling with fear at the awful fate which surely awaited them. When Jeremiah finally let go of Pinkey's coat collar, it seemed to Pinkey that he would sink to the sidewalk, so weak and shaky were his knees. Bunny actually had to lean against the side of the house for support.

"Nice business for you kids to be in, this time o' night, now ain't it?" demanded Old Tin Star, angrily, pointing to the four gates which lay within the sweep of his hand. "Where did they come from?"

No one had voice or spirit to answer the question, even if they thought an answer was expected. All maintained a discreet silence while Jeremiah looked them over again, considering what he should do with them. At first he contemplated locking them up, just to make an example of them; then he remembered that the Fall election would take place within ten days, and he realized that he could not afford to run the risk of opposition which such an action might bring about. At last, he decided to give his charges a good scare and let them go.

"I ought to arrest you," he finally continued, when the suspense had grown almost unbearable, "that 's what I ought to do, and I just guess I 'll do it too; let me see if I 've got my keys," and he began slowly examining all his pockets, while his victims stood in breathless silence, thinking of the dismal prospects ahead. What would their fathers and mothers think had happened to them? When would they ever get home again? Oh, why did they ever think there could be any fun in carrying a lot of gates around, anyway? And now Red Feather would have conclusive evidence as to who had put up the tick-tack at her window.

Jeremiah's diligent search failed to produce any keys, and when the boys saw him go through some of his pockets a second time, they saw a glimmer of hope ahead. They hoped that it was too far for him to go all the way home after them, and that they might thus escape the punishment which threatened them. Had they known that the keys for which he pretended to be searching so thoroughly were in the pocket he first examined, they would have felt a trifle less uneasy about their fate.

"Well," said Old Tin Star at last, "I 'll not lock you up, I 'll do the next best thing. Since it is so much fun to carry gates around town, I 'll give you some more of it to do. Now you just pick up those gates there and take them all back where you got them, and also any others that you may have carried away before. If I hear to-morrow of a single gate, or sign, or pump-handle, or anything else having been misplaced, I 'll arrest every one of you, and I 'll have my keys with me then too!"

"Now remember," he reminded them, as he started to go, "if I hear of any of your pranks that ain't straightened out by to-morrow morning——." He emphasized his threat by leaving it unfinished.

"But Mr. Singles," faltered Pinkey, as it occurred to him that others besides him and his friends might have carried away gates and signs, "what if we——?"

"You heard what I said, and I mean it," broke in Jeremiah; "now don't let me hear another word from you, and I advise you to

do a good job." And the down-hearted boys stood in oppressive silence, watching his bulky form fade away in the shadows.

"Well, I guess we 're in for it," said Pinkey, when they were alone again. "We 've got a big job before us, and there 's no way out of it that I can see."

"Anyway, it 's better than bein' locked up all night," said Bunny, taking his usual bright



"IT TOOK ALL HANDS SOME TIME TO REMOVE THE BUGGY"

view of dark prospects. "We 'll all get a lickin' for stayin' out this late anyway, so we 'd better do what Old Tin Star says than get fined a lot o' money we could n't pay, besides."

Without any evidence of the mirth which had lent such a zest to their task some time before, the repentant boys set about returning things to their proper places. First, they returned the gates they had had with them when they encountered Old Tin Star, the burden becoming greater than before on account of the absence of those who had made their escape.

After they had managed to return and put in position this lot of gates, they had before them the task of undoing all they had done earlier in the evening. On passing through the schoolhouse yard taking a short cut on one of their many trips, Pinkey and Bunny noticed that someone had placed a buggy on the outside stone steps of the building and had wedged it in tight against the door.

"We 've got to get this thing out o' here, Bunny," said Pinkey, in despair, "'cause if it 's here tomorrow morning Old Tin Star 'll make it hot for us."

"That 's right," agreed Bunny. "He said he would and I know he meant what he said," and the pair set off to notify their comrades who were over on the adjoining street.

When they had assembled their working party, it took all hands some time to remove the buggy from its cramped position on the steps and to return it to the yard of the repair shop from which it had been taken.

Thus they worked until after midnight, now undoing acts of their own commission, now those of some other fun-seekers who had long since gone home and to bed. Their last act was to go back to Red Feather's house and with the aid of the ladder, again borrowed for the occasion from Shorty's woodshed, remove the tick-tack from the window. They worked cautiously, fearing someone might be on the lookout for them, not knowing that all their effort in that direction was so much energy expended without any return.

"Well, fellows," said Pinkey, drawing a long, tired breath, as the ladder was finally stowed away in its place again, "I guess we 've done about all there is to do. If there 's anything we have n't put back where it belongs, it 's because we could n't find it. Now, I suppose we might as well go home and get the finishin' touches, 'cause they 're there waitin' for us all right!"

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

By Agnes McClelland Daulton.

Chapter XXIII.

MISTAKEN LOYALTY.

In the gray dawn of the morning Virginia was aroused from her sleep by the closing of her door, and opening her drowsy eyes she was astonished to see it was Sue who had just come in.

"Why, Sue?" she questioned sleepily; then the memory of Sue's trouble rushed in upon her. "O Sue, dear, where have you been?"

"Hush, honey, hush," and Sue, her eyes shining softly, came running to snuggle down beside her, "O Virginia, you can never guess, but I just could n't sleep, so I slipped away to Aunt Serena, and oh, I 'm so glad . . . . so glad I did! I never knew her before, Virginia, never at all. She cuddled me up and comforted me, just as Masie would have done, and we cried together, and she told me how she loved me, and how she longed to help me. She says—Virginia, think of this—that I don't need to be an Indian, that the day may come if I try from this time on, when we will be thankful for last night. It does n't seem so now, does it? She says she blames herself that she did not tell me that the reason she has been so anxious for me to be good was because *she* was such a madcap! Not so bad as I am, I don't suppose, Virginia; I don't suppose anybody was ever so bad as that. And oh, I shall never forget how good she was; and she says I must be a woman and take my punishment bravely. Aunt Serena made me see how much Miss Hope owes to each of the girls, and if I 'm . . . oh, dear . . . it does hurt so to think that . . . if I 'm a detriment to the school, it is her duty to send me away. But Auntie said out of this failure I may build a lovely character, and that a young girl always suffers so over her troubles because she can't look beyond and see the great beauty that time and patience may bring from what seems the very end of things. Then she kissed me and told me she was going to try to help me more than ever; and I promised, not one of my old promises, but we just both promised together, that I 'll work, and work, and try, and try, and I 'll grow, some day, into a sweet, good woman like Mother."

"And I 'll try with you, Sue," sobbed Virginia, "we 'll both do our very best."

"Together," whispered Sue. "This is to be the hardest day of my life, but I 'm going to try to live it true and brave and strong; I 'm going to try to be a woman."

But in spite of resolutions it was hard for Sue to eat her breakfast alone in her own room, to hear the girls go whispering past her door, to know that in a few moments she must appear before the faculty, and to feel that through her own foolishness she was in such disgrace. It was not always possible to think bravely of her father's sorrow, since she had failed after promising so faithfully to be careful for his sake—nor of Masie's grief, and she had none of the old bravado as she stood knocking at the office door.

There was no doubt that at last Sue was appearing before the faculty. She felt her courage ooze as she glanced about the room and saw each teacher in her place. No, there was one vacant chair, and Sue wondered dully why Miss Thaw was not there. But just then she saw Aunt Serena's face and saw her hand outstretched. How gladly she walked across the room and stood by her side!

Sue was so frightened and bewildered she hardly realized that Virginia, too, had entered the room and had gone directly to the desk, nor that Miss Hope after some hesitation had bowed assent to her low entreaty, and that now Virginia's hand was clasped in hers.

"Susan," began Miss Hope sternly, "of

course there is no need to tell you why you have been called before your teachers. Nor need I, I am quite sure, tell you your behavior last evening was beyond the bounds of what could be tolerated in any well-bred society. Last night I was your hostess as well as your teacher and you outraged my hospitality, insulted my honored guests, and brought discredit on the whole school. You remember when we had our other talk together you promised me faithfully to do your best and since then I have been proud of your marked improvement. I was never more astonished, nor humiliated than last night. What excuse have you to offer?"

"None," replied Sue brokenly. "I had no idea of doing anything dreadful when I came downstairs, but some way I wanted to surprise you all—and—O Miss Hope, I don't ask you to excuse it, but please let me tell you all how sorry and ashamed I am."

"And please, Miss Hope, won't you let me plead for Sue," Virginia was very pale, but her voice rang firm and clear. "Do you remember when I came to you about her other trouble you said that we could none of us help her until she would see herself as others saw her?"

"I do," replied Miss Hope gravely.

"And now—dear Miss Hope, Sue never, never in this world wants to do a startling thing again. She wants to be a Susan instead of a Sioux, she really, truly does!"

"Is this a fact, Sue?" inquired Miss Hope. "Are you at last willing to be led rather than to lead? I have no place in my school for an Indian brave. I want gentle, winsome girls."

"I—I never want to hear the name of a Sioux again," cried Sue. "I can't tell you, Miss Hope, how I loathe it!"

"That is the best news we could possibly hear," and Miss Hope's face relaxed. "And now answer me this, Susan, have you broken any rule since your return?"

"Oh no," replied Sue earnestly.

"I am afraid Miss Roberts has forgotten." It was Miss Thaw who spoke. She had come in so quietly they had not noticed her. "I believe it is the unwritten law in every school for young ladies that cigarette-smoking will not be tolerated under any circumstances, yet I have positive proof that within the last fortnight not only has Miss Roberts smoked, but she has also tried to entice two of her schoolmates to smoke with her."

"It is not true," exclaimed Sue, starting forward.

"This is a very grave charge, Miss Thaw," replied Miss Hope, motioning Sue back. "You say you positively know this to be true?"

"Ask Miss Roberts to give me the key to the right hand drawer of her desk and I will prove it to you."

"Oh!" gasped Sue and Virginia together.

"Why, Miss Hope," cried Sue beseechingly, "it is only some cubebs that father got for Mandy's cold. It was foolish of me, but surely it was n't so very wicked. I brought them back to school with me, and the other day I happened to run across them when Martha Cutting was in our room and I offered one to each of the girls. Virginia just whiffed one, and I, to shock Martha, sat with my feet up on a chair to smoke mine. It sounds so silly and—horrid now, but then—it was only fun. I locked up the box with my bracelet in the desk drawer and I really had forgotten all about it. Miss Thaw is welcome to my key."

"Is this true, Virginia?" asked Miss Hope sternly.

"Yes, Miss Hope, and I am sure none of us had an idea there was anything wrong about it."

"You are quite certain, Sue, that these were only the cubebs and that your father bought them?" asked Miss Hope again.

"I am sure Susan is telling the exact truth," said Mrs. Fulton, softly. "I have never known her to be anything but absolutely truthful."

"I, too, have always found her so," replied Miss Hope, "and I cannot doubt her now. Miss Thaw, I am sure this is only a bit of girlish folly, there has been no intentional wrong-doing, but to make all mistakes impossible you may take Miss Roberts' key, if you please, and bring whatever you find in the drawer."

Neither Sue nor Virginia had the slightest doubt of the outcome and Sue smiled frankly at Miss Gribble and Miss Sargent, and lovingly

pressed Aunt Serena's hand; this dear Aunt she was just beginning to appreciate.

A few moments later Miss Thaw, her very skirts rustling triumphantly, laid upon Miss Hope's desk a little flat white box and in gold letters upon it was printed "Turkish cigarettes."

"I see nothing about cubebs on this, Susan,"—Miss Hope's face was very set and stern. "That was a very clumsy falsehood, for even I know these are tobacco."

"But Miss Hope," cried Sue, blushing deeply at the accusation, "that is not my box at all! Mine was bright red and with 'Cubebs' on the outside!"

"Miss Roberts!" Miss Thaw's voice was trembling with anger. "Do you mean to imply I did not find this box in the locked drawer of your desk? To prove it to your entire satisfaction, here is the only other article in the drawer, this little box in which is a chain bracelet."

"What can it mean," faltered bewildered Sue. "That is not my box—"

"Susan,"—in Miss Hope's face Sue could see no mercy, "How dare you again—"

It was Virginia who interrupted, Virginia, so white and shaken that Miss Thaw put out a hand to steady her, but whose voice was firm:

"Sue is quite right, this is not her box; that was red. This must be mine. They must belong to my brother. Sue is perfectly innocent. She knew nothing about it."

"Virginia, Virginia, it is n't true," cried Sue impetuously. "She thinks I will be expelled and she is trying to save me. Oh, dear, dear Virginia, to think I, by my folly, should bring you to— It breaks my heart. There is not a word of truth in it, Miss Hope. O Miss Thaw, please help me make Miss Hope see it couldn't be Virginia. You know it is n't true."

"Your confession would clear her at once—"

"But I can't, Miss Thaw. I can't confess to what I have n't done—can I? I do not understand it at all; I put a red box in the drawer and have never unlocked it since and you found this! Of course any of the desk keys would open my drawer, but why would any one want to?

All this time Virginia stood with her head erect, her eyes fixed directly upon Miss Thaw. As far as any farther outward sign of emotion, she was absolutely cold and hard to all Sue's wild beseeching.

"This is certainly a strange case," and Miss Hope rested her head wearily upon her hand. "As for Sue's escapade last night it was small, indeed, compared to this grave offence and the falsehood to cover it—if it is a falsehood, which I much doubt. But, if Sue is telling the truth, who changed the boxes? This must be settled at once. I wish, Miss Gribble, you would call Miss Cutting."

Martha Cutting came, gentle and sweetly smiling, as always.

Yes, she had been in Number 21 the day Sue had offered them the cigarettes. Yes, Sue had said they were cubebs, and had wanted her to take one but she had disliked the odor and refused. Yes, Virginia had taken a single whiff and then she, too, had declined, but Sue had smoked one and afterward locked the box up in her desk, and said she would give them to the girls of the Minnehaha in a peace pipe. Yes, it was she, Martha, who had told Miss Thaw, for she felt the other girls might be tempted.

"Why did you not come to me?" inquired Miss Hope sternly; "and do you mean that you thought the cigarettes were tobacco?"

"I suspected it, as the odor was very disagreeable."

"Can you identify the box?"

"I . . . I think so."

"Is this it?"

"Yes—I think it is."

"O Martha," cried Sue, "don't you remember, my box was red?"

"I think," went on Martha, without any hesitation, and paying no heed to Sue's remark, "the box was white and gold."

"Then you are sure this is the box?"

"Yes, I am."

"Miss Clayton says Miss Roberts is right, that her box was red, and contained cubebs, and that this box is hers. How can that be?"

"I . . . I don't understand," gasped Martha, suddenly growing very pale. "Why . . . O Miss Hope, that can't be true," protested Martha, "she 's trying to save Sue. Surely you do not suspect *her*."

"No more than I suspect Sue," returned Miss Hope icily. "This matter must be sifted to the bottom. I wish you girls to go to your rooms and stay there until I send for you. Ladies, I must have time to think this over."

"Aunty, Aunty Hope!" it was Dolly Bates who had tiptoed softly into the room where Mrs. Hope sat reading, her heart heavy over the trouble that had fallen so suddenly on Hope Hall. "Aunty Hope, please, may I talk to you?"

"Indeed you may, Dolly," said Mrs. Hope, lifting the child to her lap. "Why, you have been crying, darling, what is the matter?"

"O Aunty," and Dolly's lip quivered, "Enid Fenno says Miss Hope 's going to send my dear Sue away. We little girls cried, and cried, and so did Nurse Cheeseman. I saw her wiping her eyes; for, don't you see, Aunty, Sue 's the very best friend we have. When we get colds and have to stay in, she comes and rocks us, and sings and hears our prayers, and on rainy days she tells us stories and makes fudge. Nursie says she don't know how she 'll get on without her. But that is n't what I came to tell you. It 's about another girl that I just hate—"

"Oh, not hate, Dolly, you don't hate anyone."

"Well, I don't like her, anyhow. This morning I was in Sue's room, all alone. I often go in there and hide behind Sue's screen, then when she comes I cry 'Boo!' and she pretends to be scared, and catches me up and swings me in among the pillows, and we have the best time! Well, I was hiding there this morning when I thought I heard her coming; but it was n't Sue at all, nor Virginia, it was that other girl, and she went right to Sue's desk, and she opened the drawer with a key, and she took out a little box, and then she put in another, and then she went away."

"I think you are mistaken about her putting a box in the drawer, Dolly. It was Miss Thaw, was it not?"

"No, it was n't, Aunty, it was Martha Cutting, and I just crept right out after her, and she went down the hall, and down the stairs, till she came to the bellboy's room, and she



"I WAS HIDING THERE THIS MORNING WHEN I [illegible] I HEARD HER [illegible]."

put the box on his table, away down among some papers, and when she was gone I went in and got it; for it 's my Sue's, and she had no business a-giving it to Amos," Dolly explained, as she struggled to get the box out of her mite of a pocket.

At last the box lay in Mrs. Hope's hand. It was bright red and upon it in raised letters was the word "CUBEBS."

Chapter XXIV.

THE BEGINNING OF SUSAN.

The breeze of June sent shimmering ripples across the ivied walls of Hope Hall. Above the tower a flag floated, and the pillars of the great veranda were wound with pink and green, the colors of the senior class.

Girls in dainty gowns and fluttering ribbons rushed to and fro, and busy teachers moved among them pausing to subdue spirits that seemed poised too high, or to breathe courage into the shrinking few, who with vacant gaze and trembling limbs, muttered to themselves for the thousandth time the words of their orations, or hummed the vagrant air that threatened each moment to slip forever from their treacherous memories.

"I never can do it!" groaned May Price. "I 'd rather never be graduated than to stand up before that crowd. I get as far as, 'We are about to set sail in our little painted ships upon the great ocean of life' and then everything is black before my eyes. For pity's sake, Nan, what comes next?"

"'Shall we float in safety upon its mighty bosom, or shall we be wrecked upon its treacherous shoals,'" glibly quoted Nan. "There is n't a soul in Hope Hall that does n't know it by heart, except perhaps it 's Helen Campbell, and she is so daffy over her 'Browning's Relation to the Universe,' that she does n't know if she is up hill or down dale. I met her on the stairs a minute ago and she positively clung to me, begging me to try to remember the next sentence after 'he looms on our mental horizon like a Colossus of Rhodes.'"

"'Great king of the goblins,' said she, 'have mercy on me, or else my name is mud,'" chanted Sue, who was flying by. "Cheer up, May, honey, I 'll mind the 'little painted ship' place; so look at me and I 'll give you a boost. But don't, *don't* let me slip off the key in that last cadenza, for if I do my heart will be broken up into little bits."

"No danger of her failing," said May, as she hurried on. "Does n't she sing that aria beautifully? I 'm awfully glad Miss Gribble put her on the program, if she is only a Freshie. I don't believe I ever saw a girl improve as much in every way as Sue has in the last few months—even Miss Thaw had to admit that yesterday, when Miss Sargent showed her Sue's standing in geometry, and Sue does hate it so."

"Oh, Sue 's all right; she is the most forgiving soul that ever breathed. Martha Cutting would have waited many a cold day before I should have forgiven her."

When Sue had first understood that Martha had really plotted against her—it was so foreign to her own frank and generous nature she found it hard to believe—she thought, too, she could never forgive her. But that was when she thought it was for the prize in music, the trip abroad, and Miss Gribble's praise, that Martha would have sacrificed her; when she came to see it was love of Virginia that had been Martha's chief temptation she forgave her at once.

Martha was on her knees before her trunk when Sue, after waiting vainly for her "come in," opened the door.

"O Martha," she began; but at first sight of that tear-stained face her heart melted with pity and she ran to her side. "Please, Martha, let me help," she begged. "I can pack beautifully. You go right over there to my bed and lie down and rest. Let me bathe your head and make you comfortable, do."

"You . . you . . ." gasped Martha, "why Sue Roberts, you don't mean you want to be kind to me! Why I . . . I was wicked . . . O Sue, I never . . ."

"There, there, dearie," and Sue's arms were about her, holding her close, "don't you feel so bad, if I 'd been as good as I ought to have been it never could have happened. It was my slangy, wild ways that turned Miss Thaw against me, and my first disobedience that made Miss Hope suspicious. I 'm going to try to do better now, so it will all turn out for the best for both of us, and we will be good friends always."

"For you, perhaps," sobbed Martha, "but O Sue, never for me. I am so ashamed, so disgusted with myself. Miss Hope is right, it was my . . my foolish vanity and jealousy that made me do it. I did love Virginia so and she never seemed to care for anybody but you . .

but now she will never want to see me again."

"Oh yes, she will, Martha," comforted Sue. "Just give her a little time. She did love you dearly, it was only—well, you see she was my parsley girl in the very beginning. And I was n't always just to you, Martha, and Virginia tried to please me, but she will forgive you, I know she will."



"'HELL HER, DEN,' WHISPERED VIRGINIA, 'IT'S TOO . . . I . . . O KEEP'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

It was, after all, Virginia who suffered most through Martha's deception.

It took Miss Hope a long time to draw from the reticent girl the real reason for her extraordinary conduct. She had felt, she admitted at last, that her expulsion would make no great difference to anyone. Her father would consider the cigarette-smoking a girlish freak, and Thad would only be amused over the whole matter, while Sue's disgrace would bring real anguish to the loving hearts at Cherryfair, to whom Virginia felt she owed so much. And besides, as she knew that Sue was innocent, yet had no idea who had done the cruel trick, her one thought had been to save Sue at all cost.

"My child," Miss Hope had said, taking the cold little hands in hers, "there is one lesson we all must learn; one should never do evil believing good will come of it. We may only do right, leaving the result to God."

Yet even after Virginia knew Martha was to

be sent away she found it hard to forgive. But when she saw Martha enter the carriage that was to take her away from Hope Hall forever, Virginia's heart melted, and flying out to the carriage she sprang upon the step.

"I forgive you with my whole heart," she whispered, kissing Martha tenderly, "and I hope you will be happy in your new school. Good-bye, good-bye!"

But now Hope Hall had reached its commencement time, and everyone was in gala dress and gala mood, and all the troubles of the year were in the past.

Virginia's Aunt Sibyl had decided to run over from Monroe to say good-bye to her, as Virginia was to go on at once to New York to see her father, who had returned from his long trip the week before. Mrs. Marshall said nothing of the great surprise she had for the girls, so when she arrived with Thad, well, strong and sunburned, there had been a great jubilee in Number 21. And Sue, since they could n't wait for Virginia to write a verse for the occasion, insisted that "Whoopsy saw, sine craw" be sung then and there.

The graduating exercises passed off beautifully, in spite of dark prophesies. To be sure May did stumble over her little painted ships, but Sue, true to her word, gave her such an encouraging nod, and formed so plainly with her lips "shall we float in safety . ." that nobody but the two girls ever knew of the awful moment. Sue herself swept down her cadenza in fine style, and Helen settled Browning's place in the universe in a blaze of glory.

Some hours later when Hope Hall was radiant with lights and tuneful with music and with the hum of many voices, Sue and Thad sat on the stair together to enjoy an ice, and watch the pretty scene.

"It has been a beautiful year, in spite of its troubles, has n't it, Thad?" asked Sue, waving a gay salute to happy May, who passed down the hall on her father's arm.

"The best of my life," agreed Thad. "When I think what a funk I was in when I found I was n't going to college this year it makes me laugh. Why, Sue, I 've gained points with those men—not theories, you know, but real, practical knowledge that I should n't have gotten in my whole college course."

"And now you 're back so well and strong! I 'm sure, Thad, there 's One who knows what's best for us. I thought I was coming to Hope Hall to study music and geometry, but I have found the hardest thing was to govern myself, and I have a good deal to learn in that branch yet."

"I rather miss the old Sioux, with her florid speeches, though," laughed Thad, "I 'm afraid of this dignified Susan."

"You need n't be; for alas, I have n't lost all my picturesque language. I find it is n't the easiest thing in the world to forget. And I 'm not really Susan yet, I 'm just beginning to be."

"You see," said Thad, showing her his watch fob, "I still carry the key, though, I believe, you refuse to wear my bracelet."

"Oh, no," laughed Sue, holding out her hand that he might see, "I 've got it on tonight. Don't you tell a soul, but Virginia sewed it on with a good, strong thread; for I would n't have the thing locked—I just could n't get my breath if the key turned, Thad."

"Queer old girl; I don't know but I like you all the better for it. You 'll settle down some day, though, and never mind the padlock."

"I don't believe it. I can't imagine myself doing anything but dancing along at my own sweet will. But is n't it lovely, Thad, about father? He 's back from Mexico, so much better that the doctor says he need not give up his preaching entirely, and he 's doing a splendid work in a mission in Chicago."

"And Cherryfair, Aunt Sibyl tells me, is deserted."

"Yes, that was hard; but Mandy went with them, and Masie writes they have a dear old house on a little park and they are learning to love their new home almost as much as Cherryfair. Of course you know I am not coming back to Hope Hall next year. Whatever *shall* I do without Virginia?"

"Tell her, Thad," whispered Virginia, who had just joined them, settling down like a little pink cloud among her ruffles at Sue's feet, "tell her, it 's too good to keep."

"I don't know, Nixie, whether Sue will consider it very good news or not; but the truth is, Sue, Dr. Yoder has accepted a professorship in the Chicago University, and, as he is taking a great deal of interest in me, father has decided I would better go there next year."

"And O Sue!" cried Virginia, "I 'm to go to visit you both at Christmas time, and—"

"Well," sighed Sue rapturously, "I can only say with Betty, 'I always thought we had the most beautiful things happen to us that a family ever had, and now I know it.'"

THE END.

THE SMART LITTLE BEAR.



Teacher Bruin said, "Cub, bear in mind,
Licking ink from your pen's not refined,
And eating blotting paper
Is another bad caper—"
"Not," said the Cub, "when I 'm ink-lined."

JOE SCHNEIDER'S PARTNERSHIP.

By Sarah Frances Lindsay.

Joe Schneider walked slowly along the country road with his hands in his pockets, and his mind deep in thought. Joe always thought slowly. The German part of his inheritance had stamped the characteristic of ponderousness not only upon his stocky body, but upon his mind as well. But it had given him also the companion traits of thoroughness and fidelity that made him such reliable help in Amos Jones's store.

Back of him along the road he had just traveled came the sound of footsteps which Joe recognized. There was only one man in all that part of the country who walked like that.

"Nice morning," said a voice at Joe's side.

"Yes, it is," he answered slowly.

The new-comer was a man thirty years of age, but he was scarcely as tall as the boy, and of a much smaller frame. He had restless dark eyes, and a wiry body, every movement of which indicated a nervous, decisive energy.

"Made up your mind yet?" he asked, eyeing Joe sharply as he was passing him.

"No," replied Joe. "I 'm just thinking about it. You said I could have a week."

"So I did," responded the other, hastening on.

Joe watched him as he rapidly covered the ground and became smaller and smaller to the boy's sight.

"Guess he won't go at that pace when he 's lived up here a little longer," thought Joe. "I wonder why he wants me to work for him anyhow. I 'm not much his kind, but he 'd ought to know what I 'm like when he asked me. The money would be pretty nice, but Amos has always been awfully good to me, and Amos does n't like him any too well."

Arrived within sight of the store, a new subject for thought met him. Though he could scarcely believe his eyes, there could be no doubt that the ground in front of the store was piled high with boxes and barrels. What could it mean? He had worked at Amos Jones's store for five years, and frequented the place on errands for a good many more, and never in all that time had he known such a thing to occur.

"Hurry up, Joe. I 've been waiting for you. We 've got a lot of work ahead of us," said the old man as he caught sight of Joe.

A single buggy stopped on the road in front of the store, and the doctor thrust out his head.

"Well, Amos," he called in a tone of curious interest. "Whatever are you up to this morning?"

"I 'm taking stock," returned Amos proudly, and after a second's hesitation, he walked to the road, and resting one foot on the step of the doctor's buggy, went on in a voice plainly audible to Joe: "You see, doctor, the time 's come when we 've got to adopt city measures. For twenty years I 've had the only store for miles around in all this here country, and now a few months ago, that puny little city chap with them snapping black eyes comes along and sets up a citified store. He thinks just because he 's on to them city ways, he can run me out, but I 'm agoin' to show him he 's mistaken."

"I hope you will, Amos," replied the doctor heartily. "I hope you will."

This encouragement was very sweet to the offended spirit of the old storekeeper. He leaned nearer the doctor and lowered his voice.

"Doctor," he said, "what I 'm goin' to say is confidential. I 've been thinkin' about that boy, Joe. You see he 's been workin' for me a long time, and though I 've never said anything about it, it 's been kind of understood that some day when I got too old to be any good, he 'd have the store. He 's a good boy, and he 's worked faithful, and I 'm pretty fond of him. But he 's slow and he 's not the sort for city ways. I want to be square by him, but I 'm afraid he 's not the sort to help my business now



"HURRY UP, BOY, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU," HE SAID."

I 've got a competitor. I don't know what to do about it."

Joe had not meant to be an eavesdropper. It was the storekeeper's own absorption that kept him from noticing the boy's nearness as Joe had advanced to ask a question, while the buggy top shut the boy from the doctor's sight. A feeling of bitterness and resentment arose in Joe's heart as he heard Amos's words, and he could not restrain the impulse that made him linger to hear the doctor's answer.

"Well, I don't know, Amos," the doctor said; "I would n't be too quick if I were you. That boy may be a little slow, but he 's no fool, and there 's good stuff in him. He goes to the bottom of things and he 's very reliable. You know there are lots of Germans in this part of the country, and they 're always conservative. They won't change their trade quickly. They 're clannish, too, and that boy Joe's father is popular among them, and they 're glad to help his son along all they can. I 'd take my time, Amos, if I were you. I 'd take my time."

The doctor straightened the lines on the mare's back, and flapped them gently as a signal for the horse to move on.

That day was a strenuous one in Amos Jones's store. Not only was there the counting and sorting of varied and numerous articles of trade, but the news that Amos was cleaning store and taking stock spread throughout the country rapidly, and made business brisk.

Joe, too busy thinking and nourishing the hurt in his heart, did not stop to engage in conversation with the customers. Still, he worked faithfully and uncomplainingly, and now and then made a suggestion.

"Don't let 's pile everything together, when we 're putting things back," he said to Amos. "Let 's take all the shelves on this side for the groceries, those on the other side for the hardware, and let 's put the dry goods on the end shelves."

"That ain't a bad idea," was the answering comment of the circle about the stove. "You 've got a good head, Joe."

As for Joe, he was at last reaching a decision. The doctor's words that morning, clinching an idea which had already occurred to the boy, had made him aware of his own importance, and given him a delightful new feeling. So that was why Mr. Simpson, the new storekeeper wanted him,—to pull the German trade. Well, he would do it then, and he would just show Amos that he was worth something, after all.

Then for once in his life, Joe acted impulsively, and that night, after the lights were out in the store, and the storekeeper was locking the door behind him, his clerk offered his resignation. Amos's pale gray eyes looked at the boy in



"THE CITY HE WENT TO WAS VERY BIG AND STRANGE, AT FIRST."

utter amazement, while relief and consternation struggled in his heart.

"What be you goin' to do?" he asked sharply.

Joe hesitated a moment before answering. "Mr. Simpson has offered me a place in his store, and he 'll give me ten dollars a month more than you."

The bitterness Amos strove to hide, crept into his voice in spite of himself. "Well, I suppose you 're gettin' modern, Joe, and call that enterprisin'. Accordin' to the old notions I was brought up by, 't ain't square."

Joe's cheeks flushed and his eyes showed a fire. For the first time in all their intercourse the boy spoke impertinently to his employer.

"I guess it 's as square as what you said to the doctor this morning. According to that, I 'm just helping you out. I don't think I 'd have gone if I had n't heard that, although I did n't mean to listen."

They turned in opposite directions homeward, and each took as his companion, a heavy heart. Strange to say, in his thoughts, each blamed, not the other, but the storekeeper Simpson, for the unhappiness he felt.

"It 's all his fault," thought Amos bitterly.

The next week Joe went to work for Simpson. He found the atmosphere of the new store very different from that of the old. In his new quarters everything was run systematically. Order prevailed throughout, and time was considered valuable. When not actually selling, his new employer kept Joe busy sorting and rearranging stock or tidying up the store. The show windows were another new feature, and the strict system of bookkeeping. The new clerk soon began to draw trade far beyond Mr. Simpson's expectations. At the end of the third month he raised Joe's salary another five dollars.

Still Joe was not happy. Every morning and evening on his way to and from his new place of employment, he passed Amos Jones's store. Not infrequently he met the old man, who always greeted him courteously, and even occasionally called out some hearty bantering remark as of old.

The way Amos's business was falling off had become the common talk of the neighborhood, and Joe knew well that, however much this loss of business affected the storekeeper's finances, the hurt it meant to his pride would be far more deeply felt by the old man.

"And it is all my fault," Joe whispered to himself again and again, watching Amos with observant eyes. The gray of the old storekeeper's hair was rapidly becoming white; the wholesome cheer of his face changing to lines of care and nervous anxiety, which told severely on his aged frame. Each day the old man's footstep became heavier, his figure more bowed. And each day it came to seem to Joe as if he could bear no longer the weight of unhappiness all this had brought upon himself.

Yet he realized that he was in a very complex position. His new problem was this. If he had wronged Amos by leaving him and going to Simpson, he could not now leave Simpson and return to Amos without wronging his new employer. Simpson had always treated him fairly. So week after week Joe thought about it, and then at last decided on what seemed to him the most honorable action. He offered Simpson his resignation, and left that part of the country.

It cost Joe a good deal of effort to leave that country he loved, and where he had meant to spend his life. The city he went to was very big and strange at first, but gradually he began to fit into it. The training Mr. Simpson had given him, and his natural thrift served him well. He found employment in a large wholesale grocery that sold to country merchants, and here he learned much and rose steadily. He came to see that Mr. Simpson's establishment, which had appeared so imposing to his country eyes, was in reality a very little affair, and then an ambition crept into his heart and lodged there.

Meanwhile he kept posted on the state of affairs at home. Simpson's business was no longer what it had been. The loss of his clerk had been a severe blow, and the novelty of his store and the curiosity of the country-side were becoming things of the past.

Joe worked in the city two years. All his life it had been his habit to save money. When he went to the city he had a little sum in the bank, and during his city life he added to this steadily. At the end of the second year he wrote a letter to Simpson.

Joe had never known impatience as he did during the week that followed. On Simpson's answer depended all his future hopes,—the ful-

filment of the ambition he had nourished until it had become a part of him, the plans for restitution to the old man whom his conscience told him he had wronged. On the eleventh day, the answering letter came. Joe opened it with trembling fingers, read it once hurriedly, and then a second and a third time more slowly, each time with greater satisfaction. The next day he took the train for home.

It was a very different boy from the one who had left that country two years before, who arrived at the station late the following afternoon. This boy was far more dapper and more business-like in his manner. He moved more quickly, the expression of his eyes was keener and more observant; he had a poise that came from intelligence won from contact with progressive men.

And yet the country had never seemed more beautiful to him. In the west the sun was setting gloriously, spreading its last weakening rays over the fields and into the available spots of the forest land, as the shadows of twilight fell. Over all the world there seemed to be the wonderful sense of country peace. For two years Joe had known nothing so beautiful.

True to his city principles, however, he wasted no time before performing the errand that had brought him home. All that evening he spent closeted with Simpson in the latter's front parlor, talking, arguing, drawing on papers; and from that room Joe emerged finally, content, at least for the moment, with all the world.

There was one more thing to do before he could rest in satisfaction. Early the next morning, before it was time to open, he sought Amos Jones's store, delightfully aware that now he could greet his old employer with a free conscience. He waited impatiently on the front doorstep for the old man to appear.

"Well, Joey," said Amos after the first astonished greeting, laying his hand on the broad fellow's shoulder. "What a young man we are, and so citified too. Whoever 'd thought it? Well, I 'm glad to see you. I 'm mighty glad to see you, come right along in."

"I 'd like to speak to you privately on a little matter of business, Amos, if I may," said Joe as Amos opened the store-door.

"Certainly, certainly," Amos answered. "We 'll set down right here. Nobody 's likely to come in this time o' the mornin', 'specially in haying time. Here, Jim," he called to a small boy who was lounging on the counter, "you run along out, until I call you."

"Amos," said Joe again, after they were comfortably settled, "I 'm coming back into this part of the country to live. Last night, I made a bargain with Simpson to buy him out, and made my first payment on his stock."

The old man grabbed both arms of his chair, and leaned forward, while his lower jaw fell.

"Bought Simpson out?" he exclaimed after a long gasp.

"Yes," went on Joe. "And what I wanted to see you about was to know if you and I could n't come to some settlement about a partnership. There never ought to be more than one store in this neighborhood, and I think you and I could make a pretty good team, and make a success of things. I 've had quite a little experience in the city lately and have got some new ideas. It would be pretty lucky for me if I could work them out with a man who has had your long experience, and is so well known everywhere. Would you be willing to think about it?"

The old man, who had been sitting on the edge of his chair waiting with great impatience for Joe to finish speaking, rose in stiff eagerness and grasped Joe by both shoulders.

"Do it?" he cried in jubilant tones. "Do it? Well I just guess I will. Don't you know, Joey, there ain't anything in the world could make me happier. But," he added, his eyes suddenly clouding, "my business ain't so much any more."

"Then we 'll make it something," returned Joe confidently, smiling in the old man's face.

As he read the answering expression of the face above his, with its happiness and content, Joe was set to thinking. The experience he had gained for himself was much. So was the position he had won, and the hope it had given him for the future, but this was the best of all,—the happiness he had brought to this old man of simple faith and child-like confidence.



JANE'S ANSWER.

With umbrella and rubbers to keep off the rain,
On a very moist morning I met little Jane.
"Are you well?" I inquired. "Oh no, can't you see
I 'm dreadfully *under the weather*," said she.

C. F. Lester.

A FUNNY FIDDLER.

WHAT a smart little fellow a cricket must be!
For if what they tell us is true,
When he seems to be singing, he 's fiddling instead,
Which must be much harder to do.

But then if a cricket should happen to feel
Like dancing, how fine it would be!
For with two of his legs he could fiddle the tune
And dance with the others, you see!

Henrietta R. Eliot.



HIGH LIFE IN JUNGLEVILLE.

THE GREAT "Y" AND THE CROCKERY "O."

By Charles D. Stewart,
Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith."

Part II.—The Crockery "O."

Maybe you would like to hear how little Dug learned O. One day when he was studying it his mind got tired, and then he went out of the garden gate and down the dusty road. He had on a new sailor suit and he marched along stamping his feet in the deep dust. When he had got covered with dust from head to foot it began to rain. Just as the summer shower was coming down hard he arrived at the pottery.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the potter as he saw Dug; "you are mud from head to foot. If I put you in the oven now, you would bake hard and be a crockery boy. Then I could sell you to some one to put in the parlor."

Dug wanted him to do it, but he would not.

As Dug came in the building among the many kinds of pottery he was reminded of the ring of clay that his grandfather had left to be hardened in the fire.

"Have you got our mud cooked yet?" he asked the potter.

And the potter, thinking that his grandfather had sent him for it, gave it to him. Now the ring of clay was as hard as stone, for it had been in the oven with the crockery. When the rain stopped Dug went away, carrying it on his arm.

"It is a nice ring-jug, and I will take it with

me everywhere," he said. He made up that name for it because he did not know it was a crockery O. The rain had made mud of all the dust on his sailor suit. And when he had dried in the bright sunshine he looked as if he had just come out of the potter's oven along with the crockery O.

Before long Dug came to the Pike, the long road that runs across Maryland and Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Ohio and Indiana and Illinois. All that Dug remembered was that it was the way to New York, and now he decided that this would be a good time to go there. He marched along quickly, for it was already late in the afternoon.

When he came to the bridge with three ends he went into one of the hallways and kept



"ONE DAY WHEN HE WAS STUDYING IT, HIS MIND GOT TIRED."

marching on. Now this is the bridge that was built like a Y, and each branch of it had four hallways: the two big hallways for horses and the two small ones for the people who walked. And it is the law in that city that horses and people must enter the hallways on the right hand side. But Dug did not know there was a law, neither did he know his right hand from his left, so he went into the wrong side. And after a while he met a big, fat man who was swinging a cane and smiling so pleasantly that you would think he had come out like the sun after the shower.

"Say, little boy," said the fat man, "are you coming or going?"

"I 'm going," said Dug.

"Well, then, you are on the wrong side. This one is for people that are coming. Little boys should pass always to the right, as wagons do. You will have to back out."

And the fat man stood to see whether Dug would back out, for that is what a horse has to do when he goes into the bridge on the wrong side and meets another horse. But Dug did not make a move until the fat man walked around him. And then Dug kept on till he came to the big room in the middle of the river. It had a roof on it like a barn, and the sides were just twelve hallways leading away through the three bridges that met there.

When Dug saw the twelve hallways leading away in different directions he stopped in the big room and thought of all his aunts and uncles. He had dozens of them in different parts of the city, and it kept him very busy visiting one and another. He was the only boy, and they all wanted him all the time.

Well, Dug was rather tired walking through the mud, and so he thought that before he went to New York he would go and see one of his aunts. So now he had to make up his mind which way he would go. He said to himself: "If I go that way I can see the new pigs; and if I go this way I can have marmalade and cross-bar pie; and if I go the other way I will come to my uncle who has a shoe-store, and I can play with the colored leather and get a base-ball."

First he started in the direction of the marmalade and pie, but when he got to that hallway and thought of how he was leaving the pigs and the base-ball behind, he stopped. Then when he thought how nice it would be to see the new pigs he went over to that hallway. And then he found he really wanted

the marmalade and cross-bar pie and the base-ball. He wanted the base-ball especially, and so, as he thought of all the fun he would have with it, he started into the hallway that led over to that uncle's place. But he had not gone far when he found that he wanted all the other things more than ever. He had not intended to leave the marmalade behind. He came back and stood in the big room thinking it over, looking down all the halls and imagining all the things he would get at the different places. He tried one way, and then he tried another way again when he thought he had changed his mind; but it was always the same. First it was the marmalade and the cross-bar pie, and then it was the pigs, and then it was the base-ball; and whichever way he went, he would have to give up two things for the sake of only one. It made him sad to think of such a thing; for the truth of the matter was that he wanted them all. He could not choose only one of them. And when he stood in the big room and looked down all the hallways he saw that he could n't make up his mind to go in any direction. And so there was nothing for Dug to do but to stand there in the big room out in the middle of the river and think of all the different things and not have *any* of them.

Well, he tried again and again, and finally when he saw how things were it made him feel so tired that he had to cry. So he stood there with the crockery O on his arm and cried and wiped the tears away till the dirt on his face was all mud again.

A big wagon with four horses came with a great noise across the room and turned into one of the hallways and went rolling away like thunder. Dug had to cry louder so that he could hear himself above the noise.

Presently the room in the bridge was quiet, as if there were no team in any of the halls. Just then a horse stepped on to the bridge somewhere at the end of one of the long halls. Dug could hear him in the distance coming on slowly and heavily, pounding his big hoofs on the floor of the bridge. The sound of it came nearer and nearer, filling the big room—thump, thump—thump, thump!

When Dug looked down the hall he stopped crying at once, for it was the face of old "Fly." Fly had a white streak on her face, and so he could see that it was his grandfather's big sorrel mare. But Dug knew her so well that he would have known old Fly even if she had a face like other horses. He wiped the mud out of his eyes and wiped his fingers clean on a wooden post. Then he stood waiting with the crockery 'O' in his hand. Old Fly was coming on slowly and solemnly, as if she were thinking about something; and she kept turning her ears this way and that, listening to all the noise she made. As she came nearer, Dug began to smile. If there was one thing he did like more than another, it was to ride with his grandfather in the buggy. Now he forgot all about the pigs and the pie and the base-ball and the marmalade and all the things he had wanted so much a little while before.



"HE STOOD WAITING WITH THE CROCKERY 'O' IN HIS HAND."

But I must tell you, before Dug finds it out, —for I fear he will be greatly pleased or very much disappointed,—that his grandfather was not in the buggy. There was no one at all in it. Old Fly was coming along with an empty buggy. Now that was just what you might expect of Fly, for she was a horse that knew her own mind. Dug's grandfather had gone visiting with her that afternoon, and they had called on several of those aunts and uncles. And finally Dug's grandfather got to talking to his other grandfather about old times, and Fly waited and waited for him. And when she decided he ought to be through talking about old times she walked away. He was n't anywhere near being through, but Fly left anyway and went on about her business. So now she was coming across the bridge and taking her own time about it—thump, thump—thump, thump!

When she came out into the big room and Dug saw that there was no one in the buggy, he stepped in front of her and said, "Wo! Fly." And Fly "wo'd." Then Dug climbed into the buggy and said, "Git ap! Fly." And Fly "got ap."

Dug pulled on the lines and tried to make her go into a left-hand hallway. She did not want to do it; and when he pulled harder on the line she stopped and turned her head clear around and looked at him awhile. Then she as much as thought, "It 's only that boy." So she kept going her own way and went into a right-hand passage. And after that she paid no attention to him at all, for she was a sensible mare that had a mind of her own. And she knew more about right than Dug did, for she was several years older than he.

When they had gone through the long hallway and come out into the sunshine on the road, Dug sat back under the shady cover of the buggy and thought what a fine trip he would have. This was an easier way of going to New York than he had expected; there was nothing to do but sit, with the big leather seat all to himself, and let Fly take him there. Now it might rain all it wanted; it could not wet him. The canopy of the buggy was quite like a little house of his own, with curtains that would let down at the side and a little window in the back. They went along that road and over another bridge. They made a few turns and then went up a wider road, where there were houses with green front yards and big honey-locust-trees on both sides. The locust-trees held their branches out over the road and smelled sweet on the evening air. Dug now began to think about supper, for he was getting very hungry. He got down on his knees and looked behind the leather curtain under the seat. Sure enough, his grandfather had apples there. There was a greening and a rambo and a russet. Dug liked the greening because it was big, and the rambo because it was red, and the russet because it was an apple; so he decided he had better take all three of them.

While he was eating the apples the sun began to set, and there were red clouds all piled up on top of the far-away hills. At the end of the high rock the road turned and ran up past the hill, across a railroad track. Just as Fly was turning a locomotive came along, ringing and whistling and making a great noise and smoke.

"Git ap! Fly," said Dug, reaching for the lines and slapping them down on her back. He wanted her to hurry up and cross ahead of the locomotive. But Fly knew better than to do that, so she stopped and paid no attention to what Dug said or did. And when the locomotive was past she started up again and went on across the tracks. There was a white sign on a post that read, "Look out for the cars," but Dug could not find a Y in that, either. The first word had two round letters that looked out at him like a pair of eyes, but that was all he knew about it. Fly plodded along steadily, bobbing her head up and down. It was an up-hill road and very rough. The buggy itself just rocked and rocked as it dipped into the hollows and rolled over the bumps. Dug had laid the apples on the seat after eating all he wanted of them, and now it made him tired to look at them, so he thought he would put them out of sight. He put the three halves of them down under the seat for his grandfather. By the time Fly reached the top of the up-hill road it was dusk, and now the road ran along level. There was a deep hol-

low at the right of the road, and it was almost night at the bottom of it. Dug had been growing very drowsy while the frogs were still singing in his ears, the motion of the buggy rocked him to sleep entirely. He lay in the corner of the seat, with his mouth open and his eyes shut, and the crockery O beside him.

Old Fly kept going along and bobbing her head the same as ever. She had not been minding him, anyway; so Dug might as well be asleep as awake for all she cared. She passed a brick house with lights in the windows shining out toward the road. There was a barn down in the hollow, and there was a man down there, with a lantern and a pitchfork, saying, "So, boss, so!" Fly cocked her ears as she heard the rustle of the hay, but she kept straight on. After a while she passed another brick house, and then she came to a white frame-house that had a porch all along the side facing a big, sweet-smelling flower-garden. There was a light shining out of an open door and lighting up one of the white pillars of the porch. If Dug had been awake he would have known this place. But he was sleeping soundly and dreaming about New York.

Fly turned off the road here and went down a lane behind the house. And there she put her head over the barn-yard gate and whinnied to let it be known that she had come home and was quite ready for a good supper. The hired man came hurrying down the path from the house and opened the gate. Fly came in with the buggy, and whinnied again in a friendly way to the hired man. When the hired man saw no one but Dug in the rockaway he looked in the barn and up the lane. And finding no one else, he shook Dug to make him wake up.

"Where 's your grandfather?" he asked.

Dug sat up and blinked his eyes at the lantern before his face. Then he rubbed his nose, lay down on the seat, and went right to sleep again. The hired man shook him again and asked where his grandfather was. Dug only grunted and brushed his hand at the hired man as if he were a bothersome fly.

The hired man ran into the house, and this time he came out with three aunts and two uncles and a grandmother. They all shook Dug and tried to make him sit up and talk. But he would lie right down as soon as they let go of him. Before they could find out what they wanted to know, the front gate slammed and some one came down the path to the barn-yard. It was Dug's grandfather. He had walked all the way home. And as he told about it and saw that Dug had come there with Fly and the buggy, he was even more surprised than they were. And when they asked how it happened he said *he* did n't know. By this time the hired man had got Dug wakened, and when he heard the voices of his aunts and uncles and grandparents he was reminded to show them what the potter had made.

"Look at the ring-jug!" he said, holding it up for them to see.

"Oh, what is it?" they all exclaimed.

Dug leaned over to give it to his grandfather, but he was so sleepy that he let go of it too soon, and it broke into a hundred pieces on the hub of the buggy wheel.

"Oh-o-o-o!" they all exclaimed again.

Dug could never explain to them what it was like. But one day, when he started to study his letters again, he pointed to a letter and said, "The ring-jug was like that." And when they told him it was an O he never forgot it. He would say, "Oh!" every time he saw it. And they could never find out exactly how Dug came there that night. For all he would say when they asked him was, "I comed with Fly."

And so they made up their minds that Dug had taken Fly and driven over just to see his grandmother.

"And think how smart he was to know right and left and not get mixed up in the bridge!" said one of his aunts.

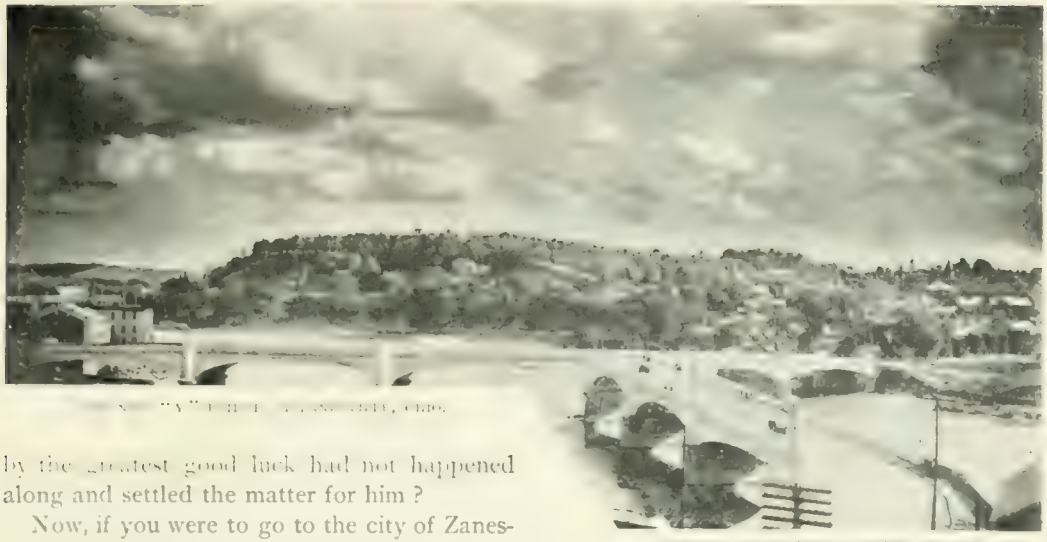
"And not get lost at any turns of the road!" said another.

"And not get run over by the cars!" said another.

"What a smart child!" said his grandmother.

And everybody in the neighborhood would point him out and tell the other children they ought to be like Dug.

So you see that it was a good thing for Dug that a horse knows how to make up its mind. What would he have done in that bridge if Fly



by the greatest good luck had not happened along and settled the matter for him?

Now, if you were to go to the city of Zanesville, you would see all these things, and you could cross the Y—for it is a real bridge. But I must tell you that not long ago they took down the wooden bridge with the balls in it.

And then what do you suppose they did? They put up a fine new crockery bridge! And the children like that one just as well.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NEW "Y" BRIDGE, AT ZANESVILLE, OHIO

PLANTATION STORIES.

By Grace MacGowan Cooke.

THE STAG WHO TRIED TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.



"'EF YOU KEEL ON WID DEM SPRUTERS ON YO' HEAD, YOU GWINE COME TO A BAD EEND.'"

Uncle Bergen, the plantation shoemaker at Broadlands, was building himself a pair of most wonderful boots. The Randolph children had drifted down to the shoe-shop with their nurse, America, Uncle Bergen's daughter, in the hope that he would tell them a story. It may be that this was the reason why Pate made fun of the boots.

"They won't look nice on you, Unc' Bergen," he asserted ungraciously. "Anyhow, you 'd have to tuck your pants into them to show the red tops; and if you did that, they 'd look worser than ever."

Patricia was the peacemaker; yet even she regarded Uncle Bergen's silence with great disfavor. "I think shoes are a heap nicer," she suggested plaintively.

"Me likes s'ippers," put in baby Isabel.

"Now," demanded the shoemaker, severely, slowly turning toward the children as if to give greater importance to what he was about to say, "has you-all

"Said yo' say, an' had yo' way?

"'Ca'se ef you has, I is got a mind to tell you 'bout de deer what set out for to please each an' every. Dat what you-all put me to studyin' 'bout."

"Oh, do tell it, please!" begged the children.

And Isabel shouted: "A story! A story! 'At 's what we comed down here for."

"Might 'a' knowed you come atter somethin', by de scan'alous way you miscalled my Sunday boots. I bound ye, dis-hyer story 'bout de deer gwine do you-all chillen good."

The young Randolphs settled themselves in an expectant row

"De ol' doe, what was de mammy o' dis-hyer deer boy what I gwine tell you 'bout," began the old man, "she got losted away from de herd, an' she fetched up her son whar

dey ain't been no deers. She done well by him, for a widder, an' she tried for to l'arn him sense. But he was a great somebody to go 'bout seekin' advice, an' askin' all de other critters how does dey like his ways.

"Time his horns commence to sprout, he norrated pretty much all th'oo de Big Woods, astin' each critter how do he like de new 'rangement. His mammy sont him to de king's house for to warn de drizzly bear, what was king o' de Big Woods, of a bee-tree dat she done find.

"'How you admire dese-hyer bumps what done come on de cornders o' my head?' de deer boy ax of the King Bear.

"De drizzly bear feel 'blige to say somethin'—an' say hit strong. 'Huh!' he grunt; 'dey looks scan'alous to me—plumb scan'alous. I ain't never been havin' nothin' like that on *my* head; an' look—I 's de king o' de Big Woods, an' when I holler every critter in de Big Woods 'blige to jump. Ef you keep on wid dem sprouters on yo' head, you gwine come to a a bad eend—you hear me?'

"De deer boy hump hisself home to he mammy, an' say he gwine quit havin' dem bumps on he forchead, an' he gwine quit hit right away. 'Gump!' grunt old lady deer. An' dat de fust word an' de last word she say to him dat time. She know mighty well an' good he cain't quit de horn business dest by makin' up he mind dat hit don't suit him.

"By dat, he take to axin' de birds an' de field-mices an' de hoppergrasses and de little fishes how dey like de new horns what he commence to sprout. I done told you dis-hyer deer ain't growed—he dest a boy. When he dance home to he mammy with de ruthers o' all dem little critters 'bout shill he have horns or shill he not have horns, she say, dest de same, 'Gump!'—dest so she say hit, 'Gump! You let dem horns alone. Ef dey eaches, you rub 'em 'gainst a saplin'. You gwine be mighty proud when dey grows out.'

"So de young deer boy—he gittin' to be a right smart fryin'-size critter by dis-hyer time—he lef' dem horns grow, 'ca'se he cain't do no other way. He sot in to eat, an' to bark de trees; but he ain't fergit to ask every critter dat he pass de time o' day wid, does hit like de notion o' him wearin' horns.

"Some do, an' some don't. Dem folks what hain't got no horns deyse'f—w'y, dey nachelly ag'in' *him* raisin' any. Dem what *got* horns cain't never agree 'bout how his'n should sprout; an' seem like dey hain't no peace o' mind for de deer boy in *dat* way o' carryin' on.

"A old goat done tell him dat horns was all right, but dey 'bleege to go back like goat horns. A cow done tell him dat horns was good an' proper, but dey ort to branch out wide apart like her'n. De rabbits say he better turn 'em into ears ef he can. An' mongst



'em all, dey got dat young buck so pestered dat he wish he never been born — or ef he been born, dat he never sot in to sproutin' horns. But whenever he take his troubles to old lady deer, she holler, 'Gump!' at him, an' 'lowed dat she gwine carry him where he 'll see if he ain't in need of horns dest like dem horns.

"So one sunshiny day in de springtime she take an' carry de young buck clean 'crost de Big Woods to de fur eend whar de deer fambly livin'. Deers dest will fight in de spring. Dey hain't no law been found out yit dat will keep 'em from hit. De deer boy an' he mammy was visitors, but de young bucks made out like hit was a game for each an' every one of 'em to try a wrassle wid de new feller.

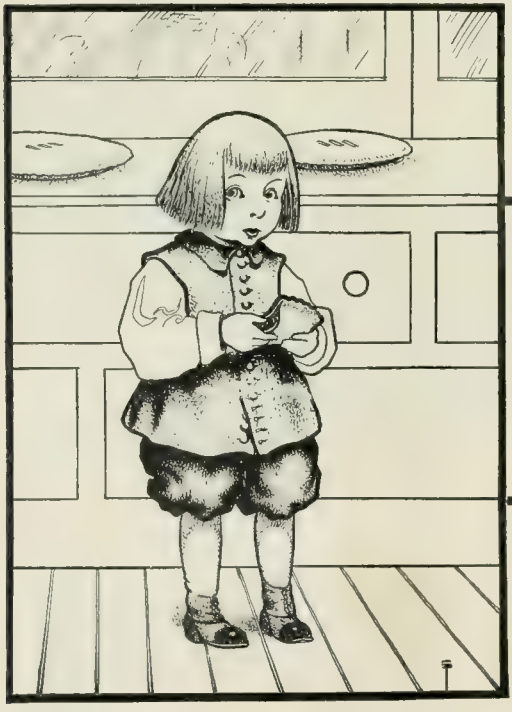
"You reckon dat buck found out what his horns was good for? Ah, law! I bound you he did. Time he 'd fit a few turns, he knowed why dem horns was prongy an' sharp. He found out why dey was set in good an' strong on de front o' his head. He was n't needin' horns like a cow, an' he had no use for horns like a goat—deer horns was what suited him.

"By de time he 'd whipped out de whole passel o' young bucks, he was n't askin' no advice from hoppergrasses; he was n't carin' what de jay-bird had to say; an' he p'intedly *de*spised de notion of talkin' to fishes or mices."

The old man set down with a thump his finished boots, gorgeous with their red tops and lining of scraps of leather. "An' dat 's dest how I is," he concluded, with some sharpness. "Dem boots pleases me—an' hit ain't make nary lick o' diff'ence who else is dis-pleased."

"Is you callin' us grasshoppers an' mices an' jay-birds?" inquired America, with a giggle and toss of her head.

"Oh, we think the boots are mighty fine now, Uncle Bergen," Patricia, the kind hearted peace-maker put in. "Weall like them better since you told us the story."



HIS REASON.

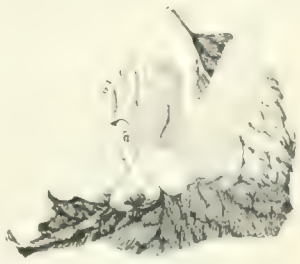
By C. F. L.

I'd like to be a pirate,
And here 's the reason why;—
My Uncle Billy told me
That pirates *live* on PIE!

The Elves' Busy Work.

By A. S. Webber

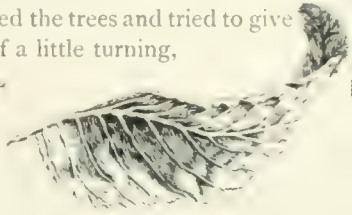
'T is said elves thought a lack of time
Could be the only reason
The autumn leaves were not all curled
Before the Jack Frost season.



And so all felt that duty called
To them to help the bending,
And get each leaf in autumn shape
Before to earth descending.

They climbed the trees and tried to give
Each leaf a little turning,





But many, many floated down
While they their task were learning.

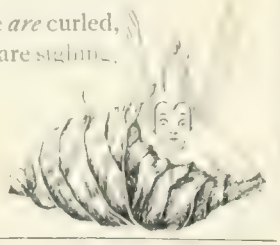
Then back they 'd climb and work at what
They thought to be their duty,
Until no leaf remained uncurled,
And autumn lost its beauty.



They worked so fast and recklessly
That every other minute
Down came a leaf, toboggan-shaped—
A merry elf within it.

I know not if this *all* be true;
To see the elves I 'm trying.
The leaves float down, and some *are* curled,
While autumn winds are sighing.





PICTURES

By

Culmer Barnes



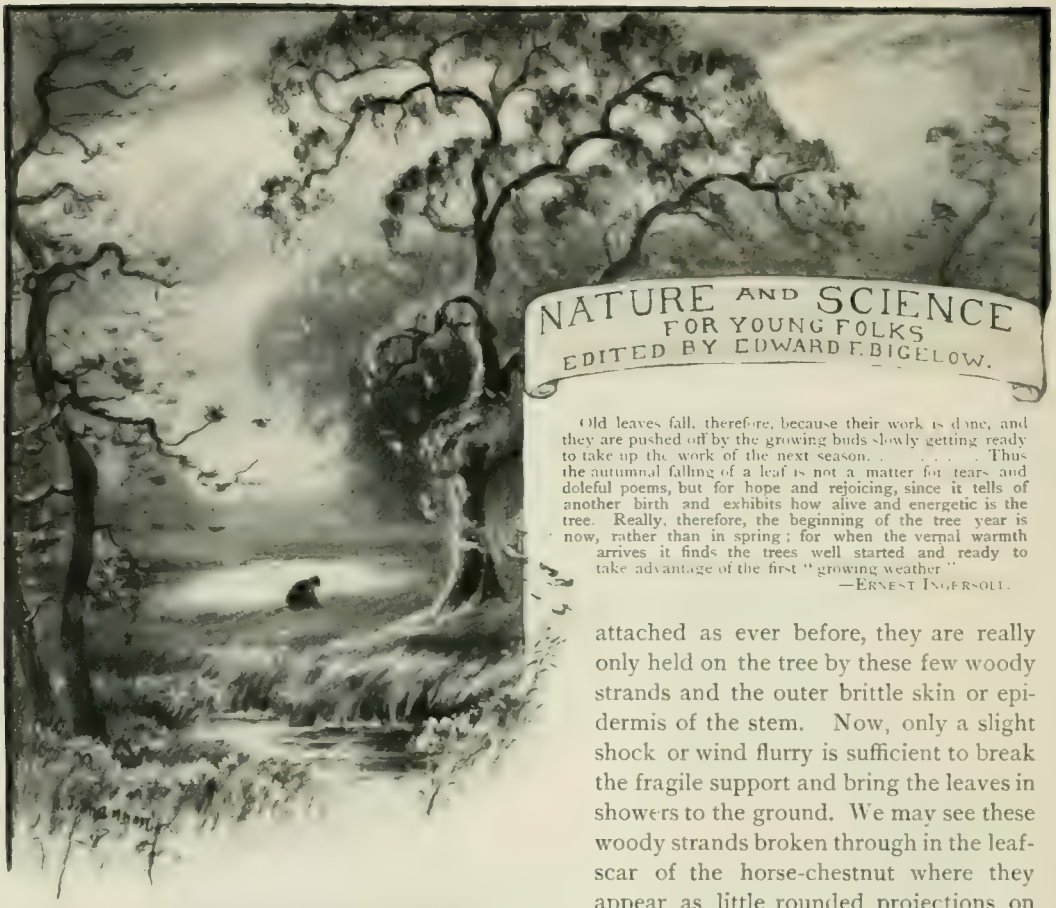
DOGGIE: — "DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IT 'S DANGEROUS TO SIT ON THE THIRD RAIL?"
CHORUS OF BUNNIES: — "MAY BE, BUT AT PRESENT IT DOES N'T SEEM NEARLY SO DANGEROUS AS SOME PLACES WE KNOW OF."



FATHER OWL TO MR. WOODPECKER: — "HEY! WHO 'S THAT KNOCKING OUT THERE? DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO DISTURB OUR DAY'S REST? CALL AGAIN AT A REASONABLE HOUR."







"THE BRIGHT LEAVES COME DRIFTING DOWN IN FLUTTERING, FAST-THICKENING SHOWERS."

NATURE AND SCIENCE
FOR YOUNG FOLKS
EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

> Old leaves fall, therefore, because their work is done, and they are pushed off by the growing buds slowly getting ready to take up the work of the next season. . . . . Thus the autumnal falling of a leaf is not a matter for tears and doleful poems, but for hope and rejoicing, since it tells of another birth and exhibits how alive and energetic is the tree. Really, therefore, the beginning of the tree year is now, rather than in spring; for when the vernal warmth arrives it finds the trees well started and ready to take advantage of the first "growing weather."
>
> —ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

When the storm clouds gather behind the brown autumnal woods and cold winds begin to blow, then the bright leaves come drifting down in fluttering, fast-thickening showers until it almost seems as if the wind were the active agent and actually tore the leaves from the trees. This, of course, is not the case. The leaf-fall only becomes possible after a long preparation on the part of the tree, which forms a peculiar layer of cells in each leaf stem called the cleavage plate.

This cleavage plate, or separation layer, consists of a section of loosely attached, thin-walled cells with a few strands of stronger woody fibre in among them; so, in the early autumn, although the leaves appear as firmly attached as ever before, they are really only held on the tree by these few woody strands and the outer brittle skin or epidermis of the stem. Now, only a slight shock or wind flurry is sufficient to break the fragile support and bring the leaves in showers to the ground. We may see these woody strands broken through in the leaf-scar of the horse-chestnut where they appear as little rounded projections on the broken surface and are often spoken of from their fancied resemblance to the nails of a horseshoe. The hickory and ash among



THE FALLING WILD SARSAPARILLA LEAVES.

The detail drawing shows the leaf scar about the bud and the stalk which has separated from it. Notice the dot-like markings which are the woody strands broken through.

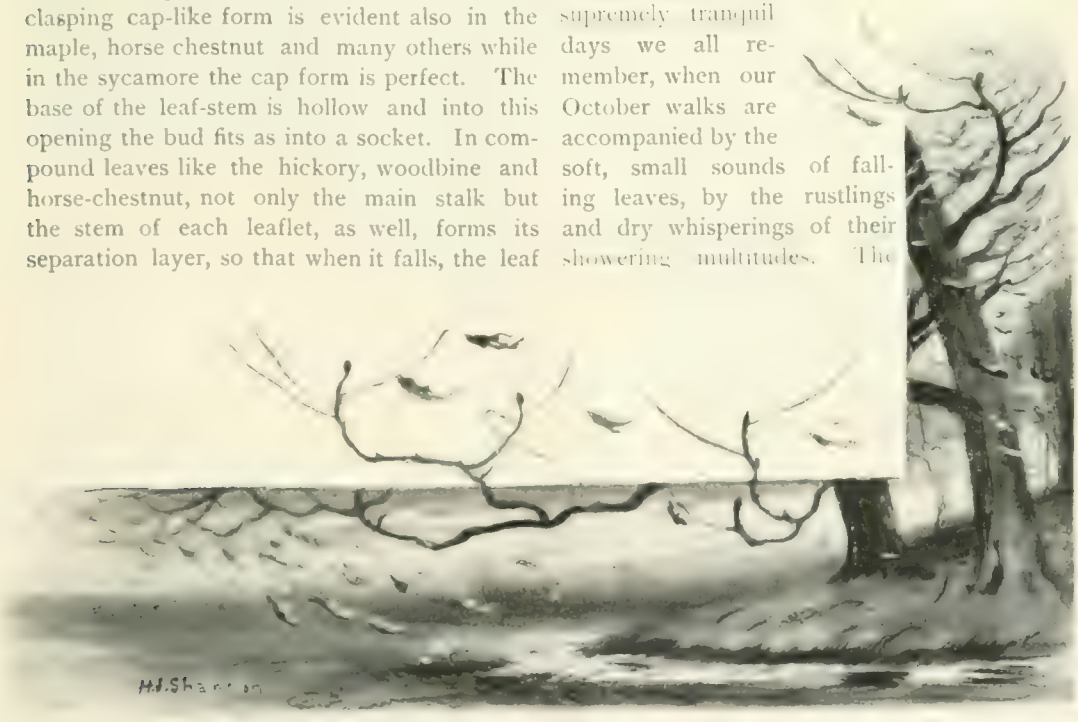
other trees have similar markings on their leaf scars and from the same cause. On the drops apart into its several sections. Sometimes, especially in the [illegible], the leaflets fall



The maple leaf-stalk clasps the bud and nearly surrounds it. The horse-chestnut leaves a broader, rougher scar, while the sycamore has its leaf-stalk fitting over the bud like a cap.

root of the wild sarsaparilla which projects just above the ground a like series of little projections will be seen upon the ring-like scar which surrounds the bud where the leaf-stalk has just separated. The illustration shows the concave form of the leaf-stalk at its base and how it clasps and protects the bud. This clasping cap-like form is evident also in the maple, horse chestnut and many others while in the sycamore the cap form is perfect. The base of the leaf-stem is hollow and into this opening the bud fits as into a socket. In compound leaves like the hickory, woodbine and horse-chestnut, not only the main stalk but the stem of each leaflet, as well, forms its separation layer, so that when it falls, the leaf first and the main, denuded stalk hangs upon the tree until November when some stronger, fiercer gust brings that also to the ground.

Often the leaves separate and fall even on the quietest days for their own weight is sufficient to break the frail support. These hushed and supremely tranquil days we all remember, when our October walks are accompanied by the soft, small sounds of falling leaves, by the rustlings and dry whisperings of their showering multitudes. The



THE BLEAK TREES [illegible]

The leaflets have mostly fallen, leaving the more firmly fixed main stalk still on the tree.

sunshine seems to sleep on the hillsides and broad fields, while the still hours succeed each other at such times with calmness and serenity. Lowell recalled such a day when he wrote:



THE LEAF SCAR OF THE HICKORY

The broken surface on both branch and base of leaf-stalk shows the woody fibres broken through as little rounded projections.

"One morn of Autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind,
Or twirling with directer impulse down
On those fallen yesterday, now barbed with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year."

In these lines the poet suggests the variety of motions which the leaves describe as they journey downward and these movements might well be chosen as a subject for observation. The chestnut leaves alone are capable of a great number of gyrations. Now a leaf starts with stem downward and shoots straight as an arrow to the earth, revolving steadily on its axis meanwhile; another seems unable to keep any sort of balance but topples end over end all the way down. Sometimes the leaf will wing itself through the air with more eccentric flight. Starting on even blade and buoyed up by the air, it will shoot swiftly sidewise and downward only to halt suddenly and reverse its motion by darting as swiftly down in the opposite direction. This sidewise, settling motion continues until by a series of short zigzag flights the leaf reaches the ground. As the pointed, yellow leaves glance to and fro across the slanting sunbeams, they seem like golden shuttles briskly weaving some invisible pattern, perhaps the figures of those unsubstantial landscapes which linger between us and the misty distances of Indian summer days.

The manner in which the leaf-fall proceeds in different trees is also noteworthy. The ends of the branches lose their leaves first in the ash, beech and hornbeam, when the body of the tree is still clothed with bright foliage. The poplars and willows have an exactly contrary habit, for when the trunk is stripped of foliage, the branch ends are still decorated with a few lone leaves which wave like ragged banners beneath the November sky. It is remarkable how tenaciously these last leaves cling to the tossing boughs. At last they also come hurtling to the frozen ground and the bare trees of the forest give forth once more, under the strong wind's urging, that stern, sonorous music which will last throughout the winter.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.

DO BIRDS BUILD NESTS IN THE AUTUMN?

We are apt to think that birds build only in spring or in summer, because that is their *natural* season and because their ancestors did so. But have you never thought that perhaps the heat or the mildness of the weather may have a direct influence, and may actually invite them to build? Here is a little incident which I saw last year, and which seems to point in that direction.

The twenty-fourth of September was spring-like in temperature; a fine rain was falling; and I was afield, watching a host of small migrants, chiefly myrtle warblers and sparrows, but especially interested in the movements of some young goldfinches that were learning to feed on thistles. About a cavity in an old apple tree were four bluebirds hovering and warbling. Looking more closely I noticed that each pair seemed trying to get possession of the hollow, as I have seen them fighting for a nesting place in spring. But, to my astonishment, one male had a straw in his bill. He went into the hollow, tarried for awhile, and returned without the straw. Then the female went in, and stayed for several minutes. The birds were so much interested, that I went to within a few yards of them before they left. In the hollow was the foundation of a nest.

A bird, called the pine siskin, which I caught one day and which roamed about the house,

found an old vireo's nest and at once took possession, pulling and picking curiously at the loose fibres, as if to arrange them to a



WHAT WERE THESE BUTTERFLIES DOING?

siskin's taste. I have also seen a pair of waxwings gather nesting material when it seemed too late in the season even for them. Perhaps further study of the birds in the fine autumn weather will show that they are often led to build useless nests. It would be interesting to know how far they may sometimes carry these untimely efforts. EDMUND J. SAWYER.

FLOCKS OF MIGRATING BUTTERFLIES. THE SNOWY CRICKET.

BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May a grown reader seek knowledge through your Nature and Science columns? Down here on the coast of the Mississippi Sound we have an annual flight or migration of yellow butterflies. Their pathway is right along the coast line, never very far inland. Singly, in groups, in troops they go, stopping here and there to sip the flowers, pausing to rest by the roadside, fluttering, drifting like yellow leaves before the wind, without aim or purpose it would seem, yet steadily keeping one general course—eastward—always toward the east. All through September into October these winged, golden creatures make our beach beautiful. Can you give us their life history? Whence do they come and why do they migrate?

In September and October, especially in damp weather, there comes from the grass a throbbing, palpitating sound, loud as a cricket chirp, but deeper and fuller. The voice belongs to an insect or tiny frog, but the owner thereof I have never been able to meet. Once I thought I had one surely located under or in a small box in which flowers had been planted, but, though I searched with greatest painstaking, I found nothing. Step never so lightly, the voice is hushed when you near it; wait never so patiently, it does not begin until you leave. Thus I have been tantalized, and will ST. NICHOLAS solve the enigma for me? Perhaps the solution may help some puzzled young folks also. J. POPE.

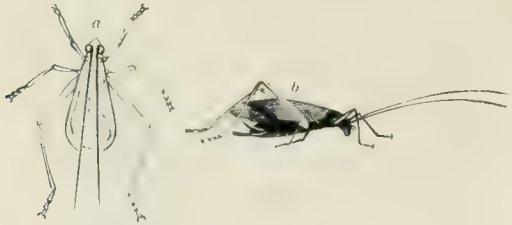
The butterfly in question is *Callidryas eubule*, the cloudless sulphur. It is truly a beautiful insect and has the interesting habit of migrating from southeast to northwest in spring and from northwest to southeast in autumn. It was the autumn flights that your correspondent has noticed.



THE CLOUDLESS SULPHUR BUTTERFLY.

The caterpillar lives upon cassia, a plant having a rather large, showy, yellow flower, quite in keeping with the adult, but the caterpillars are nearly always green, I suppose to accord with the leaves for protection. The chrysalis is widened and flattened in the middle like the deep keel of a boat and resembles a shriveled flower of the cassia. The male has

a perfume like violets. Read "How to Know Butterflies" (Comstock), pages 88, 89 and 91.



THE SNOWY TREE-CRICKET.
a, male, top view; b, female, side view.

The insect making the noise in autumn is undoubtedly the snowy tree-cricket, *Oecanthus niveus*. It has somewhat the ability of a ventriloquist. GLENN W. HERRICK.

THE WELL KNOWN IO MOTH.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer I found a green caterpillar. It was two and one-half inches long. It



THE IO MOTH.
Automeris io, natural size.

was covered with tufts of green spikes. As soon as we got him he built his cocoon. It was built of willow leaves lined with some soft, silk-like substance. When he came out of his cocoon his body was rust colored. The ground color of his front wings was reddish-purple. His back wings were yellow rimmed with pink. A small black line running round the back end of the wing. There is a large silvery spot (with a white crescent in its center) in the center of the wing. The spot is rimmed with black. The head is set in the body. There are no projections round the mouth. What kind of a moth is it?

Yours truly,
ERNEST CHEYNEY.

This is an excellent description of the well-known *Automeris io* moth. The larvæ are well protected by their spines from the attacks of birds.

THE GOOSE BARNACLE.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer I found, washed up on a log on the beach, a lot of shellfish that looked, at a first glance, very much like clams, but they had very long necks by which they were fastened to the log. If you cut the neck off as close to the log as possible you can see that pieces of muscle extend into the log some distance. I don't know just how far. Their shell is the shape of a clam's but it is divided into two or three or I think sometimes four pieces which are connected by hard skin.

If put in salt-water, these little animals will gradually open their shell, as a clam does, and put out about ten long red feelers on each side, like those of a lobster only infinitely smaller and more delicate, so that they make two rows running parallel with the edges of the shell. The rows bend away from each other as they leave the shell but curl over towards each other at the tips. At short intervals he stretches them out a little farther and then draws them in as if he were eating something.

If the shell is broken open there is a very bright but not very dark purple between the body itself (which is quite small) and the shell. The body is curled up and looks somewhat like a slug. There is another substance that is a very bright blue that I think comes out of the body.



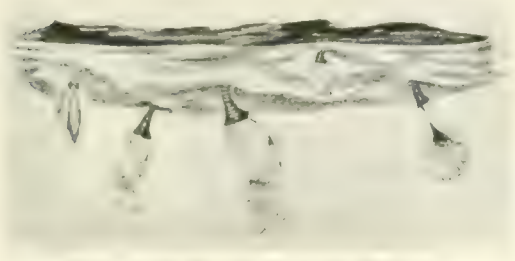
DISCOVERING BARNACLES ON A LOG.

Can you please tell me what the curious animals [illegible] and interested to know more of?

Yours truly,

[illegible]

This observing correspondent has given a very good description of the goose barnacle (*Lepas anatifera*), which is found suspended from floating logs, planks, and other objects.



[illegible]

Sometimes there are many hundreds of these animals attached to a single log, and the largest of them may be a foot or more in length. The barnacles are very numerous as to species, and of diverse shapes. Some of them resemble clams or other mollusks; they are, however, crustaceans. One of the commonest species is the goose barnacle, whose name perpetuates a very interesting myth which was current in Great Britain for over five centuries. Through a curious confusion of vernacular names, there arose the belief that the barnacle goose sprang from the goose barnacle. As an example of the way in which these creatures were regarded as late as the seventeeth century, reference may be made to the work of a man named Gerarde entitled "Herball or General Historie of Plantes," published in 1633. Regarding barnacles the author says:

What time as I have seene or I have touched we shall declare. There are found in the north parts of Scotland, and the islands adjacent, certain trees whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour, tending to russet, wherein are conteined little living creatures; which shells, in time of maturitie do open, and out of them grow those living foules, whom we call barnakles, in the north of England brant geise, and in Lancashire tree geise.

He describes how, when the shell opens, the legs of the bird hang out, the bird grows larger until at length it hangs only by the bill, finally dropping into the water, "where it gathereth feathers and groweth to a foule bigger than a mallard and lesser than a [illegible]"

H. M. SMITH

STRANGE FOOT IN BOSTON STREET.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am sending you by mail [illegible] I found in the street. Will you please tell me to what kind of an animal it belongs.

Your interested reader,

[illegible]

The foot you sent is that of a woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*). "How the Woodchuck's



[illegible]

Foot Went to Boston" is a good subject for an imaginative story. To the writer of the most reasonable and interesting story on that subject, received before November 1, I will send an interesting book.

WERE THE HORSES "TALKING"?

New York, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: The other day I was watching a handsome team of horses when they started to rub their heads together. Were they speaking to each other or not?

Your devoted reader,

Marian [illegible]

The horses were communicating with each other, perhaps? but we have no reason to suppose that they can do more than give each other rather vague impressions of their condition. They cannot speak as we can, nor yet can they make gestures which accurately convey their state of mind. After all, the lack of language or of complex systems of signs among animals is most likely due to the lack of thoughts to express. Some animals do have a few "words," others have a few expressive gestures, but the majority give little evidence of communication.

HUNTING FOR CLOVER WITH EXTRA LEAFLETS.

Middle Haddam, Connecticut.

Dear St. Nicholas: Enclosed are specimens of



CLOVER WITH FOUR, FIVE, SIX AND SEVEN LEAFLETS.

clover leaflets that I found to-day. I thought I would send them to you because I thought it might interest you. There is a four, a five, a six, and a seven. We picked thirty and there are a lot left.

Yours very truly,

Paul Johnson.

I am not sure that these extra leaflets always bring good luck to the one who finds them, but I can affirm from actual experience with the young folks that the search and the discovery of clover with the extra leaflets brings much pleasure.

Britton & Brown's "Illustrated Flora" states of red clover, "Leaflets commonly 3, sometimes 4 to 11." And of white clover, "Leaflets sometimes 4 to 9."

I will send an interesting book to the St. Nicholas reader from whom I first receive clover of either variety with leaflets more than seven.

Press and dry the leaflets thoroughly between sheets of blotting paper or newspaper. Then mail in firm package between sheets of cardboard or hard paper. If possible, send full series above seven.



LET US JOIN THE SMALLER FORMS OF LIFE IN SEARCHING AMONG THE CLOVER.

THE EXTREME AGE OF HORSES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what is the greatest age a horse has been known to live? Once a person told me the oldest age was twelve, and another person told me the age was twenty years. I will be grateful for any information you can give me.

I remain your faithful reader,

ROBERT B. CARNEY

(age 10 years).

The extreme age for a horse is forty years, thirty years however is unusual, eighteen to twenty is the average for farm horses and less for city. A horse is at the best from seven to twelve years of age.

C. L. BEACH.



WOODCHUCKS AND THEIR FOES.

FROM WHAT ARE GLACIERS FORMED?

WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would be very much interested to know whether the northern glaciers, from which icebergs are formed, are frozen fresh or salt water.

Your appreciative reader,

EDWARD K. HALL.

They are neither frozen fresh nor salt water but snow-crystals welded together by pressure of their own weight. JOHN MUIR.

OBSERVATIONS REGARDING WOODCHUCKS.

RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The woodchuck is the most numerous wild animal in this part of New England and is found in most fields and is not considered by the farmer a desirable tenant.

Ever since I have been old enough to go out in the fields, I have often seen the little mounds of earth thrown up by the woodchuck in making his home. He generally makes it by the fence, but sometimes makes it in the open fields, if there is tall grass or tall grain which is a protection for him. He makes two doors to his house so that he can go in and out either way.

He is a vegetarian and is quite dainty in choosing his food. Very early in the morning or late in the afternoon, he can be seen sitting upright picking out the clover.

When alarmed he quickly runs to a place of safety. When near his home he is more brave, and often can be seen with his children playing near the doorway. If he is located near a cultivated field or garden he will help himself to the vegetables.

Last summer we discovered the tops disappearing from the beans, sweet potatoes and cabbage and on investigating we found Mr. Woodchuck had made his home and moved his family into a clump of golden rod near the edge of the garden, so a trap was set at his hole, but he was too clever to be caught. He abandoned his home and went to a place of greater safety.

After living all summer he gets very fat, and when the cold weather and frost come, he goes in his home and takes a long nap. When spring comes, he comes out lean and hungry, wearing his old coat, and he looks like a tramp.

The skunk is a lazy fellow, and not caring to build a house of his own he often is found living in the woodchuck's burrow. Whether he is taken as a boarder in the family or has found a vacant house, I don't know, but in trapping they are as apt to catch a skunk as a woodchuck.

Yours very truly,

MARY SEYMOUR.

Woodchucks commence their winter "sleep" (hibernation) in autumn. Will our readers please report the latest date in the autumn when they see one moving about? In digging for woodchucks, sometimes a skunk instead is found. Has anyone known of a skunk and a woodchuck using the same burrow?



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY EMILY W. BROWNE, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

Sometimes in school I close my eyes
And then I see them pass—
The dancing yellow butterflies
Along the meadow grass.

WE are most of us back, now. Work has begun—the summer days are ended. The home coming is sweet, and it is always a little sad, too. We are glad to get home, we are glad to meet our companions at school and to begin our studies; but we cannot forget those sweet dreamy days by the water or among the hills, when it was joy to row and fish and camp, or even to stretch out in the shade, or to lie in the grass and watch the hawks skim like black specks across the sky. In the busy schoolroom, sometimes, when the problems are hard, we remember these things. Other summers will come, but they seem a long way off, and then they will never be quite that same summer, which grows sweeter now with every day that takes it farther back into the hallowed past. It is no harm, then, to close one's eyes just for a little to see again in fancy the yellow butterflies dancing down the fields. The problems will be easier, presently, and the busy schoolroom and the recitation will have a new charm after a little journey [illegible] memory's land of Pleasant Things.

The selection of the prize poems wa[illegible] time. There is not a poem published [illegible] at does not deserve a prize, and their auth[illegible] who have not already obtained such reward will [illegible] sooner or later, if they continue to do such excelle[illegible] work.



"THE PICNIC PARTY." BY MARY PHELPS JACOT, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

"It se[illegible] o me that most adv[illegible]s have bears in the [illegible]ays one of our prose [illegible]ntributors in opening his story. Certainly this is true if we may judge by the League stories. Nearly all our "adventure" stories were about bears—real bears, make-believe bears, imaginary bears—a regular menagerie of bears. Most of the true bear stories, whether of the real or make-believe kind, were good and interesting, and we have selected a good many of them for pu[illegible]on. But those im[illegible] bears—bears const[illegible]n the imagination, [illegible]an—they were usu[illegible] big and too fierce, [illegible]hen the boy of ten [illegible]even twelve bravely s[illegible]d out of the tent to m[illegible] the fierce beast and "taking careful aim, sent the unerring bullet straight to the monster's heart," the editor hesitated and—laid the contribution in the wrong pile. Boys and bear [illegible]e that seem to

have gone out of fashion—at least in St. Nicholas. Perhaps they still flourish in the "Nickel Literatures"—the editor does not know. If they do, then they have been controlled at last in the only place where they ever had any real good times and where they still properly belong.



"THE LAST CATCH," BY ALLANSON L. SCHENK, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

PRIZE WINNERS, JUNE COMPETITION.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash Prize, **Nannie Clark Barr** (age 15), 319 Franklin St., Keokuk, Ia.

Gold badges, **Grace Leslie Wilson** (age 17), care of Dr. E. G. Babb, Rolla, Mo., and **Gladys Cecelia Edgerly** (age 9), 1467 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D. C.

Silver Badges, **Emmeline Bradshaw** (age 15), Lansdown House, Merrow, Guildford, Surrey, England; **Lois Treadwell** (age 12), 342 Mill St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and **E. Babette Deutsch** (age 10), 124 East 78th St., N. Y. City.

Prose. **Frances J. Shriver** (age 16), Belmont Place, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., and **Alice H. Gregg** (age 13), Mars Bluff, Florence Co., S. C.

Silver badges, **Jessie Tait** (age 5), 228 Adams Ave., Memphis, Tenn.; **Evelyn Hollister** (age 13), Woodburn Crescent, Mt. Washington Hills, Cincinnati, O., and **Eleanor Winchcomb** (age 9), 96 Fountain St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Emily W. Brown** (age 16), 529 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Gold badges, **Josephine Holloway** (age 14), Kenilworth, Ill., and **Marjorie Relyea** (age 12), New Rochelle, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Mary Argall Arthur** (age 14), 385 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Louise A. Bateman** (age 11), 33 Robbins Rd., Arlington, Mass.

Photography. Gold badge, **Mary Phelps Jacob** (age 14), 9 Field Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Allanson L. Schenk** (age 13), 61 Kavanaugh Pl., Wauwatosa, Wis., and **Elizabeth A. Cutler** (age 19), 8 Bramhall Ave., Bangor, Me.

Wild Creature Photography. First prize, "Sea Lion," Catalina Island, by **Marjorie Stewart** (age 14), 6 Beechmont St., Worcester, Mass. Second prize, "Blue Jay on Nest," by **Franc B. Daniels** (age 15), 2113 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis, Minn. Third prize, "Squirrel," by **Donald Myrick** (age 13), 151 Bowdoin St., Springfield, Mass.

Puzzle-Making. Gold badges, **Dorothy Eddy** (age 14), Box 254, Riverside, R. I., and **Samuel A. Bangs** (age 14), Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Helen Whitman** (age 12), 1325 Greenwood St., Evanston, Ill., and **Marcellite Watson** (age 13), St. Mary's School, 714 Poplar St., Memphis, Tenn.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badge, **Harriet O'Donnell** (age 13), 214 N. Main St., Bellefontaine, O.

Silver badges, **Frances C. Bennett** (age 13), 2120 Delaware Ave., Swissvale, Pa., and **Elizabeth Pierce** (age 17), Ft. Lawrence, N. J.

THE FOREST VOICE.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 15).

(*Cash Prize.*)

Do you not hear them call you, dear, away?
Sweet, scarce distinguished voices of the night,
Spreading before you o'er the field and lea,
To where the first dark trunks shut out the light.

The sombre, brooding branches in the dark
Hold out strange treasures, winds that sing and sigh,
And moonlight drifting down, spark after spark,
From the far, high-lit altar of the sky.



"THE [illegible]" BY [illegible] (SILVER BADGE.)

They sing you night songs, half articulate,
They lead you, fairy child, along the path
Where—but the forest-bed may roam and wait
The visions which the world-old forest hath.



"FISHERMAN'S LUCK." BY MARJORIE REVERA, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

The wistful trees bend closer unto you;
Dream-child, you long so earnestly to pace
The great, dim roads no mortal ever knew,
Forever in the darkness and the space.

Childhood is gone, night vanishes, the song
Is stilled. Go also back from fancy's gleam,
Leave the dream forest where you lingered long,—
But take with you the memory of your dream.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY FRANCES J. SHRIVER (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

LAST summer we went off on a little trip to the Adirondacks. We camped on the shore of a lake, and as the nights were much colder than was at all pleasant, we were obliged to keep our clothes on and use blankets besides, and even then, sleeping was a chilly process.

One night my mother went out for a little walk after father was asleep. When she came back she could not easily get in by way of the door as the guides were lying in front of it, so she lifted up the tent-cloth at the back and crawled in under it. Just as she did so father woke up and saw her. She is not exactly thin, and she was wearing her coat and skirt on account of the cold. Seeing this big black creature creep into the tent in the darkness, he immediately decided that it was a bear and began to call to the guide. "Christy!" he said. Christy slept peacefully on. "Christy! What 's that?" Mother is deaf and did not hear him, but fortunately I was awake. In as sleepily tranquil a voice as I could achieve, I said: "It 's mother, father." "Are you sure?" he asked, still suspicious of the bear. "Yes," I said, and as the ferocious beast proceeded to lie down very tamely in her place, he subsided.

The bear meanwhile was quite unconscious of the excitement she had caused, and the guides and my brother slept through the whole episode. I think that none of them knew anything about it until the morning, when father and I told the story. We had a good deal of fun over that adventure afterward, but it was not very funny for father at the time, and it might have been worse if I had not been awake.

HILL AND FOREST.

BY GRACE LESLIE WILSON (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

"Oh, hills that stretch into a land unknown!"
I cried, while I was yet a dreamy child—
"What is the world? What does the future hold?"
Silent the grand, dim hills;
Back my appeal was thrown,
And secrets centuries old were silent too,—
Their mockery and travesty untold.

But they lie far from the moving world's wild moil,—
All that stirs the silver silence of their day
Is joy content and God-like sacredness;
Happiness the single toil,
And life there is one wholesome roundelay.

"Oh forest, is all the world as deep
And restful as thou art to-day?"



"OCTOBER." BY JOSEPHINE HOLLOWAY, AGE 14 (GOLD BADGE.)

I asked, not yet grown
wise,
As
in the brook
As
And clouds that billowed in the skies.

'T is life's stern task;
Forest and hill and all
God's universe
Fling silence back
Upon our waiting ear,
When e'er we ask,
And bid us seek what
e'er we lack
In hope, not fear.



A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY ALICE H.
AGE 13

Nothing is more delightful than camp life. A few summers ago, a June sun rose to find us setting out for the mountains of western North Carolina. We had two large wagons with our tents and everything for our comfort. The sturdy mules traveled at a good pace, while we enjoyed the beautiful scenery. We were a merry party. Father, mother, sisters, brother, and my friend, Eunice Wood. My father had selected a delightful spot for our camp near a noisy mountain stream. The water was transparently beautiful, cool, and refreshing to drink; while the pleasant sounds, which came from its rippling, made music for us all.

Father and brother would go out hunting every day, and while out on one of these hunting excursions, they came upon what proved to be the "adventure" of our camp. Walking leisurely along, looking for game, what should they see but a large bear. Father raised his rifle, but just at that moment he saw and heard the tinkling of a little silver bell. He knew by this that it was a pet. The bear walked up to him, and so kindly rubbed his head on father's arm, just as though he expected to be petted, that father decided to bring him to camp until he could return him to his owner. The little silver bell had "Hercules" on it, but nothing else. He grew to be a great favorite with us all, and as we could find no clue as to his owner, and our outing, of six weeks, had almost expired, we thought we should be obliged to say good-by to Hercules, and leave him in possession of the camp.

One afternoon, however, Eunice and I went out walking, and as usual the bear was with us. All of a sudden Hercules gave a low growl and got in front of us. He had heard a noise in the woods, which had escaped our notice, as we were busily talking. Just then a man on horseback came out in front of us, and Hercules recognized his master. The gentleman had come many miles in search of his pet, and you may well imagine that he was gratified at the result of his trip. Next morning we said good-by to our strange friend, for his master took him home, and we have never heard of Hercules since.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY ELEANOR STINCHCOMB (AGE 9).

Two years ago Uncle Jim, mother, my little sister Allyn and I went from Needles, California, to Yuma down the beautiful but dangerous Colorado River in a flat-bottom boat of our own make.

One of the peculiarities of this river, it is said, is that if anybody falls in they never come up again.

Some of the best swimmers have been lost in its calm-looking but treacherous waters.

We saw but few white people but all the Indians we wanted to see.

At one lonely white person's hut we encamped for about a week.

There was grand scenery. A majestic mountain rose up behind us. Trees were sprinkled here and there. The land was filled with beauty.

One day Allyn and I strayed from the tent. We climbed to the top of the mountain and looked around



"OCTOBER," BY [illegible] (AGE [illegible]), [illegible]



"SEA LION." BY MARJORIE STEWART, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

us. To our left and to our right were great cacti of many different kinds.

The blue sky was above us. We wandered here and there gathering pieces of flint and pretty rocks.

Finally it was time to go home. Where was the rocky little cut between the hills we came up by? Nowhere in sight! It seemed as if the earth had swallowed it up! How frightened we were!

Allyn began to sob. I crept to the edge of the cliff and looked over. Yes, there was the camp but how were we to get to it!

The sides of the mountain were straight up and down except for that one little cut.

A few more minutes of fruitless search, then, what was that? Could I be seeing straight? Yes, there was the cut!

It came so suddenly in the mountain and both sides of it were so even that it looked like level ground.

Oh, how that sight cheered us!

In a few more minutes we were with mother and were telling her the story of our adventure.

THE FOREST OF DESTINY.

BY EMMELINE BRADSHAW (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I ROAMED one night amid the tangled ways,
The moon in silver vesture reigned supreme,
And through the drowsy wood the night-bird's song
Throbbed like the distant music of a dream.

The soft green glade where fairies held their play
Was covered in a cloud of rosy light
And through the cloud a golden vision passed
And lighted up the darkness of the night.

There in the glade by magic radiance
Sat Destiny, and wove her shining thread,
Twining the present with the long gone past,
Mingling alike the living and the dead.

So lovely was her face, that as I gazed,
My eyes were blinded by the dazzling glow,
And when I looked again the glen was still;
The night wind stirred the branches to and fro.

The dew shone softly in the scarlet rose
And sent her perfume sailing through the air.
The morn broke smiling
in the clear blue sky.
The stars waned thin and
all the world grew fair.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY JESSIE FAIT (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

LAST summer father, mother and my twin brother, Jack, and I went out in the heart of the mountains of Virginia to spend our vacation.

We had placed our camp in a small opening in the thick forest by a little trout stream that ran past there, and where there was nothing to break the silence of the day but the whispering of the July breeze in the tree tops and the songs of the birds, and by night the hoots of the owls and murmuring of the brook.

One day mother told us that father was going out to chop wood for the camp-fire and that we might go with him and catch trout, as we were out of fish.

We were delighted with the plan and ran off to make preparations. Jack put new fish hooks on the lines and I fixed a little lunch.

We started and after a while father found a good place for him but it was not good fishing, so we left him and followed the stream, leaving him a good way behind.

After a while we ate our lunch and sat down on some rocks to talk and pick wild flowers while our lines were set.

Before long it grew dark and we started home, for we had a nice basket of fish.

When we were about half a mile from the camp we saw something jump from behind the trees and we started on a run. When we were so close to the camp that we could see mother getting supper around the camp-fire and father carrying wood, a fence came in front of us as though it had sprung up out of the ground, and we tried to call but we had no breath left. The fence was too high to jump and we did not have time to climb over, so we just tumbled over and lay at the bottom on the other side. When we came to our senses we heard a b-a-aa-a, ba-aa-a and looking up we saw an innocent little lamb's face looking through at us. We were provoked at ourselves, for we had run from a little lamb and had lost our hats, flowers and fish.

We went back to hunt for our things, making a solemn pledge never to tell anyone of our adventure.

THE FOREST.

BY GLADYS CECELIA TIGHEY (AGE 9).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE violets lift their drowsy heads,
Within the forest glade,
'Tis spring! A merry little brook
Is rippling in the shade.

The birds sing sweetly overhead,
The bees hum their refrain,
And everything is happy now
For summer 's come again.

[illegible]
Is sparkling in the sun,
The leaves with all the autumn tints
[illegible]

[illegible]
its song,
The earth is robed in white,
The leafless branches bend with snow
In the dim and wintry light.



[illegible]

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

[illegible]
[illegible] 13.

(*Silver Badge.*)

We had been camping in [illegible] it was almost time to return to the city. We all hated the thought of going home. The life in the wild woods was worth while living. A lovely clear air, no smoke or soot, everything spotlessly clean. Then every night, except when it rained, it was so pleasant to be under the stars watching them twinkle till you fell asleep.

We had seen quite a number of deer of every size and description except a big buck, and our only ambition now was to find one such buck.

One day, while fishing in the river, the guide, who had been intently watching the overhanging bluff, said softly to us, "Look." We followed the direction his finger pointed and there, looking down at us, was the monarch of the northern forests. His branching antlers crowned his kingly head, while a pair of soft brown eyes gazed fixedly at us.

We dared not move or he might have been frightened away. How could any hunter, after looking into those magnificent eyes, kill a deer? A moment more, and, frightened by some movement on our part, the beautiful head was drawn from the frame of bushes and was gone.

We stood watching the place where he had disappeared and then paddled thoughtfully back to the camp.

A FOREST LULLABY.

[illegible] 12.

[illegible] *Red*.

The wind, o'er many a tall pine tree,
Sang of rest.
[illegible]
In many a nest.
It sang through birch and hemlock tall,
It rustled the dry red leaves of fall;
Then silence settled over all,
Silence, and rest.

The dry leaves, rustling in their fall,
Sang of rest,
As they covered, with a soft, brown pall,
The earth's bare breast.
Untouched by rain or morning dew,
Dry, as they rustled the cool air through,
Whispered the song I sing to you:
Rest, rest, rest.

The brook, as it murmured on its way,
Sang of rest,
As it kept to its old course, day by day,
E'er to the west.
It sang o'er plain and forest dell,
A song of its travels it e'er would tell,
Until the shades of the evening fell
And night brought rest.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

[illegible]
[illegible] 13.

After the oppressive heat of a sultry August day, it was a great relief to glide away into [illegible] prosaic and unromantic thing as an automobile. The smooth road wound before us between fields of growing corn; past pastures where the cows, homeward bound, gazed at us with meek, inquiring eyes; through forests where rabbits scurried away at our approach, and the evening breeze rustled through the branches.

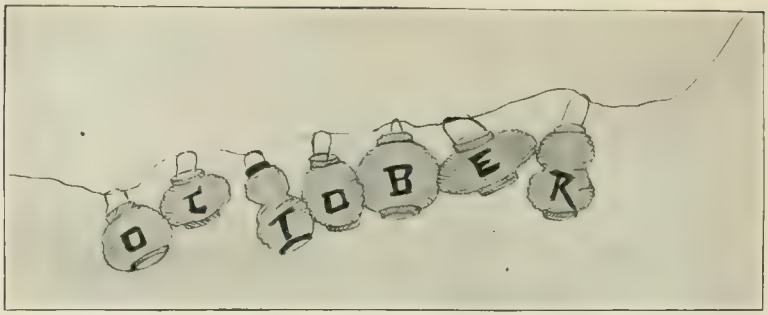
The sun dropped lower in the sky and a few stars blinked feebly in the blue. The crickets chirped in the grass, and a bird sang its clear good-night. As in a dream we sped contentedly along. But after the dream comes inevitable awakening. Suddenly into the



[illegible]

calm silence was borne a sharp "snap!" Our chauffeur stopped the engine's pounding, and applied the secondary brake. The car came to a standstill. The chain had broken.

Those who understand the internal mechanism of an automobile will appreciate what a serious mishap had



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER" BY MARY ARGYLE ARTHUR, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

befallen us, and yet how fortunate we were in being on level ground.

The first thing to do was to find a telephone. An investigation led to the discovery that the connections were broken, making communication with the garage impossible, so we must necessarily spend the night in the country. The adjacent farm-houses were all unable to give shelter to waylaid tourists for the night.

"What shall we do?" some one asked.

Jim suggested that we "camp out." The suggestion met with applause. It was a balmy night, and we sat talking in the light thrown by our lamps until late. At last, too weary to keep awake, we spread the rubber rain-curtain on the ground and lay down upon it. The winter cap-rolls which we carried under the seat made very acceptable pillows, and resting our heavy heads upon them, we fell asleep.

How we breakfasted merrily on bacon and eggs obtained from a farmer, how Jim and our chauffeur rode into town on a hay-cart and how we were finally rescued and returned to our sorrowing relatives, I will not record in detail. Sufficient let it be that we *were* rescued, none the worse for our adventure, and with the honorable distinction of having "camped out."

THE FOREST.

BY E. BABETTE DEUTSCH (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

How romantic is the forest!
What significance is found there!
There where Siegfried forgèd Notung,
There where Red men built their wigwams.
Where in colors gay, the hunters
Shot the deer, and trapped the tiger.
Where in autumn, red and yellow,
Brown and withered, leaves are scattered.
Where in winter grim, and silent,
Bare, and sad, with heads uplifted,
In mute wisdom, stand these old trees.



"A PICNIC PARTY." BY MARGARET SHUTTLE, AGE 13.

Then in springtime, little leaflets
In new green appear and blossom.
When hot summer comes how shady
Are these woods, and cool these brooklets!
O, great forest, how I love thee!
Monarch of the realm of beauty!
Where the wild things seek their shelter.
How I love thy singing streamlets,
And thy large, majestic, old trees!
How I love thy wild, bright blossoms!
As a whole, thyself! O Forest!

IN THE FOREST.

BY HAMPTON SHIRER (AGE 11).

I LOVE to roam in the forest,
And watch the wild birds there,
And see the frisking squirrel,
And chase the fleeing hare.

I look at the little brooklet,
And hear its merry song.
I love to roam in the forest
The whole day long.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY HELEN D. KINGSLEY (AGE 10).

ONE time when I was at Star Lake in Northern Wisconsin, a party of us were going to be pushed up to High Lake, about seventeen miles from Star Lake, on a flat car to get some of the fishermen that had been up there for about a week.

On our way back the engine ran off the track just where there was a lumber camp.

We got off the flat car and went to the camp to see if we could get our supper.

We had a friend who took my sister and me into the kitchen of the camp. The cook had a barrel full of cookies and he let us take all we wanted.

There were a great many log cabins.

We were supposed to get back to Star Lake about six o'clock but did not get back until twelve.

The lumbermen had their supper first and then we had ours. We sat around long tables with benches to sit on. For supper we had cold steak and potatoes warmed up in gravy. For dessert we had apple pie and cake.

The dining-room was a very large room with three long tables in it.

All through supper people were working to get the train on the track and had not succeeded.

After supper we went out and the people built a very large fire. On top of everything they put a barrel which had contained kerosene and it burned very brightly.

We reached home at last, in a driving rain.

FOREST TREES.

BY VINCENT MILLAY (AGE 14).

MONARCHS of long-forgotten realms, ye stand;
Majestic, grand;
Unscarred by Time's destructive hand.

moss, inset
the violet:
mistletoe.

heads have flown,
To you, ye forest-founders of the past, alone.
Each with its share of peace, and joy, and tears;
Of happiness and woe.

Around you all is changed—where now is land
Swift vessels ploughed to foam the seething main;
Kingdoms have risen; and the fire-fiend's hand
Has crushed them to their Mother Earth again;
And through it all ye stand, and still will stand
Till ages yet to come have owned your reign.



"A HEALING FOR A FOLLY." BY CONRAD [illegible], AGE 12. HONOR MEMBER.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY BEATRICE N. ELOOD (AGE 12).

We had our camp pitched way out in Colorado, among the cool mountains.

Father, mother and we children. We had been all day out on the small lake. As we were coming home, my sister and I crossed a small stream. It was beautiful! We followed it and it grew more beautiful. We rounded a small curve and came face to face with a bear! We were surprised and frightened, as it was the first bear we had ever seen. He raised on his hind legs and growled. We walked backwards until we were around the curve. Then fled in terror. We were glad enough to see our camp once more.

THE FOREST AT NIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH P. JAMES (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge Winner.*)

'T is evening; all is hushed and still
Out in the forest, on the hill;
The birds have gone into their nest,
For now 's the time of rest, of rest.

The river lieth still and white,
All shining in the pale moonlight,
While up above, each golden star
Shines forth, and does not seem so far.

The moonbeams float among the trees,
That sigh, with every little breeze,
That, tired of its last resting place,
Seeks softer bed, or wider space.

And under all, the checkered grass
Makes soft our footsteps, as we pass,
And over all, the heavens wide
Drop, mistily, on every side.



"A PICNIC PARTY." BY LORAINE FOWLES, AGE 14.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY DOROTHY LITTLE (AGE 12).

It was on a hot July afternoon, when papa, some of my girl companions and I returned to our camping site on the bank of picturesque Rock River, from a point farther down the stream where we had been bathing.

Several portions of our bank had been caving in, and a large tree had fallen in the water as a result of this. Its roots were firmly fastened in the sod, and the water, which was very swift at this place, formed a foamy whirlpool as it neared the obstacle.

We had intended to land farther up than usual, and as we drew closer to our little port, the current swept us stern foremost down toward the tree. Round and round we whirled like leaves on an autumn day. Then papa lost control of the oars, the boat gave a lurch, and turning on her side, lodged herself firmly between the branches of the fallen oak.

The rest of our party stood on the banks looking at us with horrified faces, while we, frightened beyond speech, clung to our seats helpless with fear. Suddenly the cry "Bring the fishpoles!" arose and in a few seconds a gentleman of the party came back with two long poles.

Carlene, Angela and I caught hold of one pole which drew our end of the boat out of water.

In a half hour, after some hard work, we were gradually pulled from our prison and reached Camp Thunderbolt safe, but greatly excited over our adventure.

FOREST WINDS.

BY ELIZABETH FABER (AGE 10).

In the shade of the stately forest trees,
Amid the flowers and bumble bees,
I like to wander at my ease,
And pick the flowers beneath the trees.
The forest winds are blowing my hair
As I go wandering here and there.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY SAMUEL L. WRIGHT (AGE 15).

It was while camped at the Grand Canyon in the Yellowstone National Park that the incident that I shall relate occurred.

I was with a party of my relatives and friends and we were making a tour of the park with wagons and teams.

We had camped about a mile above the Canyon and after breakfast of the first morning after our arrival we all left camp and walked down to see the sights. When

"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY LOUISE A. BATEMAN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



noon came we went back to camp to get dinner. When we got there we found the camp in possession of three large cinnamon bears. Two of them ran away when they saw us approaching, but the largest one was more brave and stood his ground.

We had our provisions in a large chest but did not have it locked. The big bear had raised the cover and was helping himself to our dinner.

None of our party were brave enough to attempt to drive him away.

After eating for a while he seized a strip of bacon and carried it across the road and laid it down. Then he returned and got a few cans of corn, tomatoes and evaporated cream. These he also took across the road and deposited beside the bacon. Then he stopped for a moment and glanced at us. Again he returned to our provision chest, and gathering up four loaves of bread he walked with them in his arms to where he had left the bacon and canned goods.

Then he lay down by them and coolly began to devour his plunder.

The men then went to the wagons and got some tin pans and began to beat them as we had been told that it would frighten the bears away, but Mr. Bruin paid no attention whatever to their racket.

After he had devoured the meat and bread, he attempted to open the cans by pounding them with his paw, but in this he was defeated.

We were all frightened for fear he would attempt to loot our camp again, but after looking at us for a moment he gave a grunt just like a hog and slowly walked down to the river and swam across.

THE CALL OF THE FOREST.

BY FRANCES TUBBE ROSS (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge Winner.*)

I AM tired of the clash and clamor
Of the city's deafening roar,
And the call of the forest comes to me,
To come to its shelter once more.

And there floats o'er my mind,
Like the shadow of Fairyland seen in a dream,
The mem'ry of soft sighing tree-top,
And brooklets with sunlight agleam.

And I hear the rich notes of the wood-thrush
Sound mellow and flute-like and glad,
As they sounded far back in my childhood,
When I was a light-hearted lad.

So I 'm going to leave all this turmoil,
Where faces are haggard and sad,
And I 'll answer the call of the forest,
The forest I loved, as a lad.

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY BESSIE TITTLE (AGE 13).

HAVING traveled from South Dakota to some distance beyond the border line of Canada, in covered wagons or "Prairie Schooners," as they are sometimes termed, I could tell you some queer and interesting stories of camp life.

While traveling we had what is called a sheep wagon or "Cooster."

This vehicle is used by the sheep herders of Wyoming.

It is about the same as a covered wagon, but much larger. Inside is a bed, table, seats and a stove.

Beside the "Cooster" we had two other covered wagons.

The incident of which I am going to tell occurred in Yellowstone National Park.

We (there were four in the party — my father and mother, my brother and myself) camped one evening about four o'clock at "Canyon Junction," near the great falls of the Yellowstone.

As soon as the chores about the camp were finished, we must, of course, go and see the falls. These we viewed from Point Lookout, and very beautiful they were.

On returning to camp what was my surprise at finding a deer nibbling about the wagons.

I hastily brought a piece of bread and tried to feed the pretty creature. I could get within two or three feet of it, then it would walk slowly away, never allowing me to touch the sleek hair with my hands.

That night before retiring we carefully gathered up all the loose articles about camp, for we had been informed that quadruped marauders nightly visited this camp ground.

The wagon I slept in was drawn up some little distance from the other two.

About half-past ten I heard a sniffling sound between the wagons. I evidently was not the only one that heard it, for our old dog growled fiercely. Papa hearing this, came to the "Cooster" door, and mamma looked out of the window just in time to see three bears shamble away into the woods.

The next morning we examined the tracks, and some of them proved that a bear of extraordinary size had been one of our visitors.

THE MAGIC FOREST.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS GORDON (AGE 14).

(*Honor Member.*)

BEYOND the tides of Euxine,
Beyond all lands that lie,
Where yellow rippling Phasis
Flows slowly to the sea,
Where the white peak Caucasus
Gleams in eternal snow,
There lies a forest by Colchis,
The wood where the poisons grow.

Beneath its mighty beeches
The golden serpent sleeps;
There the great witch queen Brimo
With her mad hounds onward sweeps;
There cries the soul of Phrixus,
Through the long night, for peace,—
In the forest that lies by Colchis,
The wood of the golden Fleece.

Dim forms flit through the shadows;
Medea's cauldron hums;
Clear through the silent woodland,
The voice of Circe comes:
"Oh, open, I pray you, Gate of Dreams
This night I fain would go
To the forest that lies by Colchis—
The wood where the poisons grow!

A CAMP ADVENTURE.

BY JESSIE MACLAREN (AGE 15).

IT seems to me that most adventures have bears in them. This one has, anyway. I don't remember exactly the number of people, but there must have been thirteen, as many unlucky accidents happened while we were there; as for instance the cook being nearly drowned; one guest getting a wasp in her mouth; and various other little mishaps. But the one I want to tell you of is this:

One afternoon my two cousins, who were about six and eight years of age, went off exploring, as they called it. When they came back they told my mother that they had seen two such nice little puppies. Later on a bear with two cubs passed right through our camp. You may be sure nobody chased them. A short time after we had gone to bed, my mother, who was next the wall, heard something scratching at the side of the tent. At first she thought it was our dog, so she put down her hand, and something cold sniffed at it. Then she said to her friend: "Is Joubert in the tent!" "Oh! yes," was the reply, "he is at the foot of my bed." (The friend had seen her boots and thought they were the dog.) "Alex! there is a bear coming right into the tent," mother called out. My father got up and went out to chase the bear; when he got around to the side the animal shoved right in. There were two shrieks. In the midst of this wild excitement the bear turned out to be the poor dog.

In the morning everybody had a good laugh over the bear episode, and I don't believe my father has ever allowed mother to forget it.



"COOTER" BY SHAREZ KUE, AGE 13

THE FOREST BEFORE A STORM.

BY HELEN FITZJAMES SEARIGHT (AGE 15.)

(*Honor Member.*)

STILLED is the rustling of leaves, and hushed the warbling of thrushes;
Four-footed creatures are silent, and cowering, vaguely uneasy;
Quivers and throbs the heat, and oppressive buzzes the silence,
Humming its way through the air, through the threat-ening gloomy shadows.
All Nature has laid down her work, has folded her hands, and is waiting,
Waiting with bated breath the approach of a storm in the forest.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. The membership is free. A badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2 A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Holbrook T. Ashton
Peabody Swift
Louisa F. Spear
Maud Dudley Shackleford
Clement R. Wood
Maude H. Brisse
Blanche Leeming
Mary Yula Westcott
D. M. Shaw
L. Evelyn Slocum
Lucile Delight Woodling
Florence Short
Marguerite Hunt
Charlotte McCarthy
Stella Benson
Elizabeth Toof
Katharine Carrington
Mary Eugenia Golding
Dorothy Chapin Brinsmade
Aileen Hyland
Fred Dohrmann
Ellen E. Williams
Norman Hubbard
Constance Hyde Smith
Alice Needham Very
Mary B. Martland
Claire Lawall
Lillie G. Menary
Doris F. Halman
Morris Burdsall
Helen Batchelder
Elizabeth Stuyvesant Howard
Jean M. Williams
Eleanor Johnson

VERSE 2.

Gladys S. Bean
Earl Newey
Ethel M. Jones
Edna Harm
Harry Vollmer
Helen Elizabeth Brown
Alice B. Munro
Dorothy Bedell
Hilda Maud Blazey
Margaret Barrette
Lillian Wiggins
Wilhelmine Zwicker
Marguerite Wessels
Alice Eiswald
Eleanor Mead
Dorothea S. Dandridge
George Amundsen
Alice Trimble
Kathryn Abels
Cecelia Rehfeld
Dorothy W. Sawtell
Dorothy T. Hollister
Francis Mullis
Anne Eunice Moffett
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Adrienne Kenyon
George Fenimore
Robert E. Naumberg
Beatrice Pike
Helen H. Shaw
Anna B. Whitney
Helen E. Masher
Francis M. Barranco
Katharine Rutan Neumann
Anna Eveleth Holman
Alice Cone
Lois Donovan
Arthur Kramer
Eleanore V. Kellogg
Marie A. Boylston
Paul Hyde Bonner
Fredrika Kellogg
Marion P. Hallock
Winnie Stooke
Josephine Warren Reed
Elizabeth Black
Margaret Kyle
Elizabeth Eckel
Marjorie E. Chase
Winona Montgomery
Mary Cross Campbell
Ruth Harvey Reboul
Dorothy S. Emmons
Ruth Richards
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Marjorie S. Harrington
Mildred L. Pettit
Rosie Speight
Frank Hughes
Margaret Hull
Marjorie Macey
Catharine E. Jackson
Primrose Laurence
Helen Chandler Willis
Marguerite Davis
Clarence E. Spraul
Ethel B. Youngs
Janet A. Price
Helen Paul
Gladys M. Adams
Alice R. Bragg
Mary Emily Bailey
Dorothy S. Mortimoor
Faith Williams
Louise E. Grant
Rhoda Erskine
Jeannette Munro
Henry Cohn
DeWitt Clinton Jones
Julian A. Butler
Elliot Quincy Adams
Bertha Torchiani
Ruth A. Bradway

PROSE 1.

Lucia E. Halstead
Garnett Elizabeth Nash
Catharine H. Straker
Esther Howard
Kathryn Thomas
Maria Dimpfel
Mary Ruchti
Harriet E. Webster
Bertha N. Wilcox
Margaret Crawford Keeling
Kathryn Eliot McIntosh
Edith Florence Cornell
Edith J. Minaker
Inez Overell
Holland Thorpe Heitzman
Lena Wilson
Henry Soloman Hendricks
Frances Shannon
May E. Piorkowska
Clark B. Waterhouse
Frank L. Hayes, Jr.
Ida C. Kline
Neva Andrews
Isabel Coolidge
Arthur Samuel Lukach
Frances Woodworth Wright

PROSE 2.

Gladys Alison
Garnet E. Trott
Doris Long
Horace G. Slusser
Warren Hastings
Eleanor W. Lewis
Henry M. Davenport
Robert F. Schulkers
Allen Frank Brewer
Mildred Smith
Marion A. Wheaton
Edward G. Gay, Jr.
Margaret Whitney Dow
Henry Resch
Minabelle Summy
Sam A. Beardshear
Leslie Rowland
Edith Macallum
Mildred A. Yates
George E. Dimock, Jr.
Lenore R. Dunlap
Jessie M. Anderson
Hilda Williams
Ruth Mildred Willever
J. Seys Huyler
Eleanor Scott Smith
George Koenig
Henry Carter
Alex S. Lazarovits
Marjorie Potts
Albert Radich
Helen Dean
E. Winnifred Campbell
Dorothy E. Holt
Dorothy Lydecker
Clarice Barry
Dorothy Fisher
Warren Karner
Rosalie Waters
Edith Philips
Heywood Cochran
Eleanor Johnstone Tevis
Florence E. Miller
Blanche Ross
Margaret B. Ussher
William R. Deeble
Gertrude Earnshaw
Martha Hilpert
Elizabeth R. Hirsh
Helen D. Misch
Margaret McIntyre Wallace
Anna Leise Roane
Helen Berry
James Bruce
Mildred White
Earl R. K. Daniels
Sarah Tobin
Jeannette Griffin
Ethel Crane
Ethel Maud Stoodley
Mabel Craig
Helen McCargo
Harriet Dey
Ruth White
Elizabeth Bowles
Elizabeth Carpenter
Isabel Weaver
Eugene Powdermaker
Helen Drill
Alice A. Griffin
Charles Duncan
C. F. Johnson, Jr.
F. Warner
Katharine P. English
Vera Adele Colding
Margaret Baker
Irma Hill
Edna Wood
Molly Thayer
Mary Bohlen
Marian Hart
Nannie Bartlett
Elizabeth Chapin
Richard M. Anderson

DRAWINGS 1.

Ella Stein
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Katharine Thompson
Edward Carrington Thayer
Addie Wright
Elizabeth J. Winn
Rachel Swartz
Muriel Halstead
Hazel Halstead

DRAWINGS 2.

Courtland Christiani
Alice Shirley Willis
Dudley Fisher, Jr.
Woodworth Wright
Eunice Bode
Dorothy Davies Randle
Helen B. Walcott
Katherine Gibson
Mary Hays
Margaret Erskine Nicolson
Frederic S. Murray
Victor Kolasinski
Leicester Spaulding
Frances Isabel Powell
Eugene L. Walter
Helen J. McFarland
Rachel Burbank
M. A. Harris
Dorothy Sturgis
Alice Humphrey
Mabel Gardner
Patsey Smith
Allen S. Wilber
Ruth Maurer
Laurence B. Siegfried
Eunice A. Hone
Masie Seton
Maude G. Barton
Alwyn C. B. Nicolson
Edythe Crombie
George C. Wright
Alice I. Mackey
Hildegarde Nicholas
Ruth Cutler
Marcia Gardner
Mabel W. Whiteley
Everard A. McAvoy
Samuel Davis Otis
William Bodenstein
John D. Butler
Charlotte Waugh
Charles E. Mansfield
Bessie B. Styron

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Gertrude M. Howland
Elizabeth Love Godwin
Helen Parfitt
Elsie Wormser
H. R. Carey
Marion D. Freeman
Lowell Pierce Emerson
Fredericza Going
Harry C. Lefeber
Ella W. Pyle
Ray McCallum
Edwin M. Einstein
Beulah E. Amidon
Stella Sondheim
Helen A. Ross
H. Ernest Bell
Bettine S. Paddock
Dorothy Arnold
Lewis Wallace

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Sarah P. Mendinhall
Edwin C. Brown
John Struthers Dunn
Carleton B. Swift
William Fleming
Leo Chapman
G. Huntington Williams
Constance Richardson
Vivian Tompkins
Catherine W. Cutler
Herbert Warden
Frances Vaughan Merrick
Beatrice Verral
Elizabeth C. Field
Mary Singleton
Harry Minarsky
Eleanor B. Southworth
Arthur T. Brice, Jr.
Marjorie Miller
Susan J. Appleton
Frances B. Godwin
Van Kleeck Allison
Marion C. Rowe
J. Ellis Fisher, Jr.
Constance Fisher
Ethel L. Sullivan
Evelyn P. Furber
Ferdinand W. Harris
Gabrielle Elliot
James W. Davie
Sidney D. Gamble
Orian E. Dyer
Edward J. Dimock
Philip W. Allison

PUZZLES 1.

Edward Marples
Caroline C. Johnson
Alice Knowles
E. Adelaide Hahn
Sam R. Heller
Arthur Minot Reed
Elizabeth T. Channing
Archie Campbell
Katherine Barnard
Mary E. Ross
Beatrice D. Heinemann
Anita Bradford
Willie Wynn
Robert Clifton
Allene Crane
Florence Lowenhaupt
H. G. Hodgkins
Charles Russell
Henry Courtenay Fenn
James F. O'Connor
James A. Block

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

The members of Chapter No. 754, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, wish to correspond with other chapters, instead of foreign

Secretary's address,

FLORENCE E. WARD,
No. 1 Miller Ave.,
Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Camilla I. Rieghmire, 411 E. Washington St., Bloomington, Ill., wishes to correspond with two foreign girls between [illegible] and with her.

Sara Harriet Lamar has sent us a very nice little picture of the San Francisco fire. They should have been acknowledged last month. Those of us who were not there cannot of course realize the terrible disaster.

Josephine Holloway, Kenilworth, Illinois, age 15, would like to exchange photographs with any other League Member.

SHERWOOD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although the time for me to part from the League comes on the 28th of January, I want to write now and tell you how much I love it. I suppose you hear the same story from every departing member, but I want to add mine and tell you how much I thank you for all you've been to me.

What I have learned in the League has started me well on the road to success, I know, as nothing else could have done. Since January I have been studying art in Philadelphia, and some of my work was accepted by a magazine. I hope for still "greater and higher achievements," but I shall always remember what I owe to the League.

I am going to send my work to the other part of ST. NICHOLAS and if it is found worthy I will feel I have n't left it entirely after all.

I have the deepest affection for the League and all that it is doing, and shall always be interested in it, tho' I can share it no more.

Wishing you a long life and success always,

I am one of your loyal graduates,

ELIZABETH OTIS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I am writing you now, in the last few days, before my eighteenth birthday, to thank you for all the help and encouragement you have given me in the past. The very first impetus to my art studies came through the League, and I feel that I owe all I have in that line to the endeavors I made in securing your prize. Another thing I must thank you for is a friendship — the dearest one I own — which would never have come to me had not you, dear St. Nicholas League, existed.

All in all, I feel that I owe much that is happy and inspiring to you. May you have a long life for the sake of the children.

Most sincerely, your old member,

RUTH L. CROMELL.

[illegible], ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Accept my best thanks for the Gold Badge received this morning.

I cannot but feel that the reward is far greater than the merit of my verses, but be that as it may, the whole credit must rest with the League, for without its instruction and influence, I could never have become even what I am.

The fact of having realized my nearest ambition — the winning of the Gold Badge — at the present time, has a great and peculiar significance to me. Firstly, that my dear father, who had been a terrible sufferer for many years, only lived long enough to hear of my success, and express his pleasure, before he was taken from us: and secondly, that it should be within the same year as the death of my [illegible] that I took that coveted League honor, which has experienced the benefit of her magazine, feels her claim to that title. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge the Editor.

It is, therefore, with the strangely mingled feelings of great sorrow, and joy, of pride, and a deep but humble hope that the future may show that the little seeds of help and encouragement that the League has scattered have not fallen on the rocks, that I subscribe myself,

Your grateful and interested member,

[illegible] M. HARRISON.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the Letter Box that someone wanted to know how rice was cooked in Japan.

First the hard grains are thoroughly washed and mixed with two pints of water, and put to boil for twenty minutes on a square thing with charcoal in it, called a hibachi. This separates the grains and it is ready to eat.

Your sincere reader,

ANNA B. WHITNEY.

Other valued letters have been received from John M. Libby, Jane, Louise, and Laurie Easton, Simon Cohen, Ruth Conkey, Marguerite Hunt, Miriam Alexander, Adelaide Moffat, Caroline B. Schenck, Janet Jacobi, Jeannette Covert, Eva M. Gray, Hester Margetson, Hattie English, Margaret Coover, Muriel von Tunzelmann, Emily Tucker, Lena Duncan, Helen Bell, Neva E. Andrews, Josephine Freund, J. Faxon Passmore, Lois Treadwell, The St. Gabriel's Chapter, Harriet Scofield, Carolyn L. Palmer, Clement R. Wood (with report), Elizabeth R. Marvin, Ethel L. Sullivan, Mary W. Ball, Elizabeth N. McKim, Elizabeth Keenan, James E. Read, Caroline Brown Sarmiento, Frances S. Marden, Jr., Margaret Carver, Joseph Copeland.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 84.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 84 will close **October 20** (for foreign members **October 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **February.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Star."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "The Story of the Stars." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Busy Street."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Apple Time" (from life) and an October Heading or Tailpiece for the League, Books and Reading, or any ST. NICHOLAS department.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of [illegible]. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month —not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

A PAINSTAKING American in London, Professor Wallace, in looking over some old papers, found the name of "William Shakspere" in an old bill of complaint. So few are the documents in which Shakspere's name appears that this discovery is a very welcome one, although it serves no greater purpose, apparently, than to tell us a little about the ownership of a certain house in London known as "The Blackfriars House," which, shortly before his leaving London, Shakspere bought.

There is another very recent discovery of *some* Shakspere's name in certain household accounts of the Earl Rutland's for 1613, preserved at Belvoir Castle. An English antiquary, W. H. Stevenson, found in these accounts an entry of the payment to "Mr. Shakspere" of forty-four shillings in gold "about my lord's impreso."

There were many Shakspere families not far from Avon, and there is no proof that this is *the* William Shakspere. It may well be, because in the same entry "Richard Burbage," Shakspere's friend and fellow-actor, is spoken of. An "impreso" is a design with a motto formerly used by people of position somewhat as a coat-of-arms might be used. It is thought Shakspere might haye suggested the design, or written the inscription for it.

AS TO "STYLE."

ONE dislikes in writing an item for young readers to use a word about which there has been so much dispute as the word "style;" but leaving the older critics to settle its final meanings, it will be enough for our purposes to remember that style in literature means "way of writing" and is an expression of character, just as appearance and manner express character in the living person. You in your school-books on rhetoric will have plenty of advice about reading the works of such men as Addison and De Quincey for their style, but you must not forget that our great American writers, each in his own way, deserves careful study. Washington Irving, for example, possessed a style that can hardly be bettered, a style that ranks him with the few great masters of English prose, and there are even among these masters very few to whom he might have to yield the palm. This item is written because, owing to the ease and simplicity of his method, one is likely to be unconscious how faultless is his rhetoric, how charming his personality—in short, how perfect his *style*.

We might say much the same thing about Nathaniel Hawthorne; and another notable master of style, though his method is totally different, is Edgar Allan Poe. If you will select a paragraph from any of these three and attempt to better it, you will learn in the best method what good writing is, and how good theirs is.

READING A WATCH.

In looking over the pages of an old magazine, one published just a generation ago, I came upon a quotation from a book entitled "Jottings from the West." The quotation was a description of a watch, the writer calling it a set of "plain facts and statements bound up in a cover of gold." Of course his idea was that a likeness existed between a book and a watch. It may be that not all of you will see wherein the two are alike. Both, you know, have a front and a back cover; both can be read, in a sense, since each tells us something; the book telling the author's thoughts, and the watch telling the time. But in each case there is something lying deeper than the mere facts told on the face of the watch or in the pages of the book.

In reading history we find that every now and then a living book comes forth from the press, and by means of what it puts into people's minds produces an effect even greater than that due to a great statesman or a victorious general. Indeed, so evident is this fact, that it has given rise to the proverb about the pen and the sword. It is therefore easy for us to see what deeper meaning may lie behind the pages of a book, and in the quotation with which this item begins the author suggests that the watch expresses certain facts other than the

time of day. I suppose that the facts he means are the scientific ones which had to be known before a watch could be made: the rules by which the spring pushes and the balance-wheel controls and the train of cog-wheels moves each hand just right.

But even behind these first few facts, there are more and more according as the watch is studied by a deeper and deeper mind. Shakspere's character, melancholy Jaques, found sermons in stones, and the watch has often been found to preach most convincingly about the world and its maker. Such reading is both more important and more difficult than the reading of plain print.

TAKING ADVICE. Even if one is not very fond of the books that are recommended as being "the best," it is still wisest to force one's self to read them. You may be sure that if any of your elders recommend certain books as being good reading for you, there are excellent reasons for your extracting from them all the benefit you can. You may not be able to see for many years the good fruits that will come from the action of that book upon your mind. You can perhaps imagine a small child, on being told to plant an acorn, as much disappointed when a visit to the garden the next day fails to reveal any marvel. Nearly all those things which influence us in our younger days require a long time for development.

This item is written for the benefit of those impatient small boys, who, in school, are fond of asking their teacher, "What is the good of studying arithmetic?" or, if they are still younger, if there was "any use in learning the alphabet," forgetting that if they saw the purpose of studying any particular branch, the chances are they would not need to study it. While it is well to be original, it is wise to learn the regular ways before trying new ones.

WHERE THE PAST LIVES. It is a most impressive thought that if all books should be destroyed and their contents forgotten, there would exist of all the past nothing more than we now have of the forgotten civilization of Egypt—a few coins, here and there a broken monument or a fragmentary ruin. All these are but the bones of the past, its dry, dead skeleton. But in books the past lives immortally in its very flesh, in its thoughts, its beliefs, its hopes and fears. We can at will summon again to life any scene of all the world's great history, and thus learn to know, to love, to be thankful for all the good that has been thought or done since the beginning of letters.

A HUMOROUS CRITIC. In the August "Books and Reading" we took a little dictionary excursion, to tell how the word "pontifex" came to be applied to the Pope. Soon after the item appeared there came to the department a friendly letter implying that we had "planted seeds of error in the minds of several thousand boys and girls," and accusing us of *deriving* "Pope" from "pontifex," which, of course, would have been inexcusable—if we had done so.

But, as a reference to the item will prove, we said "the Pope is called by the name pontifex." This is true, as you will see by looking at the word "pontifex" in the Century Dictionary, or by consulting Longfellow's "Golden Legend" or Skeats' "Etymological Dictionary," or—shall we say in the beautiful language of small boys?—"any old place." Then we told about the derivation of pontifex, suggesting that possibly the word was once "pomptifex," and so on. But we are inclined to think that the word was "pontifex," and meant "maker of the bridge," or *way*, or *path*,—as Skeats tells.

Our joke at the end of the item, inspired the kindly critic to contribute another—the derivation of "nag" from "equine," by dropping "*equi*" and "*e*," and adding "*ag* for euphony."

We thank our correspondent for his pleasant letter, and his reminder that *Pope* is derived from the Latin "Papa," meaning "father."

TRUE TALES OF ADVENTURE. Among the newest books for young readers is one telling the whole story of the discovery and exploration of our two continents. It is "The Discoverers and Explorers of America," and, beginning with the old Scandinavians in their little open boats, it comes down to our own times.

Of course you know that one small book can do little more than give you the outline of such a story as this; but you should use the volume to guide you to the explorers' own accounts.

THE LETTER-BOX.

If our correspondent who wrote us in May from Atlanta, Ga., and who signed his letter "An Old Soldier," will give us his correct name and address, we shall be glad to forward to him a copy of Miss Nicolay's comment upon what he says regarding the 6th Mass. and the 7th New York Regiments.

THE EDITOR.

WRIGHTS, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your little subscribers. You send the magazine to my brother and me.

My name is Leslie and I was in San Francisco during the earthquake and fire, after which I went as a refugee to the Santa Cruz Mountains, where the earthquakes still continued and I wrote these lines while here.

Yours affectionately,

LESLIE F. DEACON.

P. S. My age is 10.

A WORD OR TWO TO MOTHER EARTH

Everything seems to be so queer
Just about this time of year.
You don't know what the earth is about,—
Everything seems to be in-side-out.
It also seems to be up-side-down;
The earth is acting just like a clown.
Shaky Earth, I wish I could say to you
One little word or two,
And that is this:
When the shaking business you get about,
Will you please be so kind as to leave me out.

LESLIE FRANCIS DEACON.

EAST LIBERTY, WELLS, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that perhaps some of your readers might like to hear about Hampton Court Palace, where I spent six weeks last year. Cardinal Wolsey built it for himself in the sixteenth century; but Henry VIII, when he saw it, was so jealous that he made Wolsey give it to him. The state rooms are now turned into a picture-gallery, and some of the pictures are very lovely. There is a long room off the Chapel Royal called the Haunted Gallery, where Catherine Howard, shrieking, ran to try to get to Henry, who was hearing mass, to save herself from being killed; and her shriek is still said to be heard on windy nights. The gardens are part of the attractions, and in the Home Park is a hollow oak called "King Charles's Swing." Behind the wall, in the first room of the picture-gallery, a whirring noise as of spinning used to be heard by the watchman, and it was said the ghost of Mrs. Pen, Edward VI's nurse, was seen there. Afterward the wall was broken through, and a room was found beyond, with marks on the floor as if a spinning-wheel had been there.

Yours very sincerely,

AGNES M. HOLMES.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for over five years, and like you very much.

I enjoy reading the stories "From Sioux to Susan," "Pinkey Perkins," and I thought the story "A Home Made Flag" in the June number, was very good indeed.

I was in Europe for two years, and while I was over I went to Egypt, and saw the Sphinx, and the Pyramids, which I have had a great desire to see since I was very small. While I was in Europe I never missed a month without reading you I should now like to go to China, and Japan.

I am going to try for a prize soon, as I never had the courage to do so before.

Wishing you a long and prosperous life, I remain,

Your very devoted reader,

VIRGINIA REES SCULLY (age 13).

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before so I thought I would. My mother used to take you when she was a little girl and liked you very much. She took you for two or three years. I like you too, and do not know what I would do without you. I have one pet; it is a bull dog. His name is Max and I think everything of him. We think he is very intelligent. I am very fond of the stories like "The Crimson Sweater" and "Pinkey Perkins just a boy." I always read the Letter Box and the ST. NICHOLAS League. When all the ST. NICHOLASES for one year are received, I am going to have them bound.

Your faithful reader,

RUSSELL RHODES, League member (age 11).

PIERRE, S. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you a letter. I have read so many of your stories and liked them so well I think it is time I wrote to you. We have taken you about 6 years. First my sisters took you and now I am taking you.

I think of all the stories you have had, I like "Queen Zixi of Ix" the best. I have read "Pinkey Perkins" and like it very much.

I have a little shetland pony and she has a little colt. Her name is Jennie Lind, and her colt's name is Loveliness. I can drive and ride Jennie. I have the dearest little buggy. A little friend of mine liked my ST. NICHOLAS so well that her mother gave it to her for a Christmas present. Well I will have to stop for this time. From your little reader.

FLORENCE BILLINGHURST (age 11).

Other interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Andrew R. Morehouse, Elvah Close, William Richmond, Jr., Mildred D. Green, Elizabeth Quinby, Robert Keller, Gertrude J. Ellis, Raymond A. Palmer, Julia R. Robertson, Edward P. Hutchings, Josephine Pigott, Ruth L. Richmond, Kathryn Ballou, Mildred Bailey, Frances Shillaber, Marjorie Westinghouse, Carrie M. Shaw, Stanley Krug, Marjorie McKiee, Ruth McCausland, Daisy Haywood, Stella E. Wiggins, Helen Peck, Ella Wise Downey, May Drysdale, Fanny Bradshaw, Dorothy Van Gorder, Kathryn Rothschild, Doris E. Saules and Mary Pearre.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

OMITTED LETTERS. Vacation. i, c, n, a, v, o, a, t.

CHARADE. Mill-lie-on. Million.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. "Old Hickory." 1. Min-or. 2. Inf-ant. 3. Sor-did. 4. Wris-ter. 5. Spl-it. 6. Wh-ine. 7. Unc-ouple. 8. Spr-ain. 9. Nev-ermost. 10. Cra-yon.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, baseball; fourth row, vacation. Cross-words: 1. Brave. 2. Array. 3. Stick. 4. Essay. 5. Beats. 6. Admit. 7. Lobe. 8. Lying.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Initials and finals, United States; centrals, George. Cross-words: 1. Usagers. 2. Novelet. 3. Innocua. 4. Torrent. 5. Exegete. 6. Directs.

AVIAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Are we not God's children, both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

"*The Sandpiper*," by Celia Thaxter

CHARADE. Whittier, third row, McKinley.

CROSS-WORDS. 1. Woman. 2. Hacks. 3. Inlet. 4. Traps. 5. Tints. 6. Inlet. 7. Elect. 8. Real.

ANAGRAM. Listen, silent, tinsel, enlist, inlets.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS. Diamond. 1. Withdraw. 2. Cruise. 3. Admonish. 4. Sanction. 5. Cott-on. 6. Cabi-net. 7. Rein-deer.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Ale. 3. Arabs. 4. Platoon. 5. Ebony. 6. Sow. 7. N.

AUTHOR'S ZIGZAG. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1. Nymphs. 2. Gables. 3. Author. 4. Sophia. 5. Julian. 6. Boston. 7. Pennywinkle. 8. Parley (Peter). 9. Ludlow. 10. School. 11. Ginger. 12. Wonder. 13. Tobias. 14. Phoebe. 15. Thorne. 16. Fourth. 17. Silent. 18. Pierce.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 5th, from Harriet O'Donnell—Edwin A. Popenoe, Jr.—Jo and I—Frances C. Bennett—Carolyn Hutton—Florence Alvarez—Carolyn L. Palmer—Elizabeth Price.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from R. W. Bowen, 1—E. C. Scott, 1—C. Bennit, 1—A. Verity, 1—M. McSurely, 2—E. Thomson, 1—M. C. Wall, 1—Wm. Hodgetts, 2—Sally Madill, 4—M. S. Knap, 1—G. Wilde, 1—J. S. Redfield, 1—Marjorie Buffam, 3—A. M. Loring, 1—F. C. Bond, 1—K. V. Blue, 1—R. Ware, 1—Edna Meyle, 7—C. S. Sinkler, 1—Marjorie M. Sammis, 4—C. Guttzeit, 1—No name, St. Louis, 6,—Eleanor and Jose Machado, 3—St. Gabriel's Chapter and friends, 6—W. G. Rice Jr., 4—J. Welles Baxter, 3—Willie Wynn, 4—James P. Cahen, Jr., 8—A. Soler, 1—S. Platt, 1—Muriel von Tunzelmann, 7—E. M. Eveleth, 1—F. R. Hodges, 1.

DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell a name that everyone delights to honor,

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place in Greene County, Pa. 2. A city of Vermont. 3. A beautiful city of Southern California. 4. A place in Wythe County, Va. 5. An important city of Pennsylvania. 6. A city of Alabama. 7. A place in Huntingdon County, Pa. 8. A city of New York. 9. A city of South Carolina. 10. A city of Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL A. BANGS.

CHARADE.

WITHOUT my *first* no ladies would be wed;
My *last* a king has frequent cause to dread;
It is a fearful *whole* unto his head.

HELEN E. SIBLEY.

ADDITIONS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: To a color add a sailor, and make a Scottish fabric. Answer, tar-tan.

1. Add a party in the Revolutionary War to a pronoun, and make the story of a nation. 2. Add across to a conjunction, and make a city in Massachusetts. 3. Add in a lower degree to an edict, and make uncontrolled. 4. Add part of a bird to "to fold over," and make a small European bird. 5. Add the outer covering of a body to a lubricator, and make a waterproof substance. 6. Add to fasten to a conflict, and make a wizard. 7. Add a cosy place to part of the head, and make fervent. 8. Add greatest in degree to termination, and make at the very end. 9. Add in this place to at the present time, and make in no place.

The initials of the new words will spell a festival which comes in October.

DOROTHY EDDY.

DIAMONDS AND SQUARE.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In pretend. 2. A dandy. 3. One who gives. 4. A kitchen utensil. 5. In pretend.

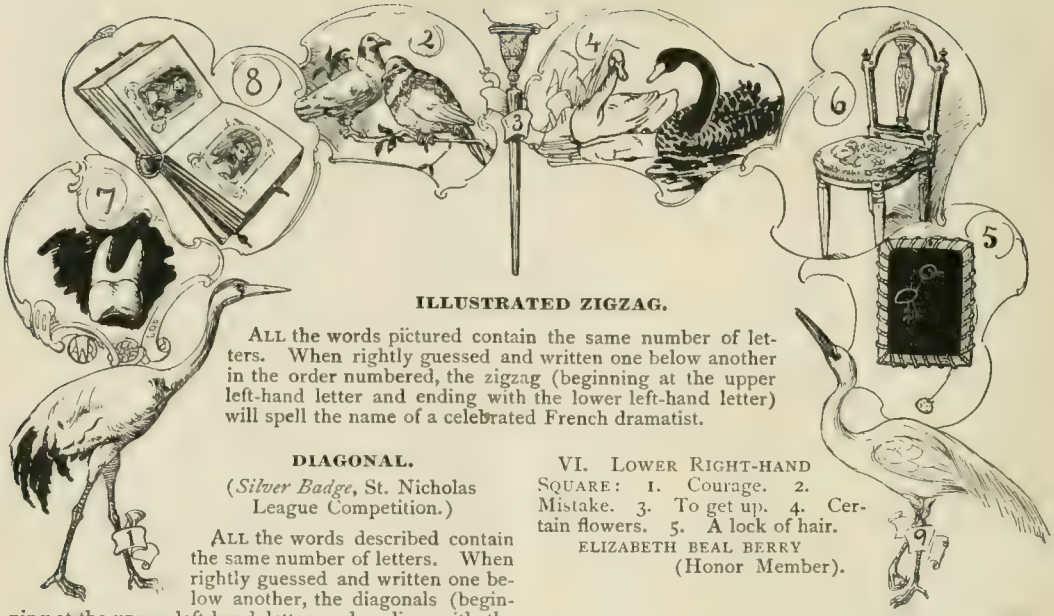
II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In pretend. 2. In favor of. 3. Influence. 4. A color. 5. In pretend.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Uncovered. 2. Solitary. 3. A native of a certain city of Italy. 4. To establish by law. 5. Impressions.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In pretend. 2. To wager. 3. At no time. 4. A number. 5. In pretend.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In pretend. 2. An enemy. 3. Exalted. 4. A horned animal. 5. In pretend.

AGNES R. LANE (Honor Member).



ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.

ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated French dramatist.

DIAGONAL.

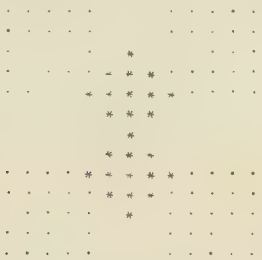
(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell a pleasant time of the year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Transgression. 2. A student. 3. Combats. 4. Short. 5. A branch of mathematics. 6. An equal in rank. 7. The usual result of a burn.

MARCELLITE WATSON.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Sluggish. 2. At no time. 3. To elude. 4. A kind of rampart. 5. A river of England.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A famous city. 2. In a higher place. 3. Something used on the bow of a violin. 4. Covered with ivy. 5. Dispatches.

III. UPPER DIAMOND (reading across): 1. In thistle. 2. A large cavity. 3. Weeds. 4. A grassy field. 5. In thistle. Reading downward: 1. In thistle. 2. An accomplice. 3. Fatigues. 4. A drink. 5. In thistle.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND (reading across): 1. In thistle. 2. A pronoun. 3. Fidelity. 4. Some. 5. In thistle. Reading downward: 1. In thistle. 2. A masculine name. 3. To dwarf. 4. An enclosure for swine. 5. In thistle.

V. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Diversion. 2. A kind of bear. 3. The emblem of peace. 4. A bird. 5. General direction.

VI. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Courage. 2. Mistake. 3. To get up. 4. Certain flowers. 5. A lock of hair.

ELIZABETH BEAL BERRY (Honor Member).

RHOMBOIDS.



I. READING ACROSS: 1. A beast of burden. 2. To peel. 3. To eat. 4. An ancient garden. Downward: 1. In mounts. 2. Higher. 3. A youth. 4. A large lake. 5. Termination. 6. One-half of keep. 7. In mounts.

II. READING ACROSS: 1. Tender. 2. Terror. 3. To fall in drops. 4. Blot. Downward: 1. In mounts. 2. A proposition. 3. A color. 4. Parts of the head. 5. To tear off. 6. A river of Italy. 7. In mounts.

SAM R. HELLER (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the first and second lines, reading downward, will be identical; the third line will spell the name of a famous building of ancient Egypt at Thebes.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Miserable. 2. Mottled. 3. A light rash. 4. A kind of apple. 5. A headrest. 6. To bore through. 7. Devout. 8. A fife. 9. An old-fashioned weapon for a foot soldier. 10. A portico. 11. A sea-robber. 12. A wing. 13. A musical instrument. 14. A little cake or muffin.

CAROLYN HUTTON (League Member).

HIDDEN PROVERB.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

BY taking one letter from each name, in the order in which they now stand, a well-known proverb may be spelled.

Martha, Beatrice, Louise, Rachel, Olivia, Abigail, Nancy, Margaret, Lo'is, Henrietta, Nora, Lucinda, Anne, Virginia, Mabel, Matilda, Esther, Alice, Irene, Isabel, Janet, Deborah, Salome, Rosalie, Betsey, Dorcas.

HELEN WHITMAN.

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